THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Founded by Benjamin Franklin

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A Million
A Week
Circulation

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

A South Bend Watch

Wonders of a Watch

Within a space, 1⅜ inches in diameter and ⅛ inch thick, is contained a wonderful little piece of mechanism, embracing about 150 pieces; consisting of wheels, pinions, springs, jewels and screws, besides numerous quaintly shaped pieces of gold, nickel, brass and steel, each designed to perform some important function and all working together in perfect harmony.

Its construction embraces more than two thousand distinct operations, the dial or face alone requiring 96.

The Mainspring

The mainspring is a strip of the finest steel, 22 inches long, ⅛ inch wide and $\frac{1}{1000}$ inch thick. This spring is brought to a state of tension by winding the watch, and its force is conveyed by means of a train of little wheels to the balance wheel which vibrates back and forth 300 times every minute.

In a high grade watch the wheels are journaled in highly polished jewels of the hardest sapphire and ruby. This is done to reduce friction, to prevent chemical change in the oil which might occur from metal bearings and to increase the wearing qualities. The journals, pivots, of the balance wheel are but little larger round than a human hair.

Upon the accuracy with which the balance wheel vibrates depends the time. It must not vary even one vibration in twenty thousand, for that would cause an error in the running of the watch of upwards of 30 seconds a week.

The rim of the balance wheel is composed of two metals, brass and steel. These metals are unequal in the rate of expansion and contraction in changes of temperature, but are so adjusted to each other in a watch balance wheel that they overcome the effects of this tendency. Without this adjustment the watch would run fast in cold, slow in heat.

The Hairspring

The motion of the balance wheel is controlled by the hairspring. This is a tiny strip of finely tempered steel in spiral form. It is ten inches long, one-hundredth of an inch wide and about 2½-thousandths of an inch thick. A mile of this strip weighs less than half a pound. So delicate is the hairspring in its effect upon the time, and such accuracy required in its adjustment that no gauge has ever been devised capable of sufficiently close measurement to determine by the dimensions of the strip what the strength of the finished spring will be. This must be determined by trials and adjustments. A twenty-thousandth of an inch makes a difference in time of about five minutes an hour.

The little screws that may be seen projecting from the rim of the balance wheel are not placed there for ornament, but are of vital importance to the proper adjustment of a watch which, especially so far as temperature is concerned, is determined by the weight and position of these screws.

The Minute Adjustment

After a watch has been assembled and brought to time in an ordinary temperature the adjustment begins. This is to secure a uniformity of rate in all temperatures to which it may be exposed and in all positions in which it may be placed. In this adjustment a **South Bend** watch excels.

The **South Bend Watch Company** has the most complete equipment for this purpose, embracing ovens and refrigerators for temperature tests, racks in which the watches are placed in every conceivable position, a time-recording mechanism that renders mistakes well nigh impossible—in fact, every device possible to secure the one object, an accurate timepiece. The weighing scales used for the balance screws are capable of weighing one ten-millionth of a pound, for even this minute fraction will make a difference in the running of a watch of several seconds a day. These little scales will accurately determine the weight of a person's name written with a lead pencil. The highest skill obtainable is used in carrying out these adjustments, and no **South Bend** watch is allowed to leave the factory until it fully meets the rigid requirements of their standard of excellence. But the interest of the Company in their product does not cease here.

Important Part Played by Dealers

After all has been done that it is possible to do in the factory, there still remains something more—regulation to the pocket of the wearer. A watch may be regulated to keep perfect time when carried by one person, yet when carried by another may vary a greater or less amount. Why this is so has never been satisfactorily accounted for; nevertheless, it is a recognized fact.

In order to put upon the market the most satisfactory timepiece that is made today, the **South Bend Watch Company** has adopted a plan of marketing its product entirely through the authorized retail jeweler. The jewelers chosen to sell South Bend Watches are expert inspectors. They play as important a part in the success of these watches as does the work of our General Superintendent, the man who designs the watches and says they are perfectly made.

We Give You Service With Our Watch

We do not stop where other makers stop in the making of a watch.

While the South Bend Watch is the most accurately adjusted of any watch *before* it is sent from the factory, it is in addition *accurately adjusted to you personally* by one of our expert jewelers. *No other watch in the world is so adjusted.*

It has taken much care to build up this great staff of expert jewelers. *To buy your watch of such dealers is one of the enormous advantages of buying a South Bend Watch.*

Get This Book

We have a wonderfully interesting book on the subject of watches, called "How Good Watches Are Made." Every one who carries a watch should send for this book and read it. We send with it a little device showing how the South Bend Watch is adjusted automatically to heat and cold. Send the coupon today for this device and the book.

To be used in case you do not care to send post card or letter. S. F. 4-28

South Bend Watch Co., South Bend, Indiana

Please send me your book and device offered in this ad.

My Jeweler's Name is _____

His Address _____

My Name is _____

My Address _____

Only Watch Factory in America to Run Full Time All of 1908

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILES

The question of the best type of construction for an automobile is simple enough when you consider it from a thoroughly practical viewpoint.

You want comfort and safety. An automobile constructed so that it rides easily is the best automobile mechanically. Hard riding and discomfort are due to heavy-weight, rigid, non-flexible construction, impractical spring suspension, small wheels and small tires—mechanical features directly the opposite of those that make easy riding.

Shock Absorbers and How They Fail

The first thing you do with the average automobile in an effort to secure easy riding is to apply shock absorbers. This is an admission that something is wrong, that the spring suspension is not good—at least you do not like it.

It is claimed for shock absorbers that they take the burden of shocks from the springs. They do. They check the flexibility and add to the stiffness. Road shocks and vibration that should be absorbed and taken up by the springs are transmitted throughout the automobile, straining and jarring it and fatiguing the passengers.

The practical, sensible way is to have a spring suspension that is complete and mechanically correct. If the springs are wrong, attachments are not likely to correct them.

Not Required on the Franklin

Shock absorbers are not required on the Franklin. They are used on automobiles having the hardened steel frame and a half-elliptic or other inadequate form of spring suspension.

The Franklin has 40-inch full-elliptic springs front and back and a laminated wood chassis frame—a construction that absorbs and neutralizes the road shocks. A half-elliptic spring to equal a Franklin spring would have to be seven feet long—an impractical length. Then wood is flexible and absorbs shocks, while a steel frame gives stiffness and hard riding. And a Franklin frame is both lighter and stronger than the steel frame. We will gladly send you a reprint of a technical article on this subject from the Horseless Age.

The Weight Question

The question of the necessary weight of an automobile seems to be a mystery to many people. But it is just a matter of practical mechanical construction—there is really no mystery about it.

Where is the need of excessive weight? An automobile is a road wagon to carry a few hundred pounds of people. Why build it heavy and rigid? The Franklin automobile truck with a capacity of two tons has only about the weight of the average five-passenger water-cooled automobile. If your horse-drawn wagon was as heavy and rigid as a truck, you would recognize the absurdity of it at once.

Great weight in an automobile is unnecessary. And it is a burden and expense. Not only does a light-weight automobile stand up better but it rides and controls easier under all conditions.

The Effect of Weight

Shocks result from road inequalities. The heavier the vehicle the heavier the shocks. The shocks produce strains on the whole automobile, especially on the tires. Strains are in exact proportion to the weight. Light weight then, since it reduces the force of shocks, reduces the strains and adds to the life of the vehicle. But more than that—in relieving the automobile from the force of shocks it also relieves the passengers from shocks and jars and makes easy riding. A light-weight automobile with proper frame and spring suspension gives the limit of comfort.

Further every 5 per cent increase in weight increases the wear and tear on tires 15 per cent, so that an increase of only one-third in weight adds 100 per cent to the wear on tires.

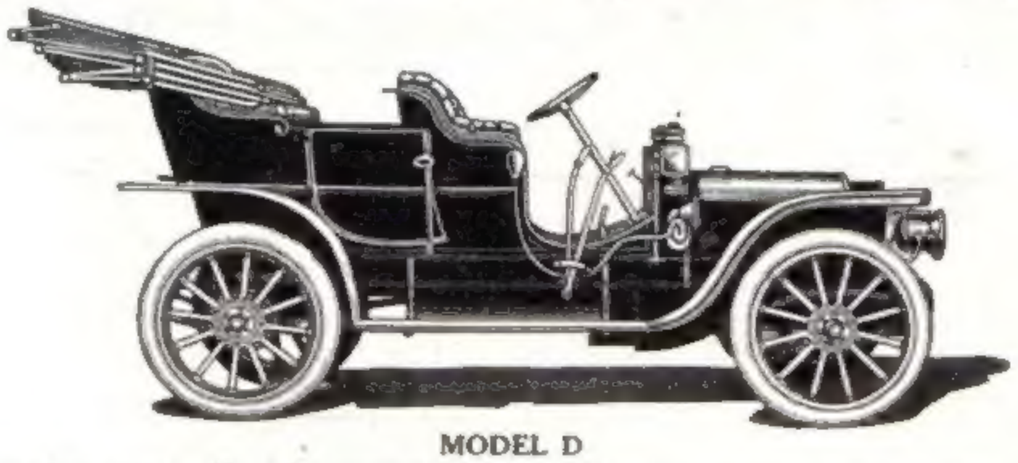
Riding Qualities not Horse-power Determine Speed

When you want to make time your speed is determined by the way the automobile rides rather than by the horse-power of your engine. This explains why it is that Franklin automobiles excel all others on American roads. Your touring-car may have 60 horse-power and its maximum speed may be 70 miles an hour, but you cannot use the power nor make the speed. The strain is too severe, both to the passengers and to the automobile. Your neighbor in his light easy-riding Franklin of less horse-power will make better speed and cover a greater distance and do it with comfort and safety. He goes along smoothly and consistently. He has less weight to handle, the passengers are not fatigued; the automobile is not racked; and he is not worn out with the strain of steering. The lighter an automobile is, especially its engine, the less weight there is on the front wheels, making it steer easily. The Franklin air-cooled engine is light and powerful. The weight of the water and water apparatus, not to mention complications, is dispensed with.

Nothing is so maddening as a fact that comes too late to be of use. Get it beforehand. Ride in a Franklin. Then ride in other automobiles over the same roads at the same speed. You will understand the meaning and value of Franklin light-weight and non-jarring, easy-riding construction.

Model D, $2800

With its light-weight and easy-riding, strong construction, Model D is aptly termed the ideal of all automobiles for family use. Weighing as it does a third less than the average water-cooled automobile of similar ability, it gives minimum tire and operating expense. It most nearly fulfills universal requirements. Its compactness, ability, handsome body, 36-in. wheels, and the ease with which it handles, place it in a class by itself. Model D is not too large for city and business use, and it costs less to maintain than many runabouts.



MODEL D

In the five most severe contests in the history of automobiling a 1909 Model D won perfect scores. No other automobile won a perfect score in more than two of these contests. In the Worcester contest nearly all the contestants went through the run without road stops, but Model D was the only one to withstand the examination after the run. All others suffered penalizations due to broken, strained or loosened parts. Having half-elliptic springs and hardened-steel chassis frames, they suffered from strains and shocks at speed over rough roads. No other automobile has such a record. None except the Six-cylinder Franklin Model H can equal it on American roads.

Model H, $3750

The average six-cylinder automobile is ponderous and heavy—the whole advantage of the six-cylinder principle is missed.

A six-cylinder engine gives steady torque—an explosion every one-third of a revolution. Steady torque, since it reduces the stress on all the working and supporting members, allows lighter construction throughout the automobile—there can be more power to the weight than with a less number of cylinders. This means greater speed and ability without a corresponding increase in upkeep. And that is what you want.

The six-cylinder, seven-passenger, 42-horse-power, air-cooled Model H Franklin weighs only 2650 pounds—about half the weight of the average six-cylinder water-cooled automobile.

Thus in the Six-cylinder Franklin you get the full advantage of the six-cylinder principle. You get high power without excessive weight. Your engine instead of lugging a useless load is doing business for you—giving speed and climbing ability. Your 42 horse-power is as good as 55 or 60 horse-power in the heavy sixes, and you avoid their enormous tire and operating expense.

If you want a most interesting book, one that treats the whole automobile question in a fair and logical way, write for our 40-page catalogue de luxe. It will interest you no matter what automobile you may own or favor.

H H FRANKLIN MANUFACTURING COMPANY Syracuse N Y

Look for "Holeproof" on the Toe

When we urge you to see that you get genuine "Holeproof Hose," we do it for your good as well as for ours. Judge by the facts which is the best hosiery.

Simply a guaranteed hosiery isn't sufficient. You want hose light, soft and attractive. You don't want them cumbersome, heavy and coarse.

We worked 31 years to perfect "Holeproof" Hose. We made the first guaranteed hose on the market.

No maker with any less experience can ever make hose as good.

You will be offered amateur makes not even half so attractive.

Yet "Holeproof" today costs the same as the common.

You may as well have it.

We Get Our Cotton from Egypt

We use no common cotton. Ours is carefully selected.

We pay no common price. Ours costs an average of 63c per pound.

We use a 3-ply yarn throughout with 6-ply in heel and toe—the very finest cotton yarn that the market affords.

We spend $30,000 a year for inspection. The result is a hose so much better than others, that we are now making 18,000 pairs a day.

Isn't the hosiery that is so popular likely to be the best hosiery made?

For Men, Women and Children

The whole family can have genuine "Holeproof" Hose. Tell your people about them. Ask them to try them once. We'll gladly abide by the verdict.

Now 25c a Pair

6 Pairs—Guaranteed 6 Months—$1.50—Up to $3

"Holeproof" did cost $2 for six pairs. And they are worth it. Now you can buy 6 pairs for as low as $1.50.

Even the poorest hose can't undersell us, because we are making so many pairs.

This guarantee comes in each box of six pairs: "If any or all of these hose come to holes or need darning within six months from the day you buy them, we will replace them free." The genuine "Holeproof" are sold in your town. We will tell you the dealers' names on request. Or we will ship the hose prepaid, direct from the factory, on receipt of price.

Don't let any dealer deceive you.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO.
281 Fourth Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

Holeproof Sox—6 pairs, $1.50. Medium and light weight. Black, black with white feet, light and dark tan, navy blue, pearl gray, lavender, light blue, green, gun metal and mode. Sizes, 9½ to 12. 6 pairs of a size and weight in a box. All one color, or assorted, as desired.

Holeproof Sox (extra light weight)—6 pairs, $2.00. Made entirely of Sea Island cotton.

Holeproof Lustre-Sox 6 pairs, $3. Finished like silk. Extra light weight. Black, navy blue, light and dark tan, pearl gray, lavender, light blue, green, gun-metal, khaki and mode. Sizes, 9½ to 12.

Holeproof Full-Fashioned Sox 6 pairs, $3. Same colors and sizes as Lustre-Sox.

Holeproof Stockings 6 pairs, $2. Medium weight. Black, tan and black with white feet. Sizes, 8 to 11.

Holeproof Lustre-Stockings—6 pairs, $3. Finished like silk. Extra light weight. Tan and black. Sizes, 8 to 11.

Boys' Holeproof Stockings—6 pairs, $3. Black and tan. Specially reinforced knee, heel and toe. Sizes, 5 to 11.

Misses' Holeproof Stockings—6 pairs, $3. Black and tan. Specially reinforced knee, heel and toe. Sizes, 5 to 9½. These are the best children's hose made today.

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, 1909

Are Your Hose Insured?

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RECEIVERSHIP ABUSES

New York's Safeguard for the People's Money

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

THE story of our receiverships is studded with records of waste, excess and often spoliation. No phase of it touches the great mass of the people more intimately or more disastrously than that which relates to failed financial institutions, the depositories of the people's money.

Bank failures, the outposts of panic, are bad enough; but when waste, delay and extravagance meet in the winding up of their affairs the evil is doubly bad. In no State have bank receiverships offered such rich pickings as in New York. This was because its political spoils systems were more perfectly organized than elsewhere; and, second, because it is the country's financial center. Subject to the jurisdiction of its banking department is twenty-one per cent of the entire banking power of the United States, or nearly three and three-quarters billions of dollars of assets.

But just as New York afforded the fattest fruits of receivership, so also has it administered the first real rebuke to the old system which made them possible. In brief, the first anniversary of the birth of the law which takes receiverships of State financial institutions out of the domain of spoils, and provides for a departmental liquidation similar to that of failed national banks under the direction of the Controller of the Currency, finds order and economy in the administration of one of the most important of all trusts. A precedent has been established which may be followed with profit by every other State. Behind its results is a lesson of real public service which has significance for all citizens, because, in one way or another, nearly everybody has some connection with a bank at some time in his life.

This law sets up another mile-post in the triumphant career of Charles E. Hughes as a Governor of all the people; for this statute in checking receivership excesses is a full brother to the public utilities measure which put a curb on corporation abuses. Both are Hughes measures.

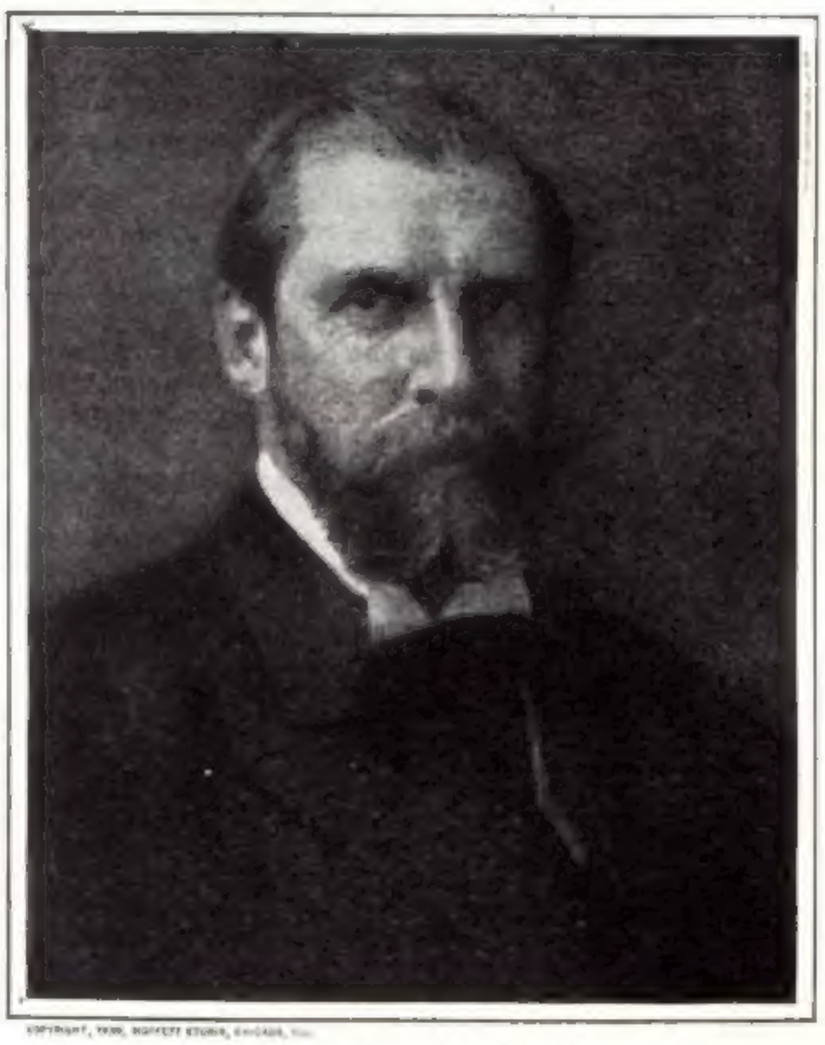
In order to get the full meaning of the effect of the new banking law let us go back a few years and see the work of the system at which it was aimed. In New York, as in other States, receiverships of all kinds were a sort of coin with which political debts were paid. There was no secrecy about this. When receiverships were announced there was frequently no occasion to look for the names of the judges who made the appointments; you could designate the judges by the names of the men selected for such posts. The State banking laws provided that just as soon as the Superintendent of Banks learned that an institution was in an unsound condition he was to close it up, take charge and report the matter to the Attorney-General, who at once went before a Supreme Court judge and asked for the appointment of a temporary receiver. From the moment the receiver was named the hands of the banking department were removed.

Anybody with a strong enough political pull could be appointed receiver. He might have been a blacksmith at Kingston or a dentist at Buffalo. Business experience was no qualification, despite the fact that the office required the highest kind of business capacity. All matters were referred to counsel who were appointed by the receiver, and counsel fees became the choicest by-product of receiverships.

Fattening on Others' Failures

ONE administration was as bad as another. Once when the Republicans were in power they had the banking laws amended so that the Attorney-General could apply to a judge anywhere in the State for the appointment of a receiver. This was done to get the patronage away from the jurisdiction of the Tammany judges in New York City. By this means a judge in a remote up-State district could name the receivers for a bank down on the east side of Manhattan. Politicians looked upon receiverships as legitimate spoils. "It is more blessed to receive than to give," became the motto of the brotherhood that fattened on failures.

Governors came and went, but the receivership system went on. Now, the real losers were the depositors who had their money tied up in the failed banks or in the stock of building and loan associations. Even if the banks happened to have sufficient assets to pay out in the end, which rarely happened, the long professional delay of the receivers (haste was considered very bad form in receiverships, for the longer they lasted the greater were the fees) kept the deposits inactive and out of the channels of trade. The depositor lost not only the value of this money as a means of obtaining credit and expanding his business, but also the interest that it might have earned if it had been out at work. Everybody was trimmed alike, for the system knew no party or creed. There was little or no publicity, and this silence was golden. The receiver was entitled to from two and a half to five per cent of all moneys handled, in addition to elaborate expense accounts. In some cases the expenses of administering a receivership was as high as eighty or ninety per cent of the receipts or the total amount of assets.



Governor of All the People

Here is one concrete case which shows how the system worked: The Republic Savings and Loan Association found itself temporarily embarrassed in June, 1900, and went into the hands of a receiver.

Most of the stockholders of this company were poor people who had put their savings into the stock in the hope of being able some day to buy a home. It was important that every asset should be safeguarded and realized on in the quickest possible time. What happened? At the time of the failure the estimated assets of the company were $1,086,000. When the final accounting of receivers was made last year, exactly eight years after the failure, the assets had shrunk to $30,000 and the stockholders got six cents on the dollar. The receivers, in their sworn statement submitted to the referee, admitted that they had collected $275,000, but that the cost of administration had been $193,000. Of this huge sum $179,000 was expended for counsel fees and clerkships. One item showed that the lawyers had charged $20,083 for collecting $10,000, which it took two years to collect. It was estimated that the total cost of this receivership was more than seventy per cent of the actual assets.

In passing on this case the referee, Mr. Alexander McKinny, a well-known Brooklyn lawyer, said:

"It is indeed a very unfortunate situation for the shareholders to find that the assets of this corporation, which were placed by the State Banking Department, just prior to the appointment of the receivers, at $1,086,000, and subsequently fixed by the receivers themselves at $904,000, have shrunk to about $30,000, as appears by the receivers' final accounts. This was apparently due to two causes:

"First: To the improvident and reckless investments made by the officers of the corporation.

"Second: *To the expense of the administration of the receivership.*"

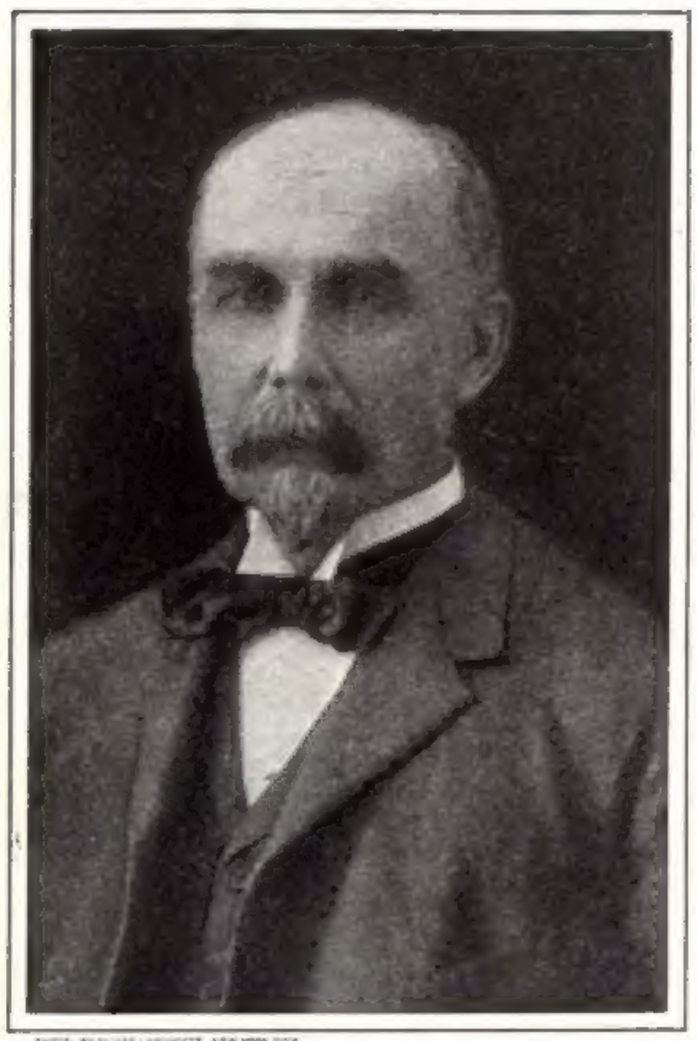
The Maze of Legal Red Tape

CONTINUING, Mr. McKinny said, in reference to the attorneys' huge fees: "It did appear to me that their attorneys had unnecessarily prolonged these proceedings, which should have been closed some time ago. It should be said in fairness that the administration of this property was in no wise different from, or relatively more expensive than, that of the average receivership in New York.

"Our statutes have permitted the growth of a system which has received the passive, if not active, approval of the courts, whereby the sole administration of affairs is usually placed in the hands of the receivers' attorneys, who envelop the most trifling matters in a maze of legal red tape when ordinary acumen and business experience would suffice."

Another case was the New York Building-Loan Banking Company, which failed in 1903. It is still in litigation. It was one of the so-called "national" associations and not a neighborhood company, which is usually conservatively conducted. So far the stockholders have received twenty-two and one-half cents on the dollar and will probably get a little more. In a single year the expenses of counsel alone were $90,886.24. One attorney alone got $73,921.80 of this. The list might be continued at great length. In every receivership, whether bank or building association, delay and extravagance marked the work of the receivers.

It sometimes takes a great war or a vast calamity to produce a national reform. So it required a panic to shake the receivership system to its fall. Everybody knows what happened in New York City in October, 1907. With the closing of the great bronze doors of the white marble palace of the Knickerbocker Trust Company began a financial disturbance that unseated all business. A dozen other New York banks and trust companies failed. The receivership tree, like its time-honored fellow, the plum tree, bloomed.



A. Barton Hepburn, President Chase National Bank, New York: Chairman of Bankers' Commission That Suggested Receivership Reform

In those trying days there were three men in public service in New York State cast for big parts in the undoing of the old receivership system. Foremost among them was a sturdy, whiskered, keen-eyed man who sat in the Governor's chair at Albany. He was Charles E. Hughes. In the same building where he ruled there was another man who had been lifted from a law office in Buffalo and projected into the office of Attorney-General. He was William S. Jackson. Down in New York City, in the office of Superintendent of Banks, was a clean-limbed, athletic young man who had been called to that post in a dramatic hour (it was the day after the Knickerbocker failed) by Governor Hughes. He was Clark Williams. He had never been in politics, had never held office, and had not seen the Governor until the day he was named. But, what was most important, he had been through the banking and trust company business from the bottom, and he fitted conspicuously into that group of men named for office by Governor Hughes on account of ability and not pull.

The Governor to the Rescue

DURING the period following the panic, when the shattered financial institutions were binding up their wounds, an ounce of confidence was worth a ton of gold. A receivership was a thing to be avoided rather than to be encouraged. What did the Attorney-General do? The case of the Oriental Bank furnishes an answer.

This institution weathered the panic but found itself owing the Clearing House a million and a half. The bank had a capital of $750,000 and a surplus of more than a million. But, on a sudden call for money from the Clearing House, it found itself unable to meet its obligations, and rather than jeopard the interests of its depositors the directors decided to quit.

This fact was communicated to the Superintendent of Banks, who took charge of the bank, closed it up and reported it to the Attorney-General, as was required by statute.

Now it happened that the directors of this bank were men of high integrity who had a profound sense of their obligation to the depositors, whose deposits aggregated $6,000,000. They did not want these stockholders to incur the long and expensive delay of a receivership. They knew what other State receiverships had cost, so they arranged to borrow enough money from the Metropolitan Trust Company, on the security of the bank's assets and their own bond, to pay the depositors in full. Having done so they sent word of their plan to the Attorney-General, asking that no receiver be appointed. In their letter they said: "We trust that this plan, which has the advantage of paying all the depositors and relieving them from every inconvenience due to the closing of the bank and tying up of their deposits, will meet with your approval." The Attorney-General received this communication, but he none the less had a receiver appointed for the bank. The directors at once took up the case before another judge, who, on a simple statement of what it was proposed to do to protect the depositors, vacated the receivership. The receiver who had taken charge was only in office seven days, but those seven days cost the bank $24,000. As an evidence of the good faith of the directors it is interesting to say that not only were the depositors of the bank paid in full but also a dividend was paid on the stock.

The same Attorney-General about that time named his secretary, who had been receiving a salary of $125 a month, to a receivership of the Mechanics and Traders Bank. He pulled $20,000 out of it in three months.

All this did not escape the notice of that keen-eyed, whiskered Governor up at Albany. He had been elected on a platform that declared for service to all the people; and when you know Governor Hughes you soon find out that he usually does what he sets out to do. He was independent of the bosses, and it was the bosses who had kept alive that old receivership system. That system was not the only defect in the State banking laws. One reason why some of the big trust companies in New York had been unable to withstand the inroads of panic-stricken depositors was because they had been doing a savings-bank business at the receiving end of their counters and a speculative business at the disbursing end. They did not have enough reserve when the crisis came. This also engaged the Governor's notice.

Many Governors would have leaped in and demanded reform without investigation. But that is not the way Governor Hughes does things. He informs himself first and then acts. What he did was to appoint a commission of prominent bankers, headed by Mr. A. Barton Hepburn, president of the Chase National Bank, to suggest changes in the banking laws.

In its report the banking commission urged a radical change in the laws governing receiverships, recommending that all liquidations of failed State institutions be made under the supervision of the State Superintendent of Banks. The committee referred to the economical way in which national banks were liquidated under the direction of the Controller of the Currency, and suggested that a plan similar in scope be adopted for New York State.

Some Striking Contrasts in Expense Accounts

BEHIND this recommendation of the banking commission was the long and honorable precedent established by the liquidation of national banks. A comparison between the costs of New York State and national receiverships is somewhat impressive in this connection. The average ratio of expense in winding up the New York State banks and building and loan associations was 13.01 per cent of receipts. During one year the average was 37 per cent. As already stated, the cost has reached 90 per cent. On the other hand, the average cost of liquidating thirty-nine national banks in New York State was only 8.92 per cent. The average cost of liquidating four hundred and sixty-eight national banks scattered all over the United States was 7.42 per cent. In many cases the administration of a national bank receivership cost 4.2 per cent of the nominal value of the assets and 7.5 per cent of the amount collected. No case is more striking than the very latest, that of the National Bank of North America in New York City, a Morse bank. The receiver was a trained and trusted national bank examiner, and the expense of winding up its affairs was 1.7 per cent of the money collected and seven-tenths of one per cent of the assets. This bank paid every depositor dollar for dollar and interest; and it was wound up in less than a year.

Uncle Sam was a good model in this respect, for the Controller of the Currency had established the custom of putting national bank examiners on the job of liquidating failed banks. He has the right to name laymen, but it is not often done. So an experienced hand takes the helm and, in most cases, he simply gets a *per diem* for his work. What is more important, the receiver of a national bank is the attorney and agent for the depositor. The New York State receiver was often the agent for himself.

As soon as Governor Hughes was acquainted with all these facts he accepted the suggestions of the banking commission and, at his instigation, bills were introduced at Albany providing for changes in the banking laws. None aroused such bitter discussion as the statute which put the liquidation of failed institutions into the hands of the Superintendent of Banks. But it was to no avail; the measure was adopted and became a law exactly one year ago.

By its provisions the Superintendent of Banks has the authority to install one of his deputies as receiver of a failed institution. The deputy is required to give a bond. The superintendent names the counsel. The aid and advice of the courts are only invoked when absolutely necessary. Publicity must attend the collection and expenditure of all moneys.

This new banking law became a sort of Magna Charta for the bank depositors of New York State; likewise it insured a square deal for the failed bank. The very first case that came under its provisions gave impressive proof of its economy and efficiency.

The Home Bank of Brooklyn, an institution with assets of $570,000, closed its doors. Superintendent Williams took charge and named as receiver G. S. Leonard, who had been for years one of the most capable and trusted of the State bank examiners and who knew the banking business thoroughly. He was made a special deputy superintendent. Instead of a long, expensive receivership that wound lazily through the courts and became emmeshed in legal red tape, the affairs of the bank were cleared up in what seemed an incredibly brief time.

In exactly forty-two days after the bank failed the receivership ended and the institution was able to resume business. Nothing could be more eloquent of the new order of things than this simple schedule of expenses:

Salary of special deputy superintendent	$ 666.00
Clerical assistance	405.04
Miscellaneous expenses, including printing, stationery and advertising	129.75
Total	$1,200.79

This expense account is significant. In the first place, there is no charge for counsel fees, which shows that in many cases a capable, trained man can go into a bank and clear it up without recourse to law or legal advice.

In the second place, the pay of the receiver is just about the maximum *per diem* of a bank examiner. In this case it averaged about $15.85 a day. The receiver considered it adequate compensation for his labors. When you compare this modest stipend with the huge fees of receivers who operated under the old law you get a new idea of the economy and efficiency of the new statute.

This table shows what some receiverships cost in time and money under the old order of things, and it makes a striking contrast with the statement of the Home Bank:

Institution	Duration of Receivership	Receiver and Counsel Fees
Knickerbocker Trust Company	About 5 months	$80,000
Hamilton Bank	About 2 months	20,500
Borough Bank of Brooklyn	About 5½ months	40,000
Jenkins Trust Company	About 5 months	37,000
Oriental Bank	Seven days	24,000
Williamsburg Trust Company	About 6½ months	40,000
Brooklyn Bank	About 7 months	35,000
Mechanics and Traders Bank	About 6½ months	55,000

It must be considered, of course, that the assets of the Home Bank were smaller than any of these corporations. In this connection, however, Superintendent Williams said: "Yet, had the trust been considerably larger, the expense would not necessarily have been materially increased."

The Home Bank is the most conspicuous case of departmental liquidation. Fortunately, there have been few failures in the State financial institutions since the law went into effect.

Just to show how badly the new receivership law was needed and to give added weight to the Home case, it is

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Clark Williams, Superintendent of Banking, State of New York

ALONE IN AFRICA

Selections From the Forthcoming Letters of a Faunal Naturalist

Arranged by Samuel G. Blythe

Conscious of the wide interest in the hunting trip of a distinguished resident of Oyster Bay, New York, formerly of Washington, District of Columbia, to the wilds of Africa, but scorning to resort to such subterfuges as the publication of the adventures of men who have hunted there, or think they have hunted there, the editor of these excerpts has patiently waited for this triumphant moment when he is privileged to present to the public not the pale records of things gone, but the throbbing stories of exciting days as they will presently be portrayed by the Mighty Hunter himself.

I

THESE are iron times. It stirs the blood to be obliged to cut one's way through the pathless jungle. This morning, after a short walk of twenty-seven miles, with no company save a few members of my caravan, scarcely half a hundred, my attention was attracted by a gorilla standing arrogantly beneath a large goo-goo tree and beating his breast defiantly. The gorilla is the largest known anthropoid ape, troglodytes gorilla, of the family Simiidæ, sub-order anthropoidea and order primates, and as I observed him through my field-glass my mind reverted vividly to a certain class of our citizens in the United States.

I refer to the multi-millionaire, who is almost the least enviable and certainly one of the least admirable of our citizens; who, in the chaos of absolutely unrestricted commercial individualism under modern conditions, is of a type that becomes prominent as inevitably as the marauder baron became prominent in the physical chaos of the dark ages. The gorilla lives by preying on the weaker denizens of the forest, just as the predatory man of wealth lives by crimes of cunning and by his corrupt methods puts a premium upon gambling and business dishonesty.

Just as the gorilla's strength makes him formidable, so does the wealth of these sinister capitalists make them particularly formidable. They are highly disastrous to our well-being, the worst foes of liberty, and live lives repugnant to every instinct of generosity. A few ruthless and determined gorillas do much to disturb the equilibrium of the jungle and the peaceful pursuit of the ordinary avocations of life therein, just as these ruthless and determined men of great wealth, these malefactors of great wealth, I may say, help to bring toward disaster the institutions of our free Government.

The gorilla is an undesirable citizen. So, too, are these great railroad wreckers whom I have in mind, who rob investors and oppress wage-earners, and that other wealthy class, vapidly useless and self-indulgent, who would not for a moment think of penetrating the wilds of Africa. The gorilla particularly fancies those crimes of arrogance and oppression, those crimes of envy and violence that characterize the accumulation of those swollen fortunes that are the greatest menace to the perpetuation of our country's moral health and well-being.

Being neither a demagogue nor a visionary I should class the gorilla as a perfect type of the reactionary, who, thinking to nullify my assaults on the vested interests and the system that makes for the glorification of predatory wealth, is contemptuous of those who labor at the ordinary avocations of life with no thought other than the good of the Republic. The gorilla is selfish and sinister, regardless of the rights of others, and resorts to ill-judged and sweeping schemes of vengeance against all who oppose his progress.

The man who preaches envy and hatred of wealth honestly acquired, who inculcates envy and jealousy and slanderous ill-will toward those of his fellows who by thrift, energy and industry have become men of means, is a menace to the community; but no less so is the gorilla, who, arrogating the law unto himself, plunders the weak in order that he himself may prosper. If the gorilla had been deliberately designed to prevent the remedying of the evils his presence entails on the other inhabitants of the jungle he could not have been worse.

It was my intention to investigate these predatory marauders, but I am hampered somewhat by the fact that the gorillas have banded themselves together in a gross and flagrant organization to resist the probe. I do not believe it is in the interest of the jungle to protect gorillas in any branch of the communal life here, and I am frank to say that, in its present form, this organization and the restrictions it places on my work operate only to the advantage of the criminal and the wrongdoers among the tribe. The chief argument in favor of this organization is that the gorillas themselves do not wish to be investigated.

This action is as inexcusable as it is wanton, and shows that the gorilla has utter unfitness for any prominent position and that his retention here, in his present power and influence, is a scandal and a disgrace. There appears to be a corrupt alliance between the gorillas that must not be allowed to go unchallenged. It shows the odious vice of class selfishness, equally noxious whether observed here or at home.

II

ONE morning, after I had shot a few dozen bongos and, wearied with the chase, was reclining beneath a large beegin tree I observed a curious mammal depending, head downward, from the branch of another tree near by.

Calling to my head man I pointed at the animal and asked him what it was.

"Umgobo," he said briefly.

I had never heard of the umgobo and I investigated carefully. Much to my surprise I found the animal to be a sloth, easily identifying it as a tardigrade edentate mammal of the family Bradypodidæ.

My curiosity was aroused at this because, until this time, I had been of the opinion that the sloth did not occur in Africa; but after a conversation with my hunters I became convinced that this was, indeed, a sloth, and I pointed out to my son that the sloth is a meticulous mammal, living a life of effortless ease.

It is a weakling in the fullest sense of the term, unable to gain for itself those advantages that come from the brain and brawn that are our heritage from those iron men who fought in iron times for our ultimate rights.

Moreover, the sloth types a large class of our people, inasmuch as it does not follow the example of many of the other animals of the jungle and raise large families. Race suicide has become a trite term, but its evils are none the less apparent here than where I have hitherto made it a text for various public utterances—utterances which, by the way, I desire to repeat to the American people lest we should gradually decline, to become a non-recuperated and decadent race.

The sloth is a selfish creature, shirking duty, and deserves the scantiest consideration. In fact, it should have contempt rather than envy, for it is foolish and hysterical, an idler and given to self-indulgence, timidity and the lower promptings.

Class selfishness, which is only another name for the odious vice of class consciousness, is equally noxious whether observable among our citizens or here in the jungle as an attribute of the sloth. This mammal contributes nothing to the well-being of the country it inhabits, and its attitude tends to arouse among its fellows a strong antagonism and, therefore, unite them against the propaganda itself. I no more believe in that empiricism which demands absolutely unrestrained individualism and a carelessness of the rights of others, together with a useless life of profitless ease, than I do in that empiricism that clamors for a deadly socialism that would destroy all individualism and would ruin the country with a completeness that not even an unrestrained individualism could achieve. The sloth, like every citizen, should do its part in the day's work, buck the line hard and not flinch.

Any remedy applied from without is fraught with risk. It is far better, from every standpoint, that the remedy should come from within. Let the sloths, instead of leading lives of luxurious ease, go forth to the battle, striving wisely and bravely, with a keen insight into the needs of the jungle and its fixed purposes, so they may bring about a condition wherein shall be broken down the barriers of privilege, which is the foe to right.

If the folly of one class mars the general well-being, then those who are innocent of the folly will have to pay part of the penalty incurred by those who are guilty of the folly. I desire to bring this truth home to every sloth, for if any class neglects to do its share of the universal task that shirking and neglect of obvious duty necessarily retard the uplift of the entire community. Work should be a pleasure in itself, and I can conceive of no more useless existence than to hang motionless from the limb of a tree while more public-spirited denizens are taking their share of the heat and burden of the day.

III

THE lion, as has been well said, is the King of Beasts. This morning I shot two magnificent males, quadrupeds of the genus Felis, *F. leo.*

They were hunting in combination. Hence I shot them. I am not against combinations. I have said in my messages and elsewhere, again and again, that experience has definitely shown not only the unwisdom but the futility of endeavoring to stop all combinations. Modern conditions are such that combination is not only necessary, but inevitable. It is not possible completely to prevent it, and if it were possible such prevention would do much damage to the body politic. What we need, and what I emphasized when I killed these lions and now desire to impress again on my fellow-countrymen, is to secure such a rigorous control of all combinations as to prevent their existing in a form to work injury.

Sharply discriminating, as I do, between those combinations that do good and those that do injury, I observed these lions taking advantage of various conditions which were not within the reach of other beasts, demanding the choicer portions of every kill and resorting, at times, to practices that must inevitably have compelled the decent hunters of the jungle to come into closer association with them as a matter of self-preservation and, finally, to succumb to the power and influence of the lions and be themselves swallowed up.

The point I make is that this is unhealthy competition and must be crushed out if there is to be a continuance of that prosperity in the jungle that has been the rule during

(Concluded on Page 42)

"Gee, it's Been a Tough Day on Me, Al," He Said Mournfully. "What's That Plum Cake Like?"

SLUSH'S MA

THE NEW CURE FOR LAZY BOYS

By OWEN JOHNSON

AUTHOR OF THE ETERNAL BOY

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

SLUSH was in disgrace. He stood in the Doctor's study, in the pleasant month of May, with hangdog head, sleepily contemplating the clay smirches on his unblacked boots, his tired, overgrown, puppy body turning restlessly as his thumbs strove to shoot back the freckled pink cuffs which would emerge from the outstripped sleeves.

"Robert Lee Randolph!" thundered the Doctor, sighting him with his terrific forefinger, "you are a sloth! You are a sluggard! You are a willful incompetent! Every master in the form has complained of you. Your conduct is the more incomprehensible in that up to the present you have always maintained an honorable position in your classes. What's the matter? Come! Speak up! Have you anything to say?"

Slush half revolved on the heel of his left boot, jerked up his head, stared out the window, swung wearily back to attention, dropped his head and answered:

"No, sir."

"You haven't?" continued the wrathful Gatling gun, clutching a handful of papers. "Robert Lee Randolph, since the opening of the present term until now, the fifteenth of May, your record is a blank—a total blank, sir! You have made exactly one recitation in the Odyssey, nothing in Greek grammar, nothing in Greek composition. Your work in mathematics is insignificant; in English scandalous. You are deficient in Vergil and Latin prose, grossly deficient in Latin grammar and French. Your record in the Epistles, under my personal instruction, is a disgrace to a Christian bringing-up. In this whole period there is only one subject in which you have really recited."

Slush looked up with a gleam of hope.

"You have twice *risen* in Latin when called upon to translate—at sight! Don't laugh, sir! It is no joke when a boy, after four years at this school, after a worthy, honorable career, deliberately, willfully, maliciously, in his last term, flouts the authorities who are over him, ignores the opportunities his parents afford him at the sacrifice of their own comforts, and casts his lot with the lazy, the incompetent, the sloth and the dunce! Come, answer me! Do you expect—do you for one instant expect to receive a diploma?"

Slush could not at that moment recall any reason why he should; so he said nothing.

"No, Robert Lee Randolph, you will not receive a diploma," exclaimed the Doctor, irritated by the supineness of his wearied attitude. "Other boys, younger boys, boys with less natural abilities, will receive their diplomas, and you—you, who could be a leader if you chose, will sit alone, the disappointment of your parents, left behind, disgraced!"

Slush's legs ached, and his shoulders grew heavy with the effort of standing at attention. Besides, the Doctor was certainly overdoing it—heaping it on a little too much.

"What's the matter, Robert?" said the Doctor, pausing, genuinely perplexed.

"I don't know, sir," said Slush inertly.

"That's all," said the Doctor in staccato. "I shall communicate at once with your parents."

Slush gave a hitch to his trousers, a bob of his head to the Doctor, and shuffled out with a sigh of relief.

Once free of the Gates of Avernus, Slush paused, bent over and painfully adjusted a trailing shoestring, selected a handful of gravel, tossed it at a scolding sparrow and said dejectedly:

"Oh, well, what's the use?"

Presently arrived the Gutter Pup and the Tennessee Shad from their ten-o'clock meal at the Jigger Shop. At the sight of Slush's crushed attitude the newly-fed stopped and halloed:

"Hi, there!"

"Hello you, Slush!"

"Hello yourself."

"Anything wrong?"

"Oh, no," said Slush sarcastically. "The Doctor just called me in to consult me about some changes in the Faculty.. He wanted my valuable advice!"

"I say, Slush," said the Tennessee Shad sympathetically, "don't get in a stew. Tell us what's the matter."

"The Faculty's down on me," said Slush bitterly. "They don't want me to have a diploma!"

The Tennessee Shad and the Gutter Pup expressed their opinions forcibly and at length.

"It's Tabby or I'll eat my shirt," said the Gutter Pup with conviction.

"He'd like to see us all lose our diplomas," assented the Tennessee Shad.

"No, I think it's the Muffin Head," said Slush judicially. "He knows I helped swipe the ice cream. He's a mean cuss."

"What are you going to do, Slush?" asked the Gutter Pup anxiously. "Going to drop?"

"*Me?*" said Slush indignantly. "Well, I guess not! If I don't pass my finals I'll go West, dig for gold and that sort of thing. What do I care about their old diploma? Oh, well, what's the use, when they get down on you—they're down on you. Say, you chaps, come over and have a jigger on me."

The will to eat was strong in the Gutter Pup and the Tennessee Shad, but the gym bell clanged inexorably and they went with rebellious feet to recitation.

Slush was ravenous. It was already two hours since his scant breakfast of oatmeal, bacon and eggs, creamed potatoes, pancakes, muffins and coffee, and three hours eternally distant to luncheon. He slouched sleepily toward the village, his lank trousers at half-mast, his sleeves climbing toward his elbows. But on the way to the Jigger Shop he saw Mr. Lalo leaning sluggishly against his doorway—Lalo, who rented rigs and kept a steaming mess of frankfurters ever whistling to the boyish ear.

Doc Macnooder and the Goat Hovered About the Welsh Rarebit

He stopped and entered the fragrant shop, saying: "Couple of hot dogs, Steve; give 'em a touch of mustard." The frankfurters dulled the first sharp pains. He confided his troubles to the sympathetic Lalo and departed.

At the next station Bill Appleby hailed him.

"How-do, Mr. Randolph? I see you come out the Doctor's. Hope nothing's wrong?"

"The Doctor's got a grudge on me," he answered. He entered and, during the explanation, consumed a bottle of rootbeer, a cream puff and a large slice of the new Turkish paste which Appleby invited him to try.

Eating having now ceased to be a physical necessity, he shaped his way to the Jigger Shop with epicurean anticipation.

He stood before the little glass counters and gravely considered the pastry there displayed.

"Gee, it's been a tough day on me, Al," he said mournfully. "What's that plum cake like?"

"That's pretty fine, Slush," said Al cunningly; "just came in today."

"Well, give me a hunk of that. What kind of jiggers is there?"

"Peach—strawberry—fresh strawberry. If you're down in the mouth better take a bit of that."

"Give me a double."

"Say, Slush, you certainly do look discouraged," said Al, shoving over the creamy jiggers. "What they got on you? Smoking?"

"Naw—it's flunking. The Doctor's down on me," confided Slush for the fourth time.

"That's bad."

"They're down on me, that's all—they're all down on me," said Slush, sinking his troubles in the plum cake. "They want to take away my diploma."

"Ain't been doing much studyin'?"

"It's all luck," said Slush gloomily. Other boys coming in he was left to his thoughts—and his undiscouraged appetite.

It was all luck. He had studied some, at least as much as Hickey or Macnooder, who bluffed outrageously through every recitation. He had no luck, that was all. If he primed up on the review he was sure to be called on the advance. If he worked out twenty lines of the Iliad he was summoned on the twenty-first. When he prepared every part of the lesson the master somehow found it out and wouldn't give him a chance to recite. In Latin, when he was asked the form of a verb, if he said the gerund it was the gerundive, and if he shifted to the gerundive, why, of course, it was the gerund. In Greek it was even more outrageous. Every schoolboy knows that if you are asked to locate a verb and you stare at something that looks as strange as a crawling insect, you say "*οἶομαι*," and, six times out of ten, you've hit it. Well, he had stuck to the tradition until the class roared at each iteration, and not once, all the laws of probability to the contrary, had it come right. He had a suspicion that old man Rogers, whenever it wasn't "*οἶομαι*," picked on him. Then only that morning another heartbreaking scene had occurred. Three fellows had missed out, the Egghead, Butcher Stevens and even Poler Fox. In the midst of a drowsy revery he heard Mr. Rogers say:

"Well, we'll have to call on Randolph. That's his specialty." He rose resentfully. Of course he knew what he was expected to say, so he said, to disappoint him:

"Well, it isn't '*οἶομαι*.'"

It was "*οἶομαι*."

Such things cannot be explained. It was just a steady run of black when he was guessing red. Of course he had done nothing in his other studies, but then, that was different; he hadn't prepared them. Just why, he didn't know. He never seemed to get the time—between eating and dozing ——

"Wake up, Slush!" cried Al's jarring voice.

He had begun to nod. He rose, yawned, stretched out his arms and said:

"My, but this spring fever's awful. Doesn't it sort of knock you out?"

"Why, no," said Al. "This air feels good to me—lots of bite to it."

"I'm sleepy all the time," Slush said wonderingly. And this suggesting a new idea he

labored back to the Upper, stretched gloriously on a cushion-laden couch, reached out for the Three Musketeers, glanced out the fragrant window at the pink-and-white apple blossoms, and fell asleep.

II

"The exacting duties of the masters and officers of the school require that their rest on Sunday should not be interrupted by the discussion of school questions except under necessity."
—EXTRACT FROM SCHOOL REGISTER.

THE Doctor glanced at the card resentfully. It was Sunday afternoon. After a week of entanglements and discussions, he did not wish to see Mrs. Randolph on his one day of leisure. In fact, he had no particular desire to see her at any time. Experience had shown him the futility of these interviews, especially with the mothers of delinquent or unruly boys. They were distressing, most exhausting and a great tax on the patience. Also it was apt to be upsetting to that proper idea of dignity which a head master should entertain of himself. However, it was Mrs. Randolph, and not Mr. Randolph, who could have been put off with some excuse. He rose, caught his hands behind his back, frowned to the darky butler, as though he, too, were enrolled in the school, and said like a pistol:

"Show Mrs. Randolph in!"

He waited by the window, frowning at the fair skies and the pleasant lawns. He would be short, stern and businesslike. Above all, there should be no scene and no equivocation. A sound at the door made him turn in prepared dignity. A slight, childlike figure waited, most pleasingly costumed, twirling a pink parasol.

"I beg your pardon," said the Doctor in amazement, looking at the card he held twisted in his fingers. "Is this Mrs. Randolph?"

"Now, that is nice," said Mrs. Randolph, extending a friendly hand. "You know down our way we do marry young."

"Quite extraordinary," said the Doctor, who had not had the slightest intention of offering a compliment. Still, he stood gazing at the summery figure that confronted him. This was quite unlike the usual maternal interview to which he was accustomed.

"I got your letter, Doctor," said Mrs. Randolph, ensconcing herself on the sofa and showing a tiny, gray slipper and an amazing bit of blue. "And just as soon as ever I could I came up. Now, just tell me all about it."

The Doctor coughed, walked up and down, and spoke:

"My dear Mrs. Randolph, is it possible that you are really the mother of Robert?"

"Gracious sakes, Doctor, I was married at seventeen," said Mrs. Randolph with a pleased smile. "And Bob's only sixteen now. Besides, it's real dark here."

"Is Robert only sixteen?" said the Doctor, a little disturbed. He sat down and smiled back. "To tell you the truth, I don't quite understand myself what's the trouble. You know, Mrs. Randolph, Robert's a very likable boy, very. We are all fond of him. There's nothing malicious, nothing at all, about him. That's what makes his conduct so incomprehensible. Up to the last term he was in excellent standing, most excellent. Then he began to drop off, and this term ——" he rose and took from the desk a mass of papers. "Would you like to see the reports?"

Mrs. Randolph's lips twitched as she read.

"It's pretty bad, isn't it?" she said.

"I gave him a wigging—pretty severe wigging," said the Doctor, considering. "A little exaggerated perhaps, but I wanted to wake him up."

"Well?"

"I am sorry to say it had no effect, no appreciable effect. The boy, I must conclude, has deliberately made up his mind not to study."

Mrs. Randolph drew a circle with the tip of her pretty, pink parasol and then looked up with a smile.

"Doctor," she said, "I wonder if it ever occurred to you there might be something wrong with your system?"

"With our system?" repeated the Doctor aggressively.

"Why, yes; when a boy has gone three years and a half just as he should, and suddenly falls off, don't you think there might be just something wrong with the way you handle him? Oh, now, don't get severe—we're talking this over real pleasantly. Now, did you ever stop to think there might be something wrong with your system?"

"Have you seen Robert?" said the Doctor at once.

"Oh, yes—yes, I have just seen him."

"Do you know what the matter is?"

"Of course I know," said Mrs. Randolph softly. "But I'm not a-goin' to tell you, Doctor—not just yet."

"Why not?"

"Well, just to show you, Doctor, that sometimes a mother can size up a situation when a whole Faculty with college degrees and all that sort of thing have given it up."

"Indeed, Mrs. Randolph," said the Doctor, smiling despite himself. "What are you going to do?"

"Well, I'm going to get that diploma, Doctor!"

"How are you going about it?"

"Well, I'm going to settle right down here at the Lodge and you're going to help me."

"In what way?"

"You're going to let me take Bob over with me, where I can keep him right under my thumb."

"Really, Mrs. Randolph, that is quite contrary to the discipline and precedent ——" began the Doctor.

"Why? He's as good as dropped now, isn't he?" said Mrs. Randolph gently. "Suppose it is a little irregular. You've failed, haven't you? And then you'll get a chance to know what's wrong with your system."

"Does Robert know of this plan?" said the Doctor.

"Dear, Dear, Just as Neat and Clean as He Can Be"

"Oh, no! Not yet. I reckon, too, that Bob will be a bit cut up by it. But I reckon, too, that'll make him work the harder."

The Doctor's lips twitched at Robert's predicament. Despite the exigencies of his position he had never quite recovered from an early sense of humor. He walked to the window and back.

"Very well, Mrs. Randolph, I'll place Robert in your hands. He goes with you to the Lodge tonight. You may be right. After all, we are but mortal. Remember, he has to pass off his back work as well as keep up his recitations—and no favors, Mrs. Randolph! And now that this painful interview is over I must insist that you come back for dinner and meet my family—and bring Robert with you."

III

AT SIX o'clock that same evening Goat Finney, entering the communal room, was dumfounded to perceive Slush, the partner of his wardrobe and grocery supplies, hastily packing a dress-suit case.

"What in thunder!" exclaimed the Goat, stupefied at seeing every drawer rifled and the room strewn with linen. "What in thunderation is up, Slush?"

"I'm moving, can't you see?" said Slush between his teeth.

"You're not fired?"

"No."

"Suspended?"

"No such luck!"

"Slush, you alarm me. What *is* up?"

Slush scanned the questioning face a moment, and then diving under the window-seat among the boots said:

"No, you'd go and blab."

"You mean you won't trust me?"

"Yes."

"Oh, I say. Now come, Slush, that's not right," said the Goat, much incensed. "Am I your roommate or not? Haven't we been chums for three years; no secrets and all that sort of thing?"

"Yes, but you'd go and blab," said Slush doubtfully.

"Is it so bad, Slush?"

"Awful!"

"What is the matter?"

Slush paused with a pair of red-striped pajamas in the air and said sepulchrally:

"My mother's come."

"Well, what the deuce ——"

"Goat, it's awful—terrible. I'm done for. It's the Muffin Head who did it, I know it is, curse him. I shall never get over it!"

"Slush, is your mother ill?"

"Ill? No, she's very much alive, thank you. Goat, it's all up with me. I'll be the laughing-stock of the school," said Slush bitterly. He tossed the gaudy pajamas into the bag and sat, clasping one knee, rocking gloomily back and forth. "Goat, you've got to help me skin out of here."

"Skin out?"

"Tonight, when it's dark and no one's looking."

"Slush, you're a most annoying cuss. What's wrong?"

"I've got to work," said Slush sepulchrally. "It's a put-up job to make a fool of me. They've sent for my mother, and I've got to go over to the Lodge and be tied to her apron-strings where she can watch me, and study—study!"

"You mean ——" began the astounded Goat.

"I mean I'm going back to the nursery. That's what!"

Suddenly the Goat threw himself screaming on the floor.

"It's funny, isn't it?" said Slush, watching him muss up the rugs. "Awfully funny—the funniest thing you ever heard of—never heard anything funnier, did you? Will you stop it? Stop it, or I'll lambaste you! Here—here, what are you doing?"

All at once the Goat, clutching his stomach, bolted down the hall, frantically pursued by Slush, who suddenly guessed his traitorous intentions. Foiled in his pursuit, Slush hastily returned, locked and barred his door and vengefully proceeded to his roommate's bureau, took from the bevy of photographs that adorned it the one and only one, the jewel among ten thousand, deliberately and venomously set fire to it, watched it curl up and die, and seizing a pen wrote:

"*I have burned HER! That's what a FALSE friend gets.*"

Then he stamped on the bursting suitcase, jammed shut one catch and fled before the rising sounds of merriment.

IV

SLUSH'S previous interview with his mother had been stirring, dramatic and unavailing.

Now, in the scheme of the life scholastic, parents play no part whatsoever. It is admitted that a fellow must possess them; but on no account does he ever exhibit them. Parents are unnecessary, disturbing to the dignities that an older boy exacts from the younger and, being insufficiently trained, apt to make the gravest social blunders. Frantically Slush had explained all this, recalled the dreadful case of Piggy Moore, who had arrived in the lead of a maiden aunt and had been *kissed* before the assembled Kennedy House, and detailed the months of misery that had pursued six-foot "Babe" Gunsaulus, whose mother had wept when she left him.

All this he had related calmly, then pleadingly, then in a voice choked with mortification, knowing from the first that it was time wasted. When he had stopped from pure inability to continue the repetition of his plea, she had tapped him affectionately on the cheek and said:

"Why didn't you think of that before, dear? Now, run over and get your things, for we're going to dine with the Doctor."

As for that—no! His ruin was encompassed, but he would not be bound a captive to the wheel to make a holiday for his tormentors. The more he reflected on the preposterous absurdity of the situation the more he determined on a last appeal to save himself from the threatening storm of ridicule.

"Mother," he began, at once assuming an air of confidential gravity, "let's talk this over once more."

"Yes, dear."

"If you'll leave here—go away tomorrow, I'll swear, on my word of honor, I'll swear to study like a fiend! I'll pass all those back examinations in a week. I'll get up a valedictorian stand in every blame one of my studies. I swear it!"

"Why didn't you do it before, dear?"

"Hang it, mother, you don't understand."

"Oh, yes, I do, Robert. It'll be embarrassing—just a little embarrassing for a few days, but that's all."

"Embarrassing—good heavens!" said Slush, dropping his valise and dropping himself in a chair. "Then—then you won't go?"

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LOVELY WOMAN—Will She Ever Vote?

By EMERSON HOUGH

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLOTTE WEBER DITZLER

"AT LAST," said Eve, "we are entirely alone!" Adam took a long and careful observation of the surroundings. "Well," said he, "I have always heard it is not good for man to be alone." From which remark it may be seen that, from the very first, these two had a difference of opinion, although really they were perfectly agreed.

Adam ought not to be blamed for viewing the incoming administration with distrust. Up to this time he had, with possibly one exception, come nearer to being the entire works than any other man in the world. He was both branches of Congress, Commander of the Army and Navy, head of the Judiciary, the Bureau of Labor and Commerce, Superintendent of Chemistry, of the Secret Service, and of almost everything else there was going. In the dear, sweet days before Eve knocked at the door and asked him the time of day, nothing much had happened. He had not been obliged to have chocolate éclairs twice a day, and a one-party telephone, and two maids, and an electric runabout. He didn't have to look under the bed, and see if the gas was turned off tight, and be sure the kitchen windows were fastened, and be ready to take oath that he had wound the parlor clock. Now, as his secret inmost hunch advised him, there was going to be a change.

Let us now make a nice little row of dots, the way the novelist does. . . . It means that in a given situation there has been a certain amount of elapsed time, the same as in a yacht race. . . . One afternoon Eve came home from the club, plumb worn out, and went to sleep, leaning against a Saratoga tree-trunk. She was easy to look at, but poor, flustered Adam sat thoughtfully scratching his last sunburn and hesitating in his mind. A hundred times he was on the point of picking Eve up in her sleep and setting her down gently just outside the edge of the Garden, but every time he thought of that he forgot it.

The Pervasive Power of the Eternal Feminine

WHETHER or not he fancied Eve most resembled Salome or Florence Nightingale is not of record, but certain it is that, while he was turning over the matter in his mind, opportunity quit knocking at his door and softly tiptoed away for keeps. When at last Adam tried to pick Eve up to throw her out he found she was chained to the balcony rail. Thus does history repeat itself. The more important part of the matter, however, is that the next time Adam awoke after a peaceful slumber he found that he himself was chained to the desk leg. He has been there ever since.

What did Adam guess about Eve? Nobody knows. We have still as good a guess as he had. All the circulation of all the periodicals in the world has grown out of that guessing contest, and all the advertising of the world, and all of the business back of the advertising, and all of the human life back of the business. Without Eve there would have been no home, no society, no law. Life is planned not for Adam, but for Eve alone. All our social structure is built for her; all our property is amassed for her. The business of the world is transacted on her account. All of the churches and all of the schools are built for her, and all of the governments are established by reason of her. Each lasting or evanescent accomplishment of the world has had Lovely Woman as its inspiration.

One morning, shortly before the flaming sword was installed at the gate, Eve stood before the mirror of her favorite pool, her mouth full of thorn hairpins. "It's a shame how everything has gone up," said she to Adam. "Frogs' legs are so high, and I am so fond of them! Is there a combination in frogs' legs, Adam? And wienerwurst—you can't imagine what I have to pay for wienerwurst nowadays, Adam. Clothes cost so much, I've a notion to quit buying them; and you can't get a servant for less than six cases a week! On the whole, Adam, I think you would better make my check this week for about ten dollars more."

Adam complained while he was looking over his vouchers, mumbling to himself that salaries had not gone up. Eve saw his frown. "Why, Adam," she said, her lip trembling, "you act as if it was my fault!"

So there they were. But, of course, it was Eve's fault. All this perilous, ticklish, teetery House-that-Jack-Built, this thing that we call civilization, really is the House-that-Eve-Built. It is for her that Adam hunts sables in the cold parts of the Garden, and birds of Paradise in the warm parts of the Garden, and shiny pebbles in the wet parts of the Garden. It's all for Eve. As to her getting more exactly in the center of the stage than she is, or using any more of the spotlight of civilization than she does, it is difficult to conceive just how that can occur; but we can figure on her future ambitions the better if we first have a look at her casual accomplishments.

The other morning when you started downtown, bearing graven on the imperishable tablets of your memory the injunction to bring home a magazine with pictures in it, and a bar of laundry soap, and two pounds of Java and Mocha mixed, and a quarter of a pound of eighty-cent tea, and a piece of green velvet like the coat she had last year, and three pounds of sugar, and some kippered herring, and a package of breakfast food, and several other things which later escaped from the imperishable tablets of your memory, you looked about you in the elevated train and discovered to your surprise that five-sixths of the 10 A. M. traffic was made up of Lovely Woman. Of this total each and every lovely unit was studying the morning newspaper. Were the ladies reading the editorial page where it tells about the Dangers that Threaten the Republic?

Not to mention. They were reading the advertising pages; and had you followed them when, at last, in bunches, streams and masses, they began to leave the Elevated train and hike for the center of the shopping district, you would have discovered for yourself the perfectly obvious fact that it is Lovely Woman who pervades, permeates, dominates and separates all through the business world. It is she who buys the bologna sausage and the objects dee art. The tallest temples of trade are built around the gaudy, glittering, glorious or mysterious articles sacred to her uses; and not only the luxuries but the necessaries of the world are bought by her, sold to her, and most usually, nowadays, sold by her. The grocery wagons which start out at 5:30 P. M. are loaded by her fair hands. The windows of all the jewelry stores are decorated for her.

The other day when I was trying to buy a seven-dollar muskrat-fur coat for three hundred dollars, the manager of the fur department showed me a little bundle of sable which he hung on his finger. "Only seventeen thousand dollars!" said he. The next morning a banker friend of mine was irate when I met him. "I've been taken for a pawnbroker," said he. "A man came in here and wanted to borrow money on a fifteen-thousand-dollar pearl necklace his wife had bought a while ago. I told him we did not lend money on anything but good two-name paper, so he went and got an indorser and put up the necklace with the indorser. I don't like the idea of a woman wearing that much money around her neck!" Evidently he had forgotten Cleopatra, who couldn't wear pearls enough outside, so took to decorating her interior with them.

If you should sit down and figure up the total of precious and semi-precious stones worn by all womankind, you would run into amounts which really would stagger humanity and set most of the men voting the socialist ticket. A hundred thousand children go to school hungry every morning in America nowadays. Why? Because we live in the House-that-Jack-Built, and because in that house is Lovely Woman. Maybe, as she stands on her two dainty feet at some *soirée dansante*, she is worth a hundred thousand on the hoof, in clothes, not to mention herself, which is worth its weight in gold, or perhaps more. That is one reason why children are hungry elsewhere. But from Cleopatra to Katie Clancey, from Salome to Sairy Ann, woman also buys the other things—the world's millinery, its haberdashery in part—alas!—its gowns, its children's clothing, its rugs, carpets, furniture and kitchen utensils. She hires all the cooks of the world, pays most of the gas bills, paper bills, laundry bills. The position of Adam in the social scheme is very unimportant. He pays the office rent, and, maybe, the alimony to Lilith; that's all. Yet they ask whether Lovely Woman is ever going to have the suffrage.

Not Even the Core for Adam

ONE who formerly played football for four years sometimes gets foolish and takes chances. While on my way to my office the other morning I was caught in a crush of ladies who were shopping, and had two ribs broken. As soon as I got out of the hospital I hobbled off to church, being somewhat serious. Here, as in the elevated train, the audience was five-sixths Lovely Woman. Adam in church is lost in a sea of hats and gowns, of ribbons and diamonds, and sweet inscrutability. For sake of their religious faith, many women martyrs have been burned at the stake. Sweetest of savages, Lovely Woman prays. Yet as she kneels she forgets the unspeakable cruelty which martyred the original wearers of the plumes on her hat, the furs about her neck. She forgets the blood-stained seams in her very gown. Asking and beseeching mercy, she shows none, and she will never learn, because it is not in her nature to learn. Yet she asks why she should not have the suffrage. Ah, well, it was a man who preached the sermon, but he did not sing the hymns. A soprano did that, and she was a peach.

Approaching recovery, I went to the theater one evening. Five-sixths of the audience was Lovely Woman. The other sixth was looking at her from one side or other of the footlights. Without Lovely Woman every theater in the land would be forced to close its doors. Moreover, without pictures of her and her gowns, you could put the whole edition of any Sunday newspaper into a handcart. Without circulation, advertising cannot be had, and without Lovely Woman advertising would not pay. Without either or both, the editorial page could not tell the world about the Dangers that Threaten the Republic. So that logically it seems that about the worst danger that could threaten this republic would be a decrease in the visible supply of Lovely Woman. Should that calamity really occur, then, methinks, we would know what general business depression really does mean.

So far I had not seen a man anywhere in the world, but I hobbled into a bookstore, firm in the conviction that man at least has a monopoly on the intellectual side of life. Back of the counter stretched a long banner with the strange device: "Five million copies of D. Arthur Wonderling's last novel were sold before it was written." D. Arthur writes for Lovely Woman; and Lovely Woman was lined up at the counters, buying his latest. Guarding my ribs, I edged in and bought a copy myself. It was all about a long, lingering kiss. All great novels are written about that. But where would the long, lingering kiss be, or the long, lingering kiss industry, either, were it not for Lovely Woman, first, last, and all the time, both sides of the counter? It is women who read the books, buy them, sell them, and write them; and, when it comes to describing a real half-Nelson article of a long, lingering kiss, it takes something better than a socialist or a scientist to

risk giving a gentle lady novelist any cards or spades. All the scientific and sociological researches, all the industrial and commercial treatises, all the moral and political theses, all the historical novels, all the erotic and tommy-rotic literature of the world would cease to exist without Lovely Woman. Without her inspiration, millionaires and college professors would remain mute and inglorious. So far, therefore, from man having a monopoly in the literary line of life, quite the reverse appears to be the case.

Irritated by the general absence of mankind and the general pervasiveness of the gentler sex, I carried my investigations into the Art Institute. Somewhere I had read that woman's mind never created any great and lasting artistic conception—although I am sure that the man who said that never saw a genuine pair of spare-room pillowshams. In the Art Institute the corridors were empty and echoing, because this was Monday, which was bargain day. There were time and room to study out from the artistic records what life was all about, even in the days before Pompeii. Were the ancients downhearted? Not to mention. And all the time Lovely Woman was in the exact center of the spotlight. What great painter ever painted Adam alone? What greatest painter was not baffled in his attempt to depict Eve? Everywhere in art is the image of the women of long ago. Rest them well, and would they might have lived forever! But back of the dream of youth and eagerness and beauty there lies the loftier and nobler dream which knows that Motherhood is the ultimate ambition and the last summit of all art.

All Thirteen Tricks for Lovely Woman

SEEING that commerce, literature and art were made exclusively for woman, without regard for man, I wandered to a place where confessedly they sold nothing but objects of luxury. Here, indeed, was Lovely Woman. Gold, silver, all the metals, all the fabrics, weep, laugh and smile for her. She is enshrined in every lasting effort of man to record some deed, to accomplish something beyond the mere necessaries of the simple life. Take woman out of the world and there would be no art on canvas or in bronze. Having nothing to express, man would not express anything. As without the inspiration of her approval there would be nothing in color nothing on the printed page, nothing in cunning fretwork of gold and silver, so, without her, there would not be a strain of music written in all the world. Decorative architecture could not exist without her. Indeed, without her, there would be no architecture at all, for there would be need for none. There could be no home, hence no society and no law, hence no civilization as we know it. We live in the House-that-Eve-Built, even though it be three flights up and only sixteen dollars a month.

Interested now in the fact that thus far there was not discoverable any trace of man in the social system, I turned to the dim and twilight recesses where the books of the law are found. One supposes that the laws were made for men, but that is the opposite of the truth. In the civil branch most of our laws have to do with property, and all property is accumulated solely for the sake of woman. The whole machinery of legal life revolves about her.

As for our criminal laws, I asked a learned Judge what were the objects and subjects of most of them. He replied that, though some had said that strong drink is at the bottom of most crime, in his own experience on the bench he found that the majority of crimes were committed directly or indirectly through the influence of woman. Murder is a typical crime of sex, and before property took precedence over life, murder was a more serious crime than theft.

"Thus," said the learned Judge, "the most beautiful and most abhorrent sides of our civilization are concerned with the celebrated Sphinx case, on which no Supreme Court has ever passed. Our contracts have mostly to do with woman. They are about her property, her home, her relations. Without woman we should need no law books and no courts. She is at once the most merciful and the most merciless, the most cruel and the most humane, the most savage and the most gentle, the most civilized and the most elemental, the most reasonable and the most irrational, the most plausible and the most impossible, the most constant and the most fickle, the most needless, the most indispensable, the most dreadful and the most lovable creature ever devised in all the history of the world. She is the center of commerce, of religion, of art. She made Gretna Green possible, and she has made Sioux Falls famous."

On the face of such a showing, let each man answer for himself the question whether woman deserves the suffrage. According to Dr. Bernard Shaw, Dr. Cesare Lombroso, Dr. Otto Weininger, and other distinguished criminals and criminologists, Adam is on the toboggan, and, in a hundred years, will not have a vote left in the electoral college. Cold reason teaches us that, the dollar having supplanted the stone-headed club in usefulness, no man can long survive who has not a bank roll; and we face a somewhat pallid future, in which the total population of the world will be made up of Mr. E. H. Harriman and Mrs. Elinor Glyn. Only the strong survive.

Speaking of stone-headed clubs, Eve did not shrink from their use in the days of the cave bear. Even today you may see Lovely Woman sit and smoke her cigarette in calm content while horses are disemboweled in a bull-fight. She shudders at the thought of fighting men, but loves to see the fight. She shudders at the thought of a crippled dog, an injured sparrow, yet, without a qualm, condemns millions of birds to death for her own adornment. Avoiding physical contests, it is because of her that all contests are waged. It is because of her that all wars are fought. Not man, but woman, made the maps of the world, changed all the world's boundaries. Armies march because of her, and thrones come down because of her, not because of policies. Football is played because of her, and it is Girl and not College which makes football furious.

The law supposes that, when a man and a woman die at sea, cast away, the man survives the woman, but the records of history do not always bear this out. In one starvation horror in early Californian days, the rescuing party discovered that it was women who had lived longest. One lady was discovered who had eaten most of her husband, and had the rest in the ice-box. "Jim allus was tough," she grumbled; "but I s'pose he is better'n nuthin'." This seems but grudging praise for a man who very probably had done his best. Who would have voted had they taken the census then?

Tender as a flower, the fiber which gives woman her beauty is strong silk, fine and true, usually unvitiated by excess or dissipation. The hope of humanity, the strength of a people, depends upon the cleanness of life natural to womankind. Yet on the other hand, the dissipation of man is most often on account of woman. Lovely Woman leads all prohibition movements, but she is wholly illogical. First eliminate woman, and the elimination of strong drink will follow as the night the day. Thus, without woman there would be no drama, and without the stage there would be no use for champagne. Without woman there would be no music, and without music there would be no use for beer. Without woman there would be no need for law, and without the lawyers all the distilleries must needs close. The trouble with us all is that we are not accustomed to look at these matters in the light of reason.

All the etiquette, all the formality and decorum of the world exist by reason of Lovely Woman. The stateliness and sweetness, the grace, dignity, restraint and self-composure of woman in her best surroundings are things to view with awe and admiration. Yet we ought to hearken to the other octave in which she sings. Once, at the time of a world's fair, when I was broke, and had not the price for anything else, I visited the Congress of Religions, accompanied by a lady who, to my fevered imagination at the time, had all the rest of the world lashed to the mast.

She was gowned in some soft, clinging material, wore a picture hat, and was all filmy, fuzzy and blue-eyed, like a new kitten. Now it seemed as though all the women in the world were there, wanting to get in and hear about Buddha, and, to my fevered imagination at the time, it appeared more like basket-ball than religion. Ladies of birth and breeding elbowed one another, or did worse. The air was fairly filled with soft, clinging material, bird-of-Paradise feathers, aigrettes and Marcel waves. Will woman ever vote? Listen! The gentle being at my side would not have weighed more than a hundred and fifty pounds in good training, yet I saw her kind blue eyes light up with lust of battle. Leaving me, she took a running jump into the middle of the throng, and went through it

with an ease which ought to have given her place as center on the All-American team. Passing over the mangled corpses which she left in her wake, presently I found her inside the door, calmly fastening her gloves. "Ain't it fierce what manners some women have?" she asked me sweetly.

Again, as to the other octave; for every pessimistic thought woman ever has inspired, there must come to mind a thousand thoughts of optimism and hope of which she has been the cause. The suffering of the world is her birthright. The patience of the world is hers. We could not measure that. The steadfastness of the world is hers. Men talk of their commercial honor, but the one contract of all the world is the unsigned one of a woman's constancy to a man so long as he is a man, and sometimes when he isn't. In sickness and in health, for better, for worse—it is woman who remembers that sort of pledge. On the other hand—we should always remember that a woman has that other side also to be considered—there are certain qualifying conditions. Before Willy Lou led you shrieking to the altar, she very likely told you that she would be willing to live in a shack with you on the prairie, and twist hay for fuel; yet probably you had not been married twenty minutes before she suggested that a flat more than three blocks from the Subway, or with less than twelve rooms and with a porcelain ice-box in it, was wholly out of the question. That was the funny part about Willy Lou. But the funniest thing yet is that, on the other hand, if occasion came, about every one of the Willy Lous of the world would go without a whimper to that prairie shack, and if father could not split the wood, mother certainly would twist the hay. We talk of pioneers. The real pioneers of America have been great-souled, splendid women. The civilization of this continent has been wrought by Lovely Woman, the eternal hope, the eternal mainstay, mainspring and main brace of the world!

The Debt to Willy Lou

"WITHOUT woman," ventures one philosopher, "life would lack succor at either extremity, and would lack pleasure between." Isn't it the truth? The first face you see in the morning, unless your man Mortimer or your favorite pointer dog wakes you up first, is that of Willy Lou. At the breakfast table Willy Lou smiles sometimes, and that makes up for all the times when she sometimes doesn't. Again, hers is the last face you see at night, almost always. And when you come to lie down for the last time—well, it is small difference, after all, where that may be—no matter whether in an alley of Manhattan or in a snowdrift of Alaska, they'll find you anyhow, some day, and after all it will be some woman's face that will be the last bent over you, just as some woman's face was the first. What times worth the having would you have had between if it had not been for Willy Lou?

Once Adam, mentally weary from thinking too strenuously on all these things, looked about and missed Eve from the Garden. As a matter of fact, Eve had only missed the 5:45 after seeing John Drew at the matinée, and the telephone was out of order so that she could not get word home from the drug-store. Looking around and not seeing her, Adam drew a sort of breath of relief, and went and got some sort of supper for himself out of flaked breadfruit and oleo-butternuts; then he sat down at the library table and began to read in his paper where it tells about the Dangers that Threaten the Republic.

Now again we make a nice little row of dots the way the novelist does. . . . He saw Eve's little glove lying on the hall table. Time passed, and Eve did not come back. Let us not talk about those hours. It is better just to make some more dots. . . . At last Eve returned, pink-cheeked and breathless with her haste to get back home—cool, fragrant, inscrutable, fresh from some boundless contiguity of eternal mysteries. When she came back and knocked once more at the door—what then, oh, Adam? Why, you opened the door, and what you said was: "Ah, home again? By Jove! old girl, I'm awfully glad to see you. I thought ——"

Never mind what you thought. As a puzzle, give her up; as a possession, do not give her up. Nothing yet has been invented better to cleave to than Lovely Woman just as she is. If we gave her up there wouldn't be any world, and hence there would not be any laws, and hence there would not be any government, and hence there would not be any suffrage question. Is she ever going to *vote?* Is she —— But let us do as the novelist does, and make a nice little row of dots, rather short. . . . !

THE NET AND THE QUARRY

Jack Marvin Refuses to be Saved

By George Frederic Stratton

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

"And Saw the Name on a Little, Old, Tumble-Down Factory"

"WHAT'S the use!" exclaimed Barker, "you've been missing chances all your life. You're always looking at the hole instead of the doughnut. I don't know of any one who can handle machinery and men so well as yourself, yet you're poking along under your salary and the dividends on your little block of stock; and when any one shakes the plum tree you jerk your hat away!"

"I'm content, if they'll only let me alone," I retorted.

"There's no 'let alone' in business, Jack. You've either got to get aboard or walk the ties. You may have a grip on the throttle, but you've got to run according to orders."

"I'm old-fashioned, I suppose, but I detest all this stock-juggling business!" I exploded. "Every time another pail of water is thrown in it makes trouble in the shops—grievous trouble."

"How so?"

"How so! Why, Great Scott, Barker, you don't suppose dividends can be paid without being earned or saved, do you? Look how it has been here since I was forced to agree to the incorporation of our business!"

Barker laughed slyly. "You mean," he said, "since the widow Hanscom influenced you to consent to it."

I winced at that, but I was too full of the stock business to be switched off.

"Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in stock issued on fifty thousand dollars of capital!" I growled. "And I, being superintendent, am expected to crowd the men and the machines to earn a dividend on all that water!"

"And you've done it!" exclaimed Barker. "Four per cent, right along."

"But look at the fight it has been," I exploded again, "and not a good, square, stand-up fight with men who can give as well as take, either. It's been against poor devils who have to take every thump and do nothing but squeal; against lumpers, at twelve cents an hour, and girls at three-fifty a week. It has been cut-downs and strikes and squabbles till I'm sick of it all! You, and lots of other men, look upon stock-watering as being only a game for the investors and speculators; you never see how it affects the wages of men and girls; the deathlike lives of women and children. I've been a wage-earner, working among 'em and living among 'em, and I know what it means."

That hit Barker pretty hard, for he was a fairly good-hearted fellow, in spots. He coughed a bit and lit a cigar.

"And Pritchard insists that we must bring the dividends up to six per cent this year." I muttered savagely. "But he won't get it—not out of the men! I told him that, flatly."

"He tells me that you're going to earn it," Barker drawled lazily, with a twinkle in his eye; he loved to stir me up, and I liked him so well that I never quarreled with him, though I always let out my denunciations of the president's methods at him. He was the only man at whom I felt free to holler—he made a handy safety-valve."

"I told Pritchard," I went on furiously, "that he'd not get a fraction of a cent more out of the men through me But I also told him that, with a liberal appropriation for changes in the equipment—modern machines and so on—I thought I could make up six per cent."

"What did he say to that, Jack?"

"Say? He hardly stopped to say it, he was so quick to pick me up. I've never before heard Pritchard open his mouth, on any subject, without using a big chunk of the dictionary in telling what he means; but this time he jumped at me. 'You can have any appropriation you want, Marvin!' Just like that—'any appropriation you want!'"

Barker stared and whistled softly. "Must be something back of that," he murmured.

"There is! He wants to shove out another bunch of stock. That is, not exactly stock; we've got preferred and common stock now, and he wants bonds—'Improvement Bonds'—I think he calls them—one hundred thousand dollars' worth."

Again Barker whistled softly, and his eyes narrowed together, puckering his brow.

"Where's he going to sell them?" he inquired.

"Some more monkey business," I retorted. "He proposes that we three shall sell our stock and take up the bonds. You probably know that the stock stands as it was originally issued; Mrs. Harwich holds twelve hundred shares, Pritchard five hundred, and I hold eight hundred. Pritchard's plan is that each of us sell enough to take up the bonds *pro rata*."

"That would leave the majority of stock, and all the bonds, in the hands of you three," said Barker. "That seems like a sound proposition. Of course you've agreed to it."

"Of course I have not!" I retorted impatiently. "Aside from the stock-trading it would involve, and which you know I detest, it doesn't look like good business to me. Our stock isn't up to par—it will fetch only eighty-two or thereabouts, so that I should have to sell out forty thousand dollars' worth of stock—which may soon pay six per cent—in order to take up my quota of thirty-two thousand in bonds, that will pay only four per cent. What new brand of foolishness is that?"

Barker looked surprised. "Four per cent!" he said slowly. "I should think Pritchard would make them six per cent."

"He says 'four,'" I repeated, "and what he says goes. He and Mrs. Harwich control matters and can do as they please about them. I have no 'say so' about the finances; but they can't make me swap my stock, and I don't intend to."

"I don't know what Pritchard has in view," said Barker gravely. "But this I do know, that any man who hangs on to his coat-tails lands pretty near where he does—and that's in clover—but the man who lets go is very likely to get thrown off at a tangent. I should follow his lead unhesitatingly, Jack."

"Yes!—and get mixed up in some deal without knowing why, or how, or where it's leading! No blind pool for me! I guess you know pretty well, by this time, that I want to see profits come from the buzz of a planer not from the rattle of a stock-ticker!"

"Well," said Barker thoughtfully, "if you decline to take any of the bonds Pritchard and Mrs. Harwich will, of course, take up the whole block between them; and, as they will unload a good deal of stock to get the funds, they will, naturally, lose just so much voting privilege."

"Of course," I agreed, "I have thought of that."

"You have, eh?" he chuckled. "You did look at that doughnut and it didn't raise the fur?"

"Why should it, Barker? If their stock is divided up among a number of small holders I might be able to effect a combination with some and so protect the business from Pritchard's stock-juggling. If the factory were free from his continual interruptions we could pay steady dividends from the manufacturing profits. That's all the ambition I have in the matter, and all I ever shall have."

He grinned as he walked to the door. "If you play your cards right, Jack, I see no reason why you should not become president, next election, in place of our esteemed friend, Pritchard. You'd have things in your own hands then, all right."

I thought of that longingly. I wanted to carry on the business in a clean way, as it was carried on before we were incorporated, and before Pritchard's insidious manipulations were introduced—cutting the hearts out of the men as well as myself.

Pritchard and his client took up the whole issue of bonds; but they didn't stop at selling out a hundred thousand dollars in stock. They kept on selling, much to my surprise. Pritchard had a large acquaintance and knew how to place small blocks with small investors, and I felt pretty well pleased as I saw, in this, my chance of soon becoming the largest individual stock-owner, and consequently having the largest influence in our affairs.

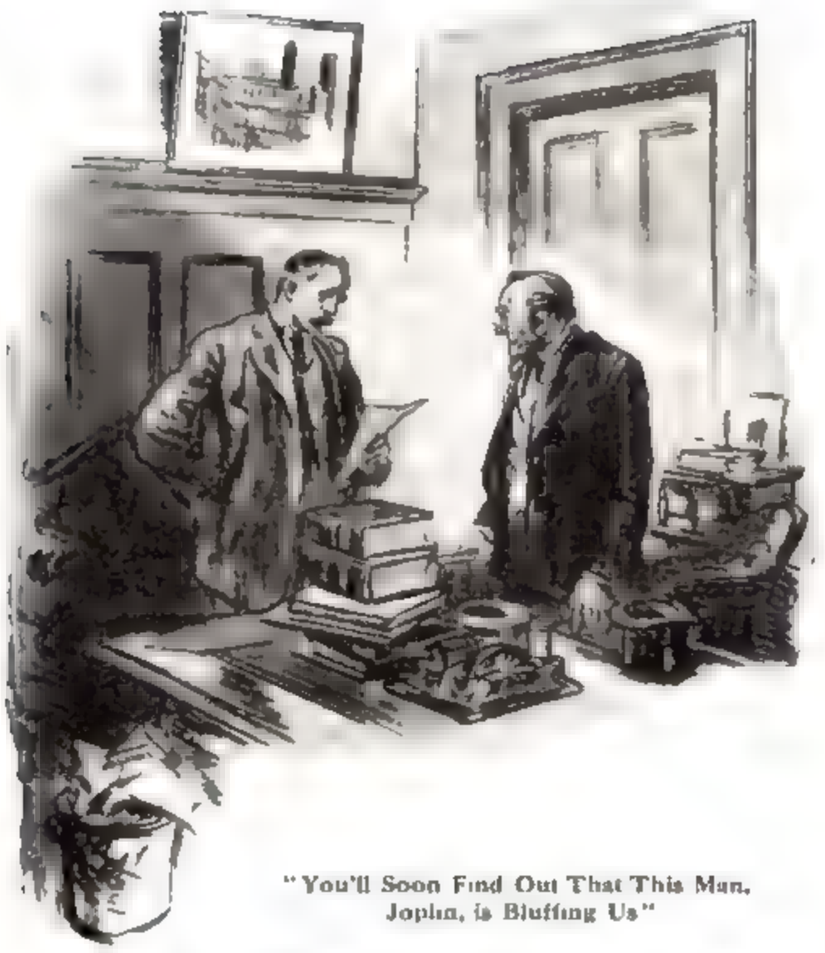
One-half the proceeds of these bonds was appropriated for additions and improvement to the plant. The other half was for additional working capital. It was all very satisfactory and put our affairs into excellent shape—both financially and physically. As I saw my way clear to earn fair dividends, without fighting any further with the hands, the outlook was more peaceful than it had been for a long time.

But the man who is looking for peaceful business will have to go to grave-digging—he may find it in that, but in nothing else.

Clouds came up from a most unexpected quarter. One afternoon Pritchard called me to his office and handed me a letter. It was from White & Sibley, a law firm, asserting that the bookcases we were making were infringements on a patent owned by their client, one Stephen Joplin.

"Here's a copy of his patent," said Pritchard, as I finished the letter. I looked over the description and specifications and then threw it down, laughing.

"When Any One Shakes the Plum Tree You Jerk Your Hat Away!"



"You'll Soon Find Out That This Man, Joplin, is Bluffing Us"

"This fellow's got himself mixed up. There's nothing here that interferes with us."

"He claims that we interfere with him," asserted Pritchard rather too sternly, I thought.

"It means the same thing," I persisted, "and that is—nothing! He's got a sectional bookcase, but he can't patent the name, and that is all that is identical with ours. His plan and construction is unlike ours in every particular."

"This is very serious," said Pritchard, still gloomily. "Of course we have always—ah—relied upon your opinion and knowledge that the patent—upon which our business is almost entirely based—is good."

"It is!" I exploded. I didn't like his manner, at all.

"I am not, as you are aware, Mr. Marvin, an expert upon technical matters. I have always depended upon you in such details, and I sincerely hope that there has been no—ah—mistake in this matter. Our entire capital hangs upon this patent, you are doubtless aware."

I was furious. It looked as if he was mighty eager to shift the responsibility upon me.

"You'd better get some expert to advise upon the matter, at once!" I growled. "You'll soon find out that this man, Joplin, is bluffing us; and I'll say, right here, Mr. Pritchard, that you'd do better to call that bluff than to seek to place responsibility upon me for something that doesn't exist."

"Dear, dear, Mr. Marvin!" he stammered. "You are, really, a little too hasty, don't you think? Now, let us reason this thing out together. Does it seem probable that the man should make this charge against us without—ah—at least, thinking that he had some rights which we are infringing?"

"I couldn't give an opinion without knowing the fellow. He may be a fool, or he may be a knave, or he may be both."

Pritchard shifted uneasily as he pulled at his chin and his ear. Finally he said:

"Well, we shall see if he follows it up. In the mean time we'll get our lawyers to look over it a little."

We didn't have to wait long. Joplin commenced suit at once, claiming heavy damages; and we, of course, instructed our lawyers to defend us. He then notified the dealers that we were infringing his patent, and that he should claim royalties from them upon obtaining a decision.

Thus we were immediately plunged into a whirlpool of litigation and difficulty: lawyers calling for fees, experts sending in big bills for opinions, and orders dropping off. With it all was the exasperating uncertainty of any ending of the delays, demurrers, appeals and postponements which we should certainly have to endure, with all the tremendous expense of the fight and the loss of profits due to the interference with our business.

It was a puzzle, too, as to where Joplin was getting the means to force this fight against us. Pritchard had, at my suggestion, employed a man to look him up; and we found that he was a furniture dealer in a small town, doing a hand-to-mouth business, possessed of little capital and less credit.

Of course some one was backing him, but we could not get the faintest trace of whom it was.

"That is the trouble with patents," said Pritchard, when we were talking on the point. "They are seldom—ah—desirable investments. The moment the one you are exploiting shows value, scores of men, big and little, get after you, and you are forced to buy them out or defend lawsuits."

"It looks like blackmail to me," I growled.

"It generally is," agreed Pritchard.

"Then why can't we charge Joplin with that? He's hurting our trade without one iota of right or reason, and he must be doing it to force us into buying his patent—or into settling some other way. Isn't that blackmail?"

Pritchard shook his head and smiled grimly. "Every man has a right to his opinion, and if Joplin is of the opinion that our patent conflicts with his he has the right to say so to our customers, or to any one else, until the highest court he carries the case to decides that he is wrong. We are helpless, Marvin; we can only wait for a final decision."

It was during the most dismal period of this uncertainty and demoralization that Barker, who had been up-country on a fishing trip, came through the factory looking for me. After his usual jovial greeting he said (uneasily, I thought):

"Jack, I want to have a private talk with you."

I led the way to my office and as he dropped into a chair I noticed that his face was hard and drawn. He seemed to have some trouble in getting at his subject—which was natural with Pritchard but not with Barker. He finally stammered out:

"I've been up on Lake Weposet, you know, fishing. Good sport! Had one catch I didn't expect." Here he laughed lamely, then continued: "I suppose you know that Joplin lives near Lake Weposet—at Crinchford?"

"Steve Joplin? Yes, we've heard that he's up in that section," I replied. "What of him?"

"I didn't know it until I went over there one day to get some supplies and saw the name on a little, old, tumbledown factory, a furniture shop, I believe. Looks as if it might be a good subject for liquidation or conflagration. From Mr. Stephen Joplin's personal appearance I surmise that he is experimenting on himself with both."

"What makes you think he is the Steve Joplin who is fighting us?"

"I inquired about him at the hotel. You know how they talk about any one in those little country places. He's the man, all right. The combination clerk and bartender knew all about his big lawsuit; says that Joplin never had so much money to spend before, and I guess he pushes most of it over the bar."

I made no reply, for I saw that Barker was leading up to something. Suddenly he looked at the door to see if it was tightly closed, and leaning over close to me he said in a low voice:

"Jack, I've found out who's backing this fellow! It's your own president, Pritchard!"

"You're daffy!" I exclaimed. "Pritchard—put a man up to smashing his own business! Better go out and take something, Barker!"

"Listen! A fellow named Henkle has been out to Crinchford twice to consult with Joplin. Once he had to stay all night at the tavern because the esteemed and enterprising Mr. Joplin was full and, presumably, couldn't talk business; so the loquacious bar-keep informed me."

"Well, what of it?" I asked, surprised that Barker should have been butting in with such a crowd. "What's Henkle to us?"

"Henkle is a little, pettifogging lawyer," exploded Barker. "I've heard of him before."

"He's not Joplin's lawyer," I asserted. "His men are White & Sibley, right here in Detroit."

"He's not only a little, pettifogging lawyer," persisted Barker, "but he's also the nephew of the estimable Mr. Pritchard! Now do you begin to see anything?"

"Not much," I answered slowly. "There's a chain somewhere, I suppose, but I haven't got all the links."

"Being the nephew of Mr. Pritchard," Barker continued, "and doing little, dirty jobs for him whenever they are to be kept specially quiet, it is certain that he is backing Joplin in these suits; and he is doing so under the direction of Pritchard. White & Sibley, of course, get their instructions and their fees direct from Joplin, but Henkle backs Stephen Joplin—that is sure!"

"I can explode your theory in a moment," I asserted. "Pritchard engaged some man—I don't know whom—to look up this fellow Joplin, and report on his standing. Undoubtedly the man he engaged was Henkle, and his visit to Crinchford was simply for that purpose."

"You wait a moment," said Barker. "You've got another guess! When was it you first heard of Joplin and his claim?"

"In June. I don't remember the exact day."

"Well, this man Henkle was with Joplin in May. You didn't send a man out there to investigate him a month before you knew he existed, I suppose."

That was a clincher! Of course I couldn't answer it. But I was not convinced about Pritchard. It seemed incredible that Barker could be right.

"Any one else might be directing Henkle," I urged "It *cannot* be Pritchard. No man smashes his own business. Why should he?"

Barker laughed a little in something of his old manner, but he looked at me pityingly as he said:

"Do you know how many six and six make?"

"What the deuce are you driving at?" I growled impatiently. "You're as bad as Pritchard for beating round the bush. How many do six and six make according to you?"

"My dear Jack, I doubt if there's a fourteen-year-old boy in a broker's office but what would have seen the danger you're in before I'd told half as much as I've already told you. It's as easy to read as a two-foot thermometer. Pritchard has unloaded all his stock, hasn't he?"

"Yes; and Mrs. Harwich's."

"And those two are the only bondholders?"

"Yes."

"Well, his plan, now, is to freeze you out and all the other stockholders."

"Rats! How can he? My stock is in my own hands. It isn't pledged for anything. I don't go into those kinds of stunts, thank Heaven!"

"When is the annual interest on those bonds due?" he demanded.

"In about a month."

"And will you be able to show profit enough to pay that interest?"

"I guess not!" I replied bitterly. "Our profits have been cut in half and the half has gone in law costs."

"You guess not!" His repetition sounded a bit scornful. "Pritchard *knows* you will not. Now I suppose you can *guess* what will follow."

Just then a suspicion of the trouble ahead came to me—at first like the faint, tiny dot of light at the farther end of a tunnel, but it grew large and distinct with lightning rapidity. Barker saw it in my face as I exclaimed:

"He wouldn't dare do that!"

"Wouldn't he? The day after that interest is defaulted he'll enter suit for foreclosure to protect their bonds. I know Pritchard!"

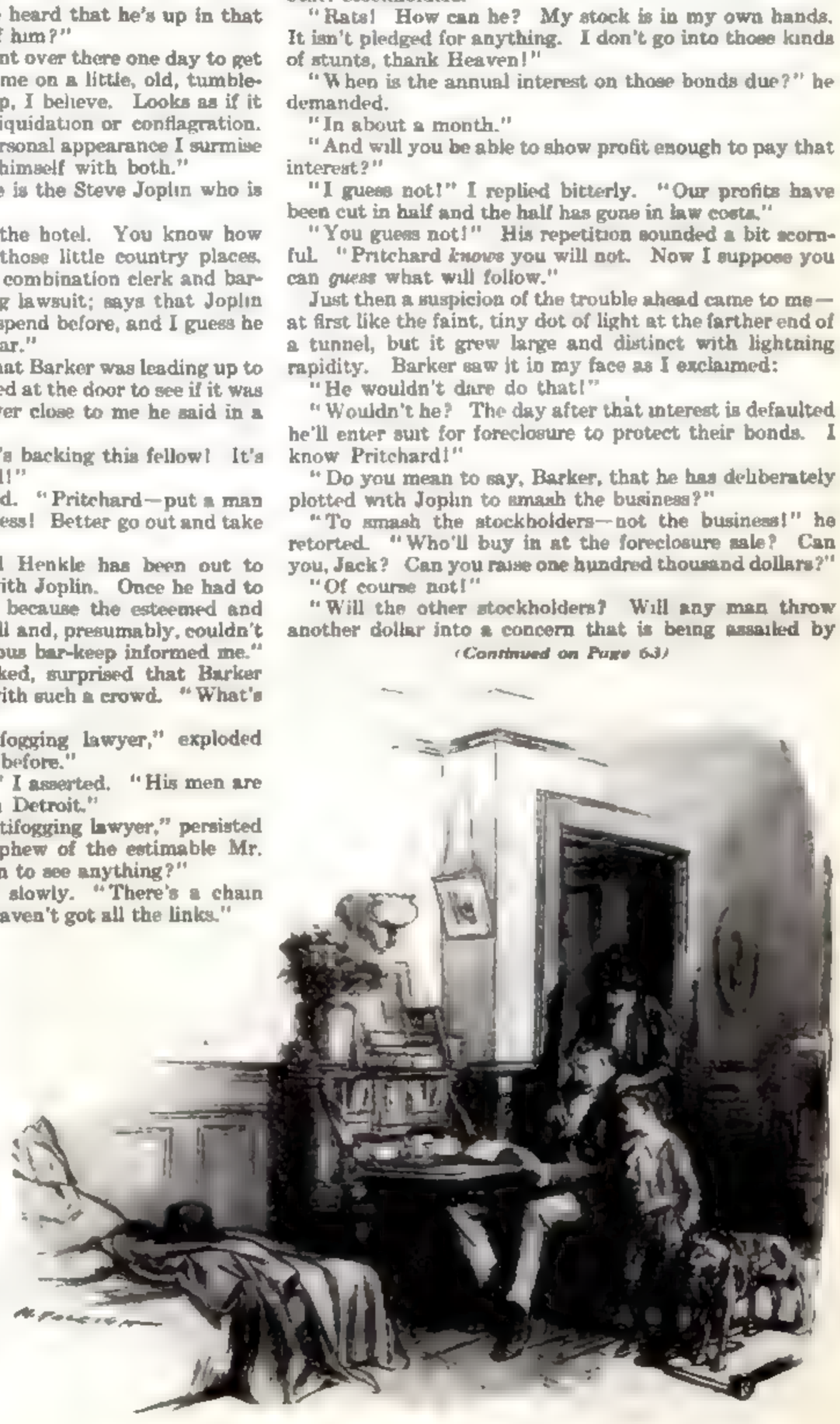
"Do you mean to say, Barker, that he has deliberately plotted with Joplin to smash the business?"

"To smash the stockholders—not the business!" he retorted. "Who'll buy in at the foreclosure sale? Can you, Jack? Can you raise one hundred thousand dollars?"

"Of course not!"

"Will the other stockholders? Will any man throw another dollar into a concern that is being assailed by

(Continued on Page 63)



"That's Brave of You, Jack! We'll Sell This House and Take a Smaller One"

THE HERODS OF OUR DAY

Scarlet Fever, Measles and Whooping-Cough

By Woods Hutchinson, A.M., M.D.

DECORATIONS BY H. B. LACHMAN

WHY is a disease a disease of childhood? First and fundamentally, because that is the earliest period at which a human being can have it. But the problem goes deeper than this. There is no more interesting and important group of diseases in the whole realm of pathology than those which we calmly dub "the diseases of childhood," and thereby dismiss to the limbo of unavoidable accidents and discomforts, like flies, mosquitoes and stubbed toes, which are best treated with a shrug of the shoulders and such stoic philosophy as we can muster. They are interesting, because the moment we begin to study them intelligently we stumble upon some of the profoundest and most far-reaching problems of resistance to disease; important, because, trifling as we regard them, and indeed largely just because we so regard them, they kill or handicap for life more children in civilized communities than the most deadly pestilence. Measles, for instance, according to the United States census, causes yearly nearly thirteen thousand deaths, while smallpox causes so few that it is not listed among the important causes of death. Scarlet fever causes sixty-three hundred and thirty-three deaths, as compared with barely five thousand from appendicitis and the same number from rheumatism. Whooping-cough causes ninety-nine hundred and fifty-eight deaths, more than double the mortality from diabetes and nearly equal to that of malarial fever.

Why White Sheep Eat Most

IN MEDICINE, as in war, the gravest and deadliest mistake that you can make is to despise your enemy. These trivial disorders, these trifling ailments, which every one takes as a matter of course, and expects to go through with, like teething, tight shoes and learning to smoke, sweep away every year in these United States the lives of from forty to fifty thousand children, reaching the bad eminence of fifth upon our mortality lists; only consumption, pneumonia, heart disease and diarrhœal diseases ranking above them. Of course, it is obvious that these diseases outrank many other more serious ones among the "captains of the men of death," largely upon the familiar principle of the old riddle, whereby the white sheep eat more grass than the black, "because there are more of them."

While only a relatively small per cent of us ever have the bad luck to be attacked by typhoid fever, rheumatism, appendicitis, to say nothing of cholera and smallpox, the vast majority of us have gone through two or more of these diseases of childhood; so that though the death rate of each and all of them is low, yet the number of cases is so enormous that the absolute total mounts high. But the pity and, at the same time, practical importance of this heavy death roll is that *at least two-thirds of it is absolutely preventable*—and by the exercise of only a very moderate amount of intelligence and vigilance. It is, of course, obvious that in a group of diseases which numbers its victims literally by the million every year there will inevitably occur a certain minute percentage of fatal results due to what might be termed unavoidable causes, such as a badly-nourished condition of the child attacked, unusual circumstances preventing proper shelter or nursing, or an exceptional virulence of the disease, such as will occur in two or three cases of every thousand in even the most trifling infectious malady. But even after making liberal allowance for what might be termed the unavoidable fatalities, at least two-thirds, and more probably nine-tenths, of the deaths from children's diseases might be prevented upon two grounds:

First, that they are contagious and absolutely dependent upon a living germ, whose spread can be prevented; and secondly, and practically even more important, that more than half the deaths from them are due, not to the disease itself, but to complications occurring during the period of recovery, caused, for the most part, by gross carelessness on the part of the mother or nurse. A large majority, for instance, of the nearly thirteen thousand deaths attributed to measles are due to bronchitis, caught by letting the child go out-of-doors too soon after recovery, which means, of course, either a chill falling upon the irritated and weakened bronchial mucous membrane, or an infection by one of the score of disease germs, such as those of influenza, pneumonia, bronchitis and even tuberculosis, which are continually lying in wait for just such an emergency as this—just such a weakening of the vital resistance.

It is a sadly familiar statement in the history of fatal cases of tuberculosis that the trouble "began with an attack of measles," or whooping-cough, or a bad cold, and was mistaken for a mere "hanging on" of one of these milder maladies until it had gained a foothold that there was no dislodging. As piercers of the wall of the hollow square of the body cells, drawn up to resist the cavalry charges of tuberculosis, pneumonia and rheumatism, few can be compared in deadliness with the diseases of childhood and "common colds."

After-Effects of Children's Diseases

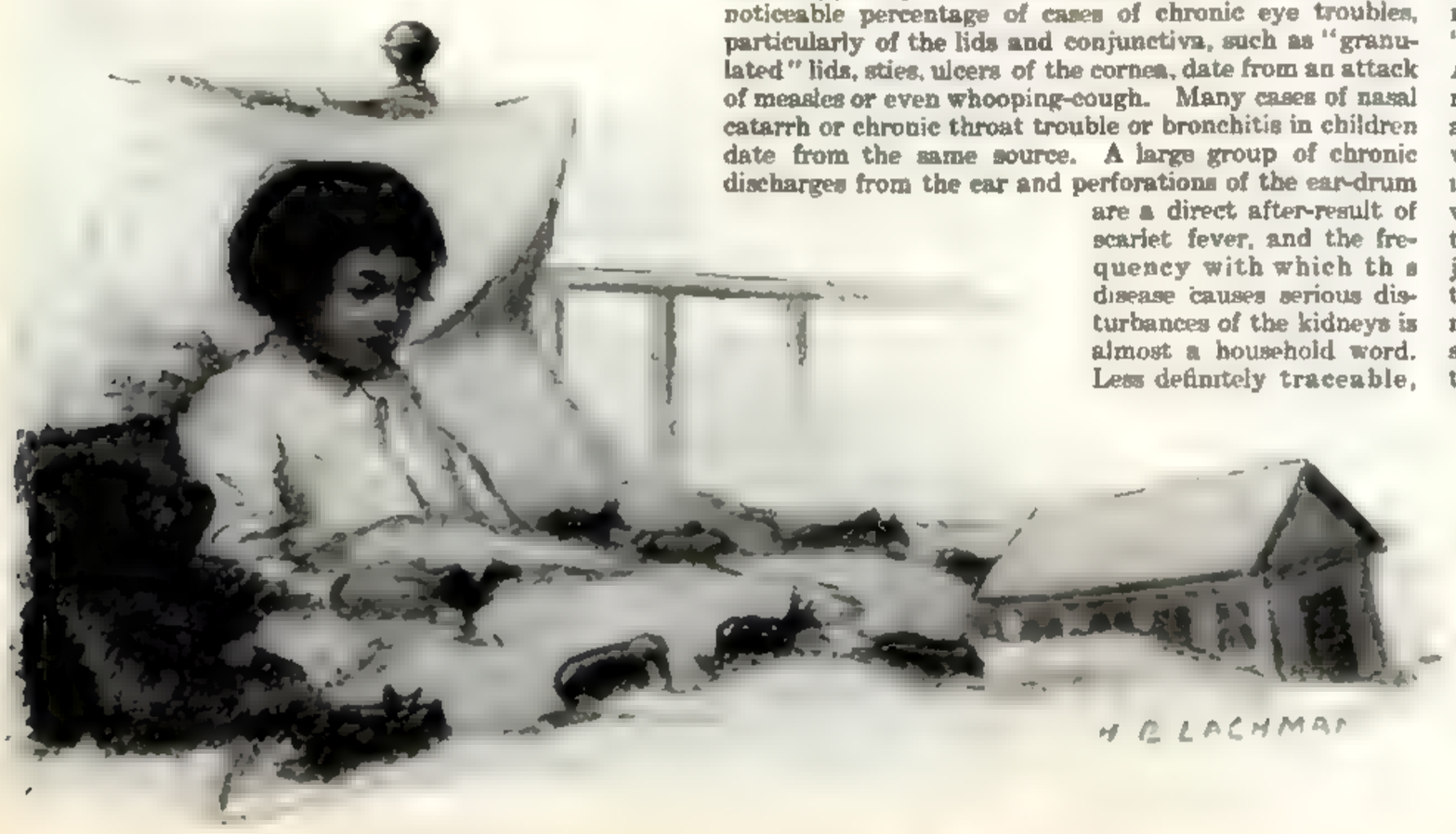
FURTHER, while all of them except scarlet fever have a mortality so low that it might almost be described as what the French delicately term "*une quantité négligeable*," yet a surprisingly large number of their survivors do not escape scot-free, but bear scars which they may carry to their graves, or which may even carry them to that bourne later. Again, the actual percentage of the survivors who are marked in this fashion is small, but such milliards of children are attacked every year that, on the old familiar principle, "if you throw plenty of mud some of it will stick," quite a serious total are more or less handicapped by these remainders. For instance, quite a noticeable percentage of cases of chronic eye troubles, particularly of the lids and conjunctiva, such as "granulated" lids, sties, ulcers of the cornea, date from an attack of measles or even whooping-cough. Many cases of nasal catarrh or chronic throat trouble or bronchitis in children date from the same source. A large group of chronic discharges from the ear and perforations of the ear-drum are a direct after-result of scarlet fever, and the frequency with which this disease causes serious disturbances of the kidneys is almost a household word. Less definitely traceable, but even more serious in their entirety, are the large group of chronic depression of vigor, loss of appetite, various forms of indigestion and of bowel trouble which are left behind after the visitation of one of these minor pests—particularly among the children of the poorer classes, who are unable to obtain the highly-nutritious, appetizing and delicately-cooked foods which are so essential to the full recovery of the little invalids.

One of the English commissions which was investigating the alleged physical deterioration of city and town populations stumbled upon a singularly interesting and significant fact in this connection while plotting the curves of the rate of growth of the children in a given district in Scotland during a series of years. They were struck with the fact that children born in certain years in the same families, neighborhoods and presumably the same circumstances grew more rapidly and had a lower death rate than those born in other years; and that, on the other hand, children born in other years fell almost as far below the normal in their rate of growth. The only factor which they found to coincide with these differences was that in the years in which those children who made the slowest growth were born there had been unusually heavy epidemics of children's diseases and a high mortality; while, on the other hand, those years whose "crop" of children made the best growth had been unusually free from such epidemics and had a correspondingly low mortality, showing clearly that even the survivors of children's diseases were not only not benefited, but distinctly handicapped and set back in their growth by the energy, so to speak, wasted in resisting the onslaught.

Old Fallacies Shattered

THIS brings us to an aspect of these diseases which from both a philosophic and, as I think can be shown, a practical point of view is both most interesting and profoundly significant; and that is the question with which we opened: Why is a disease a disease of childhood? The old, primitive view was as guileless and as simple as the age in which the diseases occur. They were regarded not merely by the laity but by grave and reverend physicians of the Dark Ages as a sort of necessary vital crisis peculiar and appropriate to each particular age of life—a sort of sweating out and getting rid of "peccant humors" of the blood, which must be got rid of or else the individual would not thrive. Incredible as it may seem, so far was this idea extended that the great Arabian physician-philosopher, Rhazes, actually included smallpox in this group, as the last of the "crises of growth" which had to appear and have its way in young manhood or womanhood. Quaint little echoes of this simple faith still ring in the popular mind, as, for instance, in the widespread notion about the dangerousness of doing anything to check the eruption in measles and cause it to "strike in." Any mother in Israel will tell you, the first time you propose a bath or a wet pack to reduce the temperature in measles, that if you so much as touch water to the skin of that child it will "drive the rash in" and cause it to die in convulsions. And, of course, one of the commonest of a physician's memories is the expression of relief from the mother or aunt in any of these mild eruptive fevers, where the skin was well reddened and spotted: "Well, anyway, Doctor, it is a splendid thing to get the rash so well out!" Until within the last ten or fifteen years it was no uncommon thing to hear the expression: "Well, I suppose we might just as well let Willie and Susie go on to school and get the measles and have done with it. It seems to be a real mild sort this time." Of course this view was scientifically shattered two or more decades ago by our recognition of the infectious nature of these diseases, but practically its hold on the public mind constitutes one of the most serious and vital obstacles in the way of the health officer when he endeavors to attack and break up an epidemic of measles, whooping-cough or chicken-pox.

It cannot be too strongly emphasized that mild and, in their immediate results, trifling as most of these "little diseases" are they are genuine members of that class of pathologic poison snakes, the germ infections; that when they bite, they bite to kill; that two to five times in every hundred they do kill; that, like all other infections, they are capable of inflicting serious and permanent damage upon the great vital organs—the heart, the kidneys, the liver and the brain, and that they are the very jackals of diseases, tracing down and pointing out the prey to the lions that work in partnership with them. With whatever



we may treat measles and whooping-cough, never treat them with contempt.

The next conception of the "whyness" of children's diseases was that as one star differs from another in glory, so does one germ differ from another in virulence; that the germs of these particular diseases just happened to be from the beginning unusually mild and at the same time highly contagious, so that they remained permanently scattered about throughout the community and attacked each successive brood of new-born children as quickly as they could conveniently get at them. Being so mild and so comparatively seldom fatal, little or no alarm was excited by them and few efforts made to check their spread, so that they continued to flourish, generation after generation. Upon this theory the germs of measles, chicken-pox, whooping-cough, mumps would be in something the same class as the numerous species of bacteria and other germs that normally inhabit the human mouth, stomach and intestines; for the most part, comparatively harmless parasites, or what are technically now known as "*symbiotes*" (from two Greek words: *bios*, "life," and *syn*, "with"); a sort of little partners or non-paying boarders, for the most part harmless, but occasionally capable of making trouble. There are scores of species of such germs in our food canals, some of which may be even slightly helpful in the process of digestion. Only a very small per cent of the bacilli of any sort in the world are harmful—the vast majority are exceedingly helpful.

There is evidently some truth in this view of children's diseases, especially so far as the reason for their steady persistence and undiminished spread is concerned—namely, the comparative carelessness and indifference with which they are regarded and treated. But some rather striking developments of recent years have raised grave doubts in our minds as to whether they were always the mild and inoffensive "house cats" that they pass for at present. These are the astonishing and almost incredible developments that occur when for the first time these mild and harmless "diseaselets" are introduced to a savage or half-civilized tribe. Like an Arabian Nights' transformation our sleepy, purring, but still able to scratch "pussy cat" flashes out as a ravenous man-eating tiger, killing and maiming right and left. Measles—harmless, tickly, snuffly, "measly" little measles—kills from thirty to sixty per cent of whole villages and tribes of Indians and cripples half the remainder!

Deadly Epidemics Among the Indians

MY FIRST direct experience with this feature of our "household pets" was on the Pacific Coast. All the old settlers told me of a dread pestilence which had preceded the coming of the main wave of invading civilization, sweeping down the Columbia River. Not merely were whole clans and villages swept out of existence, but the valley was practically depopulated; so that, as one of the old patriarchs grimly remarked: "It made it a heap easier to settle it up quietly." So swift and so fatal had been its onslaught that villages would be found deserted. The canoes were rotting on the river-bank above high-water mark. The curtains of the lodges were flapped and blown into shreds. The weapons and garments of the dead lay about them, rusting and rotting. The salmon-nets were still standing in the river, worn to tatters and fringes by the current. Yet, from the best light that I was able to secure upon it, it appeared to have been nothing more than an epidemic of the measles caught from the child of some pioneer or trapper and spreading like wildfire in the prairie-grass. A little later I had an opportunity to see personally an epidemic of mumps in a group of Indians, and I have seldom seen fever patients, ill of any disease, who were more violently attacked and apparently more desperately ill than were sturdy young Indian boys attacked by this trifling malady. Their temperatures rose to one hundred and five or one hundred and six degrees, they became delirious, their faces were red and swollen, they ached in every limb, and the complications that occasionally follow mumps even in civilized patients were frequent and exceedingly severe. In like manner, influenza will slay its hundreds in a tribe of less than a thousand members. Chicken-pox will become so virulent as to be mistaken for smallpox. Several of the epidemics of alleged smallpox that have occurred among Indians and other savage tribes are now known to have been only measles. At first, pathologists were inclined to receive these reports with some degree of skepticism, and to regard them either as travelers' tales or as instances of exceptional and accidental virulence in that particular tribe, the high death rate due to bad nursing or horrible methods of voodoo treatment.

But from all over the world came ringing in the same story not merely from scores of travelers, but also from army surgeons, medical missioners and medical explorers, until it has now become a definitely established fact that the mild, trifling diseases of infancy, "colds" and influenzas of civilized races, leap to the proportions of a deadly pestilence when communicated to a savage tribe. Whether that tribe be the Eskimo of the Northern ice sheets or the Terra del Fuegian of the Southern, the Hawaiian of the islands of the Pacific or the Aymarás of the Amazon, all fall like grain before the scythe under the attack of a malady which is little more than the proverbial "little 'oliday" of three days in bed to civilized man. Evidently civilized man has acquired a degree and kind of immunity that uncivilized man has not. Either the disease has grown milder or civilized man tougher with the ages.

The probability is that both of these reasons are true. These diseases may originally have been comparatively severe and serious; but as generation after generation has been submitted to their attack, those who were most susceptible died or were so crippled as to be seriously handicapped in the race of life and have left fewer and less vigorous offspring. So that, by a gradual process of weeding out the more susceptible, the more resisting survived and became the resistant civilized races of today.

On the other hand, any disease which kills its victim so quickly that it has not time to make sure of its transmission to another one before his death will not have so many chances of survival as will a milder and more chronic disorder. Hence, the milder and less fatal strains of germs would stand the better chance of survival. This, of course, is a very crude outline, but it probably represents something of the process by which almost all known diseases, except a few untamable hyenas, like the Black Death, the cholera and smallpox, have gradually grown milder with civilization. If we escape the attack of these attenuated diseases of infancy until fifteen or sixteen years of age, we can usually defy them afterward; though occasionally an unusually virulent strain will attack an adult, with troublesome consequences.

Why These Diseases Baffle Study

AT ALL events, whatever explanation we may give, the consoling fact stands out clearly that civilized man is decidedly more resistant to these pests of civilization than is any half-civilized race, and there is good reason to believe that this is a typical instance of his comparative vigor and endurance all along the line.

If this view of the original character and taming of these diseases be correct, it also accounts for the extraordinary and otherwise inexplicable cases where they suddenly assume the virulence of cholera, or yellow fever, and kill within forty-eight or ninety-six hours, not merely in children but also in adults.

To group these three diseases together simply because they all happen to occur in children would appear scarcely a rational principle of classification. Yet, practically, widely different as they are in their ultimate results and, probably, origin, they have so many points in common as to their method of spread, prevention and general treatment, that what is said of one will with certain modifications apply to all.

I said "probably" of widely different origin, because, by one of those strange paradoxes which so often confront us in real life, though the infectiousness and the method of spread of all these diseases is as familiar as the alphabet and as firmly settled, the most careful study and innumerable researches have failed to identify, positively, the germ in any one of them. There are a number of "suspects" against which a great deal of circumstantial evidence exists, a Streptococcus in scarlet fever, a bacillus in whooping-cough, and a protozoan in measles, but none of these have been definitely convicted. The principal reason for our failure is a very common one in bacteriological research, whose importance is not generally known, and that is, that there is not a single species of the lower animals that is subject to the diseases or can be inoculated with them. This unfortunate condition is the greatest barrier which can now exist to our discovery of the causation of any disease. We were absolutely blocked, for instance, by it in smallpox until we discovered that our nearest blood relative, the monkey, was susceptible to the disease, and then the *Cytoryctes Variolæ* were discovered within comparatively a few months. Some lucky day, perhaps, we may stumble on the animal or bird which will take measles, scarlet fever or whooping-cough, and then we will soon find out all about them.

But, fortunately, our knowledge of these little diseases, like Mercutio's wound, is "Not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door; but 'tis enough" for all practical purposes. The general plan of treatment in all of them might be roughly summed up as: rest in bed in a well-ventilated room; sponge-baths and packs for the fever; milk, eggs, bread and fruit diet, with plenty of cool water to drink, either plain, or disguised as lemonade or "fizzy" mixtures; mild local antiseptic washes for nose and throat, and mild internal antiseptics, with laxatives, for the bowels and kidneys. There is no known drug which is specific in any one of them, though their course may be made milder and the patient more comfortable by the intelligent use of a variety of remedies, which assist Nature in her fight against the toxin. Not knowing the precise cause, we have as yet no reliable antitoxin for any.

The First Symptoms in Children

NOW very briefly as to the earmarks of each particular member of this children's group. It may be said in advance that the "gambits" of all of them (as chess-players call the first moves) are very much alike. All of them are apt to begin with a little redness and itching of the mucous membranes of the nose, the throat and the eyes, with consequent snuffling and blinking and complaints of sore throat. These are followed, or in severe, swift cases may be preceded, by flushed cheeks, complaints of headache, or heaviness in the head, fever, sometimes rising very quickly to from one hundred and four to one hundred and five degrees, backache, pains in the limbs and, in very severe cases, vomiting. In fact, the symptoms are almost identical with those of an attack of that commonest of all acute infections, a bad cold, and probably for the same reason, namely, that the germs, whatever they may be, attack and enter the system by way of the nose and throat.

One of the most difficult practical points about the beginning of this group of diseases is to distinguish them from one another, or from a common cold. The important thing to remember is that, theoretically important as it may be to make this distinction, practically it isn't necessary at all, as they should all be treated exactly alike in the beginning. The only vital thing is to recognize that you are dealing with an infection of some sort, isolate promptly the little patient, put him to bed, and make your diagnosis later as the disease develops. Fortunately neither scarlet fever nor measles usually becomes acutely infectious until the rash appears, and as neither is particularly dangerous to adults, especially to such as have had them already, a one-room quarantine is sufficient for the first few days of any of these diseases. We will lose nothing and gain enormously by adopting this routine plan in all cases of snuffling noses, sore throats, headache and fever in children; for these are the early symptoms of all their febrile diseases, from colds to diphtheria; all alike are infectious and all, even to the mildest, benefited by a few days of rest and seclusion.

After this first general blare of defiance on the part of the system to the enemy, whoever he may be, the battle begins to take on its characteristic form according to the nature of the invader. We will take first the campaign of scarlet fever, since this is the swiftest and first to disclose itself. After the preliminary snuffles and headache have lasted for a few hours, the temperature usually begins to rise, and when it does, by leaps and bounds often reaching one hundred and four or one hundred and

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Working on the Danger Line

THE COALHEAVER, THE LINEMAN AND THE STOKER

By FRED R. BECHDOLT

DECORATIONS BY JAMES M. PRESTON

THE three of them were suddenly disgorged from a dingy saloon, and the doors that yawned for their egress had hardly snapped shut before they hurled themselves upon the steps of a passing electric car. The Coalheaver was so tall that it needed a second glance to catch the massive width of his shoulders. Square-jawed, he had a mouth like a thick, ugly gash. His features were big; his forehead was seamed with deep, horizontal lines, cleft in their midst by a scowl. Black dust that had settled in the lines made them startling. The Stoker was undersized and his bent shoulders accentuated his lack of stature. He wore a bristling, fiery-red mustache. From the bridge of his nose to his cheeks ran the two furrows of a snarl. His face was tilted upward and back to look into the faces of others. His eyes were half closed, glinting through heavy lids. He had a perpetual smile in which there was no mirth. The Lineman, who wore his spurs and his belt of tools, possessed a litheness that showed even when his body was still. His lips drooped at their ends. A discoloration beneath one eye and patches of skin missing from the knuckles of both hands spoke loudly of a give-and-take disposition. From the moment they swung themselves upon the car it was evident that the trio had a desire to enjoy what Stevenson politely terms "a period of multiplied and intense experiences."

The men who crowded the car saw this. For the most part they were ironworkers, and they were known as tough. Yet they yielded room like water, as the trio pushed their way among them. The conductor elbowed through the jam and demanded their fares.

"Aw, wot's the matter wit' ye?" growled the Coalheaver.

The Stoker edged round beside him and snarled upward, eyes half closed, smiling so that all his teeth showed. "Say, wot's the matter wit' ye?" he cried.

The Lineman said nothing. He was nursing the raw knuckles of one hand with the palm of the other. The conductor went to the end of the car without the fares.

Rough Fun and Rough Work

THE Stoker bore a huge bundle. Through one sodden corner of its newspaper wrapping the broken neck of a bottle protruded. It clinked as he shifted it awkwardly from arm to arm. The air around was redolent with the fumes of bad whisky. Some one jostled him from behind. Very calmly he laid the bundle in the lap of a laborer who occupied one of the outside seats. The man looked down upon it in surprise and stirred vaguely. He glanced uneasily at its owner. The latter was snarling up at the ironmoulder who had shoved him.

"Say, wot's the matter wit' ye?" he demanded.

The laborer turned his head quickly and accepted his burden. The ironmoulder explained how two anæmic young men with high collars standing just behind him had caused the crowding. The two anæmic young men left the car hurriedly at the next corner.

The Coalheaver started singing. Between verses he smote the Lineman on the back with a hand that spread from shoulder to shoulder. The Lineman laughed; then cursed and struck back. In the scuffle they knocked off the Stoker's hat, and he attacked the pair of them. All three suddenly united to face the conductor, who was coming back to remonstrate. Five minutes later they were trying to keep tune to the Coalheaver's song.

The car was now among tenement-fringed streets. The Coalheaver dropped off. The Stoker left two blocks later. When the Lineman swung into the street a little farther on the passengers looked as though they had finished with an ugly ordeal.

That evening the Lineman, the Stoker and the Coalheaver enjoyed their hours of relaxation according to their lights and in such places as they were made welcome—as all men do. As the company about them gave encouragement they were loud and they were rough. The next morning at seven o'clock they went to work. And at seven o'clock each one of them became clothed in a seriousness of purpose that amounted to dignity.

The Coalheaver toiled that day in number three hatch. Bare-armed, bare-throated, grimed to the whites of his eyes and the gleaming line of his teeth, he swung his broad scoop at the bottom of a murky pit whose black walls rose about him to the deck line. He shoveled the great lumps into an iron tub whose flaring mouth yawned above the level of his waist. Every three minutes the laden tub was hoisted from him by a steel cable. Every three minutes it returned for another load. Filling it he swung the scoop with a smooth economy of motion that made the labor seem effortless. Only the sweat that poured from him showed the weight he lifted. It ran down his face in thin rivulets. It soaked through his sleeveless shirt in patches and the sable dust caked upon it.

About him, in a rude circle, seven other giants bent their broad backs and swayed their bodies in ceaseless attack upon the pit's walls, tearing them away wider and deeper. Three other tubs rose and descended in endless rotation with his own. In the center of the circle the foreman, clad in oilskins, signaled for their coming and for their going with a nickel whistle. The clank of the stopping tubs and the grating clash of the shovels upon the coal blended in a harsh chorus, punctuated by the shrill blasts. The air was heavy with a black haze of dust and laden with gas like the air in a mine's depths.

The collier had come to port that morning. Half an hour after she had tied up at the bunkers the hatches were off and the cargo was mounting steadily to the hoppers. The bunkers rose from the water, a framework of huge black timbers, four towers on four bins. From the side of each tower a conveyor extended out over the collier, like a lean, black finger. From the end of each conveyor a loop of steel cable dropped straight into a yawning hatchway. In the bight of the loop was a pulley-block; on the block's hook always hung one of the iron tubs; four tubs to each of the four hatches; thirteen hundred and fifty pounds of coal to each tub; to feed them, four gangs, sweating in the iron hold. Number three gang delved into the cargo amidships.

The eight of them worked in four pairs, two men to a tub. Two tubs always rose from the inshore side; two from offshore. Two were forward from the hatch, two aft. This made the rude circle of grimed giants, a circle that widened slowly as it sank until the giants swung their scoops beneath the shelter of the deck.

Each pair divided the labor. One man handled the tub, the other trimmed the coal pile. They shoveled on opposite sides of the tub, each man always working right or left handed. These duties and these places they had long since divided according to individual preference and to their best advantage. For the eight had worked together, year in and year out, from bunker to bunker, as the cargoes came. They had worked in broad-bellied colliers whose holds were vast, single chambers; in sailing ships, close-quartered between decks; in low, flat barges where their backs cracked to the weight of enormous number-seven scoops. They had fought their way against rival gangs in saloon brawls. They had adjusted their own differences by deep-throated arguments, and when these had not availed, by hand-to-hand encounters in murky holds with broad-bladed shovels and lumps of coal for weapons, until now they toiled together, an eight-parted machine.

The Human Machine in Action

THE Coalheaver and his mate shoveled forward on the inshore side. The Coalheaver handled the tub. When it descended empty he lurched out beneath the open hatch. The foreman unhooked the block. The Coalheaver seized the tub by its two thick ropes and dragged it along the plank runway—laid there for the purpose—to the pile. There he and his mate fell to work filling it. They ran their scoops along the planks on which the mate had pulled the pile and shoveled in the smaller lumps. The larger pieces they lifted in their hands. Occasionally the two of them strained together, hoisting a huge block. When they had filled the tub flush they sometimes snatched a moment's rest before the foreman swung the cable over to the Coalheaver, who caught it and made fast the hook. As the tub rose from them the mate took his pick or shovel and began breaking up the coal and caving down the edges of the pile so that it extended out upon the planks.

Always in the open space beneath the hatch, a tub was descending or rising. On the outer edge of the dusky circle the scoops swung and clashed without ceasing. The pit widened and deepened. The air grew thicker and more foul. Sweat dripped from their rough garments to the black lumps on which they toiled. The Coalheaver breathed in deep, regular gasps. He breathed the foul gas and the sable dust settled in his lungs. He looked across the brimming tub at his mate and cursed the coal and the men who mined it.

"Swansea coal!" he shouted. He used the name like an epithet. "Swansea coal!"

The mate nodded acquiescence. They scowled upon the dull, swart pile. The cable swooped toward them from the foreman's hand. The Coalheaver caught the block and hooked it to the tub. He stepped out beneath the hatch for a cleaner breath. As he stood the tub reached the conveyor, and beginning its horizontal journey toward the hopper with a jerk, tilted sharply. A huge block toppled from its resting place on top of the load, rolled to the edge, caught a moment, then fell. In the roar of the shovels about him the Coalheaver caught the sudden slight sound aloft. The knowledge that had come from a score of accidents such as this acted upon his body like instinct. He leaped backward and the lump shivered into a hundred pieces upon the plank at his feet. A half hour later the foreman fell, stretched out by a jagged piece of coal that cut his forehead to the bone. When they had brought him to his senses with cold water he bandaged the injury roughly with a handkerchief and went on with his work. There had been no cease from the clash of the scoops—such things were common. Sometimes it was

a badly-balanced load; occasionally a parting tackle dropped tub and coal, a ton of dead weight, on those who stood in the hatchway. They took it as they took the foul gas and the black dust that sifted into their lungs, and they made no comment.

At noon they ate like wolves in one of the water-front restaurants. Returning to the ship many of the giants carried beer in bottles. And that afternoon in intervals of rest, seconds snatched from the constant demand of the recurring tubs, they knocked the necks of the bottles against coal lumps and drank the contents at a gulp.

At six o'clock they snatched another meal. They came back again to work overtime, and darkness found them toiling beneath the light of electric lamps. That night a tub tripped itself and emptied over number one hatch, and a big-boned man, who had come for fresh air from the eyes of the ship, where he had been working half-doubled in a small, gas-filled corner, was carried ashore, a bleeding, broken heap, mercifully hidden from sight by a tarpaulin.

Midnight found them getting down toward the skin of her. Many of them were drinking beer from the bottles; some sucked long drafts of whisky. All of them bent to their scoops, red-eyed, sweating, weary. But their arms had the same regular swing, the same smooth economy of motion with which they had begun. At five o'clock in the morning they left her clean. The coal—seven thousand tons—was in the bunkers.

The Lineman hung by one leg crooked over the cross-arm of a pole fifty feet from the ground. His body rose between two thick copper wires strung from the arm above. His head and shoulders bent over a transformer box which he was installing at the pole-top. Busying his hands, now at his connectors and pliers, now at the long-handled screwdriver, he held his arms and body rigid, keeping on either side between him and each wire an interval varying between one inch and one-half inch. The wires carried five thousand volts alternating current.

He had been working all day on hot wires. He had been working all the week of which the day was a part, and all the month in which the week belonged, at much the same sort of thing as this that now engaged him. And he knew to a hair's fraction the nicety of poise that keeps a man from completing a short circuit. The vigilance he observed was all subconscious. His mind was on the transformer box

It was delicate work, adjustment of fine things. He gave it all his attention. A rising wind drove thin, cold rain into his face. He had grown toughened beyond feeling rain, tying wires on a pole-top in the teeth of a Colorado blizzard. The two taut strands beside him hummed droningly, as though to warn him of their deadly presence. The song was old; he had stayed deaf to it when the twanging metal carried ten thousand volts. He puckered his lips and frowned into the box.

Once his pliers slipped from what they grasped and his hand flew sharply back with the relaxation. His arm recoiled. Instinctively, he hardened its muscles against the movement. When it stopped his coat sleeve was a little more than a quarter of an inch from the copper wire beside it. He did not look up. But his mind wandered directly on a tangent. It became busy with a framework of fine wires; on them red roses and white, the red blossoms forming a design of letters. They read:

AT REST

Red roses and white—a mass of them. He could smell them, the peculiar, half-fragrant, hot-house odor. He came back to the transformer box with a jerk, and they went from him—the roses of Reddy Martin's floral piece. The Union gave it; he had carried it to the undertaking parlors the Sunday before. Reddy Martin's pliers had jerked back while he was working on a pole-top between two hot wires.

He made the connections where the five-hundred-volt current would leave for the consumers and where the five-thousand-volt current would enter the box. He twisted wires and he cut them and he completed fine adjustments with his hands. Always his body stayed rigid, stonelike in its stiffness, keeping its interval on either side. Subconsciously, he saved his life a dozen times.

At supper that night his subconsciousness continued to work. He was talking loudly to the man across the table and he reached absently for his fork, keeping his eyes on this other man. Suddenly he jerked back his hand. His face whitened; he looked down at the fork, stopping his talk in the midst of a word. Then he remembered that he was among things that were safe to touch without his first looking at them, and he went on with what he was saying.

The wind was rising with darkness. By eight o'clock that evening it was blowing sleet and rain before it, playing havoc with wires all over the town. At half-past eight he was "out on trouble." It was a black, ugly night; one of those nights when swinging wires hum like tops spitting blue fire above street corners; when enraged householders grope for matches, grumbling at the light company, and linemen facing biting winds on pole-tops wonder whether the wires which they must touch are carrying only their own battery currents or loads of leaping death. The conduit crew were swearing in damp manholes, handling bared joints of high-potential cables among litters of water and gas pipes. The men who worked aloft were mending broken wires, replacing blown fuses, making temporary connections to last until daybreak. He went out on a high-potential line first. It carried five thousand volts.

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AN EXECUTIVE MIND

JEFF TAMPERS WITH THE UNITED STATES MAIL

By Eugene Manlove Rhodes

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"I Have Taken a Horse-Ride Over Here to Put You Through Your Cataclysm"

THE long fall round-up was over. The wagon, homeward bound, made camp for the last night out at the Sinks of Lost River. Most of the men, worn with threescore night-guards, were buried under their tarps in the deep sleep of the weary; sound as that of the just, and much more common.

By the low campfire a few yet lingered: old-timers, iron men, whose wiry and seasoned strength was toil-proof and Leo Ballinger, for whom youth, excitement and unsated novelty served in lieu of fitness

The "firelighters," working the wide range again from Ancho to Hueco, from the Mal Pais to Glencoe, fell silent now, to mark an unstaled miracle.

The clustered lights of Rainbow's End shone redly, near and low. Beyond, above, dominant, the black, unbroken bulk of Rainbow Range shut out the east. The clear-cut crest mellowed to luminous curves, feathery with far-off pines; the long skyline thrilled with frosty fire, glowed, sparkled—the cricket's chirp was stilled; the slow, late moon rose to a hushed and waiting world.

On the sharp crest she paused, irresolute, tiptoe, quivering, rosily aflush Above floated a web of gossamer. She leaped up, spurning the black rim; glowed, palpitant, through that filmy lace—and all the desert throbbed with vibrant light.

Cool and sweet and fresh, from maiden leagues of clean, brown earth the desert winds made whisper in grass and fragrant shrub; yucca, mesquite and greasewood swayed—so softly, you had not known save as the long shadows courtesied and danced.

Leo flung up his hand. The air was wine to him. A year had left the desert still new and strange. "Gee!" he said eloquently.

Headlight nodded. "You're dead right on that point, son. If Christopher K. Columbus had only thought to beach his shallops on the sundown side of this here continent he might have made a name for himself. Just think how much different, hysterically, these United States——"

"*This* United States," corrected Pringle dispassionately. Their fathers had disagreed on the same grammatical point.

Headlight scowled. "By Jings! 'That *this* United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States,'" he quoted. "I was goin' to give you something new to exercise your talons on. You sit here every night ridin' broncs and four-footin' steers and never grab a horn or waste a loop, not once. Sure things ain't amusin'. Some variety and doubtful accuracy, now, would develop our guessin' gifts."

Aforesaid Smith brandished the end-gate rod. "Them speculations of yours sorter opens up of themselves. If California had been settled first the salmon would now be our national bird instead of the potato. Think of Arizona, mother of Presidents! Seat of government at Milipitas; center of population about Butte; New Jersey howlin' about Nevada trusts!" He impaled a few beef ribs and held them over the glowing embers.

"Georgia and South Carolina would be infested by cow-persons in décolleté leather panties," said Jeff Bransford. "New York and Pennsylvania would be fondly turning a credulous ear to the twenty-fourth consecutive solemn promise of Statehood—with the Senator from Walla Walla urging admission of both as one mighty State with Maryland and Virginia throwed in for luck."

Headlight forgot his pique. "Wouldn't the railroads sound funny, though? Needles and Eastern, Northern Atlantic, Southern Atlantic, Union, Western, Kansas and Central Atlantic! Earnest and continuous demand for a President from east of the Mississippi. All the prize-fights pulled off at Boston."

"Columbus done just right," said Pringle decisively. "You fellers ain't got no imagination a-tall. If this Western country'd been settled first, the maps would read: 'Northeast Territory.—Uninhabitable wilderness; region of storm and snow, roamin' savages and fierce wild beasts.' When the intrepid explorer hit the big white weather he'd say, 'Little old San Diego's good enough for me!' Yes, sir!"

"Oh, well, climate alone doesn't account for the charm of this country—nor scenery," said Leo. "You feel it, but you don't know why it is."

"It sure agrees with your by-laws," observed Pringle. "You're a sight changed from the furtive behemoth you was. You'll make a hand yet. But, even now, your dimensions from east to west is plumb fascinatin'. I'd sure admire to have your picture to put in my cornfield."

"I've studied out this charm business," said Jeff. "See if I'm not right. It's because there's no habitually old men here to pattern after, to steady us, to make us ashamed of just staying boys. Now and then you hit an octagonal cuss like Wes here, that on a mere count of years and hairs might be sized up as old by the superficial observer. But if I have ever met that man more addicted with vivid nonchalance as to further continuance of educational facilities than this same Also Ran, his

number has now escaped me. Really aged old people stay where they was."

"I think, myself, that what makes life so easy and congenial in these latigos and longitudes is the dearth of law and the ladies." Thus Pringle, the cynic.

A fourfold outcry ensued; indignant repudiation of the latter heresy. Their protest rose above the customary subdued and quiet drawl of the out-of-doors man.

"But has the law no defenders?" demanded Leo. "We've got to have laws to make us behave."

"Sure thing! Likewise, 'tis the waves that make the tide come in," said Jeff. "A good law is as handy as a good pocketbook. But law, as simply such, independent of its merits, rouses no enthusiasm in my manly bosom, no more than a signboard the day after Hallowe'en. If it occurs to me in a moment of emotional sanity that the environments of the special case in hand call for a compound fracture of the statutes made and provided—for some totally different cases that happen to be called by the same name—I do what my hands find to do, without no special wonder. For," he declaimed, "I am endowed by nature with certain inalienable rights, among which are the high justice, the middle, and the low!"

"And who's to be the judge of whether it's a good law or not? You?"

"Me. Me, every time. Some one must. If I let some other man make up my mind I've got to use my judgment—picking the man I follow. By organizing myself into a Permanent Committee of One to do my own thinking I take my one chance of mistakes instead of two."

"So you believe in doing evil that good may come, do you?"

"Well," said Jeff judicially, "it seems to be at least as good a proposition as doing good that evil may come of it. Why, Capricorn, there isn't one thing we call wrong, when other men do it, that hasn't been lawful, some time or other. When to break a law is to do a wrong, it's evil. When it's doing right to break a law, it's not evil. Got that? It's not wrong to keep a just law—and if it's wrong to break an unjust law I want a new dictionary with pictures of it in the back."

"But laws is useful and excitin' diversions to break up the monogamy," said Aforesaid. "And it's a dead easy way to build up a rep. Look at the edge I've got on you fellows. You're just supposed to be honest—but I've been proved honest, frequent!"

"Hark!" said Pringle.

A weird sound reached them—the night wrangler, beguiling his lonely vigil with song.

"*Oh, the cuckoo is a pretty bird; she comes in the spring* ——"

"What do you s'pose that night-hawk thinks about the majesty of the law?" he said. There was a ringing note in his voice. Smith and Headlight nodded gravely; their lean, brown faces hardened.

"You haven't heard of it? Old John Taylor, daddy to yonder warbler, drifted here from the East. Wife and little girl both puny. Taylor takes up a homestead on the Feliz. He wasn't affluent none. I let him have my old paint pony, Freckles—him being knee-sprung and not up to cow-work. To make out an unparalleled team, he got Ed Poe's Billy Bowlegs, née Gambler, him havin' won a new name by a misunderstanding with a prairie-dog hole. Taylor paid Poe for him in work. He was a willin' old rooster, Taylor, but futile and left-handed all over.

"John, Junior, he was only thirteen. Him and the old man moseyed around like two drunk ants, fixin' up a little log house with rock chumbleys, a horse-pen and shelter, rail-fencin' of the little *vegas* to put to crops, and so on

"Done you good to drop in and hear 'em plan and figger. They was one happy family. How Sis Em'ly bragged about their hens layin'! In the spring we all held a bee and made their '*cequias* for 'em. Baker he loaned 'em a plow. They dragged big branches over the ground for a harrow. They could milk anybody's cows they was a mind to tame, and the boys took to carryin' over motherless calves for Mis' Taylor to raise. Taylor he done odd jobs, and they got along real well with their crops. They went into the second winter peart as squirrels.

"But, come spring, Sis wasn't doin' well. They had the Agency doctor. Too high up and too damp, he said. So the missus and Em'ly they went to Cruces, where Em'ly could go to school.

"That meant right smart of expense—rentin' a house and all. So the Johns they hires out. John, Junior, made his dayboo as wrangler for the Steam Pitchfork, acquirin' the obvious name of Felix.

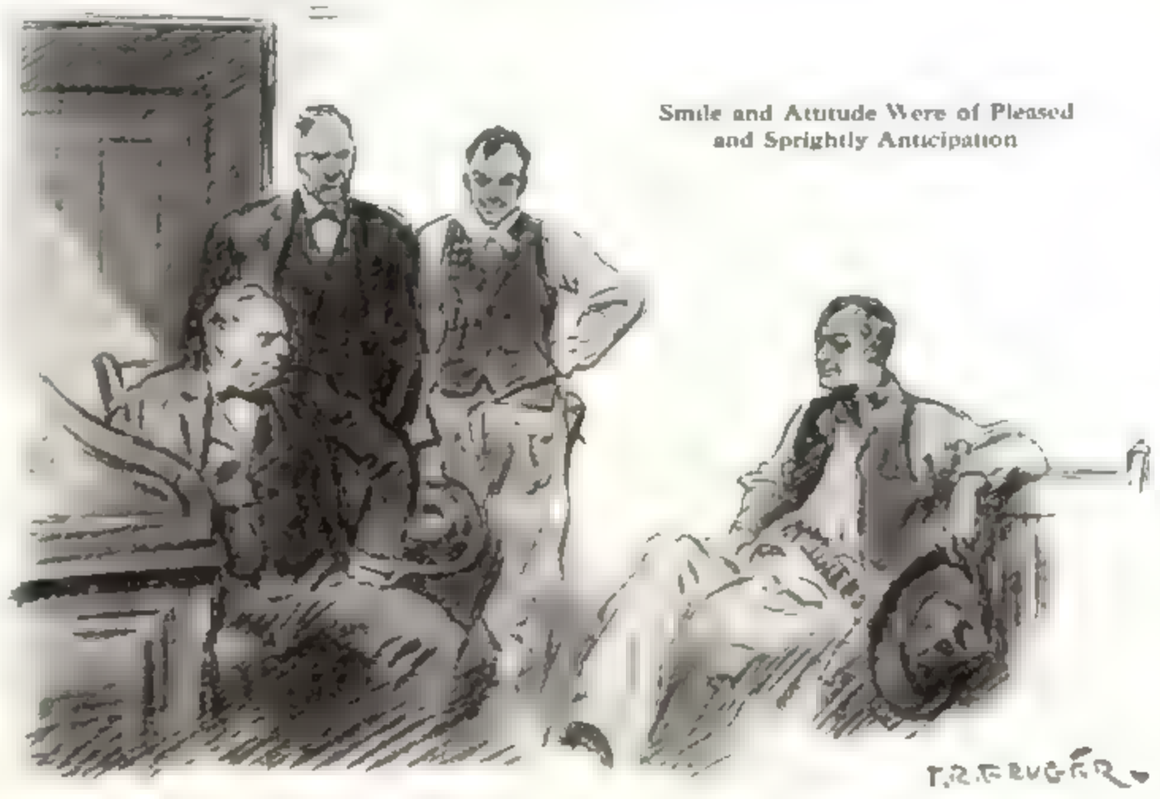
"The old man he got a job muckin' in Organ mines. Kept his hawses in Jeff Isaack's pasture, and Saturday nights he'd get one and slip down them eighteen miles to Cruces for Sunday with the folks.

"Well, you know, a homesteader can't be off his claim more'n six months at a time.

"I reckon if there was ever a homestead taken up in good faith 'twas the Butterbowl. They knew the land laws from A to Izzard. Even named their hound pup Boney Fido!

"But the old man waited at Organ till the last bell rang, so's to draw down his wages, pay-day. Then he bundles the folks into his little old wagon and lights out. Campin' at Casimiro's Well, half-way 'cross, that ornery Freckles hawse has a fit of malignant nostolgy and projects off for Butterbowl, afoot, in his hobbles. Next day, Taylor don't overtake him till the middle of the evenin', and what with going back and what with Freckles being hobblesore he's two days late in reachin' home. For Lake, of Agua Chiquite, that prosperous person, had been keeping cases. He entered contest on the Butterbowl, allegin' abandonment.

"Now, if it was me—but, then, if 'twas me I could stay away six years and two months without no remonstrances from Lake or his likes. I'm somewhat abandoned myself.



Smile and Attitude Were of Pleased and Sprightly Anticipation

"But poor old Taylor, he's been drug up where they hold biped life unaccountable high. He sits him down resignedly beneath the sky, as the poet says, meek and legal. We all don't abnormally like to precipitate in another man's business, but we makes it up to sorter saunter in on Lake, spontaneous, and evince our disfavor with a rope. But Taylor says, 'No.' He allows the Land Office won't hold him morally responsible for the sinful idiocy of a homesick spotted hawse that's otherwise reliable.

"He's got one more guess comin'. There ain't no sympathies to machinery. Your intentions may be strictly honorable, but if you get your hand caught in the cogs, off it goes, regardless of how handy it is for flankin' calves, holdin' nails, and such things. 'Absent over six months. Entry canceled. Contestant is allowed thirty days' prior right to file. Next!'

"That's the way that decision'll read. It ain't come yet, but it's due soon.

"This here Felix looks at it just like the old man, only different—though he ain't makin' no statements for publication. He come here young, and having acquired the fixed habit of riskin' his neck, regular, for one dollar per each and every diem, shooin' in the reluctant steer, or a fool hawse pirouettin' across the pinnacles with a nosebag on—or, mebbee, just for fun—why, natural, he don't see why life is so sweet or peace so dear as to put up with any foolishness, as Pat Henry used to say when the boys called on him for a few remarks. He's a some serious-minded boy, that night-hawk, and if signs is any indications, he's fixin' to take an appeal under the Winchester Act. I ain't no seventh son of a son-of-a-gun, but my prognostications are that he presently removes Lake to another and, we trust, a better world."

"Good thing, too," grunted Headlight. "This Lake person is sure-lee a muddy pool."

"Shet your fool head," said Pringle amiably. "You may be on the jury. I'm going to seek my virtuous couch Glad we don't have to bed no cattle, *viva voce*, this night."

"Ain't he the Latin scholar?" said Headlight admiringly. "They blow about that wire Julius Cæsar sent the Associated Press, but old man Pringle done him up for levity and precision when he wrote us the account of his visit to the Denver carnival. Ever hear about it, Sagittarius?"

"No," said Leo. "What did he say?"

"Hic—hock—hike!"

II

ESCONDIDO, half-way of the desert, is designed on simple lines. The railroad hauls water in tank-cars from Dog Cañon. There is one depot, one section-house, and one combination post-office-hotel-store-saloon-stage-station, kept by Ma Sanders and Pappy Sanders, in about the order mentioned. Also, one glorious green cottonwood, one pampered rosebush, jointly the pride and delight of Escondido, ownerless, but cherished by loving care and "toted" tribute of waste water.

Hither came Jeff and Leo, white with the dust of twenty starlit leagues, for accumulated mail of Rainbow South. Horse-feeding, breakfast, gossip with jolly, motherly Ma Sanders, reading and answering of mail—then their beauty nap; so missing the day's event, the passing of the Flyer. When they woke Escondido basked drowsily in the low, westering sun. The far sunset ranges had put off their workaday homespun brown and gray for chameleon hues of purple and amethyst; their deep, cool shadows, edged with trembling rose, reached out across the desert; the velvet air stirred faintly to the promise of the night.

The agent was putting up his switch-lights; from the kitchen came a cheerful clatter of tinware.

"Now we buy some dry goods and wet," said Leo. They went into the store.

"That decision's come!" shrilled Pappy in tremulous excitement. "It's too dum bad! Registered letters from Land Office for Taylor and Lake, besides another for Lake, not registered."

"That one from the Land Office, too?" said Jeff.

"Didn't I jest tell ye? Say, it's a shame! Why don't some of you fellers —— Gosh! If I was only young!"

"It's a travesty on justice!" exclaimed Leo indignantly. "There's really no doubt but that they decided for Lake, I suppose?"

"Not a bit. He's got the law with him. Then him and the Register is old cronies. Guess this other letter is from him unofficial, likely."

Jeff seated himself on a box. "How long has this Lake got to do his filing in, Pappy?"

"Thirty days from the time he signs the receipt for this letter—dum him!"

"Some one ought to kidnap him," said Leo

"Why, that's illegal!" Jeff nursed his knee, turned his head to one side and chanted thoughtfully:

"Said the little Eohippus,
'I'm going to be a horse,
And on my middle finger-nails
To run my earthly course' ——"

He broke off and smiled at Leo indulgently. Leo glanced at him sharply; this was Jeff's war-song aforetime. But it was to Pappy that Jeff spoke:

"Dad, you're a better'n any surgeon. Wish you'd go out and look at Leo's horse. His ankle's all swelled up. I'll be mixin' me up a toddy, if Ma's got any hot water. I'm feeling kinder squeamish."

"Hot toddy this weather? Some folks has queer tastes," grumbled Pappy. "Ex-cuse me. Me and Leo'll go look at the Charley-horse. That bottle under the shelf is the best." He bustled out. But Jeff caught Ballinger by the sleeve.

"Will you hold my garments while I stone Stephen?" he hissed.

"What's his other name?" said Leo guardedly.

"Lake. Stephen W. Lake."

"I will," said Leo, meeting Jeff's eye. "Hit him once for me."

"Move the lever to the right, you old retrograde, and get Pappy to gyratin' on his axis some fifteen or twenty minutes, you listenin' reverently. Meanwhile, I'll make the necessary incantations. Git! Don't look so blamed intelligent, or Pappy'll be suspicious."

Bransford hastened to the kitchen. "Ma Sanders, a bronc fell on me yesterday and my poor body is one big stone bruise. Can I borrow some boiling water to mix a small prescription, or maybe seven? One when you first feel like it, and repeat at intervals, the doctor says."

"Don't you get full in *my* house, Jeff Bransford, or I'll feed you to the hawgs. You take three doses, and that'll be a-plenty for you."

Jeff put the steaming kettle on the rusty store stove, used as a waste-paper basket through the long summer. Touching off the papers with a match, he smashed an empty box and put it in. Then he went into the post-office corner and laid impious hands on the United States Mail.

First he steamed open Lake's unregistered letter from the Land Office. It was merely a few typewritten lines, having no reference to the Butterbowl: "Inclosing the Plat of TP. 14 E. of First Guide Meridian East Range S. of 3d Standard Parallel South, as per request."

He paused to consider. His roving eye lit on the wall, where the Annual Report of the Governor of New Mexico hung from a nail. "The very thing," he said. Pasted in the report was a folded map of the Territory. This he cut out, refolded it till it slipped in the violated envelope, dabbed the flap neatly with Pappy's mucilage, and returned the letter to its proper pigeonhole.

He replenished the fire with another box, subjected Lake's registered letter to the steaming process and opened it with delicate caution. It was the decision; it was in Lake's favor; and it went into the fire. Substituting for it the Plat of TP. 14 and the accompanying letter he resealed it with workmanlike neatness, and then restored it with a final inspection. "The editor sits on the madhouse floor, and pla-ays with the straws in his hair!" he murmured, beaming with complacent pride and reaching for the bottle.

Pappy and Leo found him with his hands to the blaze, shivering. "I feel like I was going to have a chill," he complained. But with a few remedial measures he recuperated sufficiently to set off for Rainbow after supper.

"Charley's ankle seems better," said Leo artlessly.

"Don't you lay no stress on Charley's ankle," said Jeff, in a burst of confidence. "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be otherwise. Just let Charley's ankle slip your memory."

The following day Bransford drew rein at Wes Pringle's shack and summoned him forth.

"Mr. John Wesley Also Ran Pringle," he said impressively, "I have taken a horse-ride over here to put you through your cataclysm. Will you truthfully answer the rebuses I shall now propound to the best of your ability, and govern yourself accordingly till the surface of Hades congeals to glistening bergs, and that with no unseemly curiosity?"

"Is it serious?" asked Pringle anxiously.

"This is straight talk."

Pringle took a long look and held up his hand. "I will," he said soberly.

"John Wesley, do you or do you not believe Stephen W. Lake, of Agua Chiquite, to be a low-down, coniferous skunk by birth, inclination and training?"

"I do."

"John Wesley, do you or do you not possess the full confidence and affection of Felix, the night-hawk, otherwise known and designated as John Taylor, Junior, of Butterbowl, Esquire?"

"I do."

"Do you, John Wesley Pringle, esteem me, Jeff Bransford, irrespective of color, sex or previous condition of turpitude, to be such a one as may be safely tied to when all the hitching-posts is pulled up, and will you now promise to love, honor and obey me till the cows come home, or till further orders?"

"I do—I will. And may God have mercy on my soul."

"Here are your powders, then. Do you go and locate the above-mentioned and described Felix, and impart to him, under the strict seal of secrecy, these tidings, to wit, namely: That you have a presentiment, almost amounting to conviction, that the Butterbowl contest is decided in Lake's favor, but that your further presentiments is that said Lake will not use his prior right. If Taylor should get such a decision from the Land Office don't let him or Felix say a word to no one. If Mr. B. Body should ask, tell 'em 'twas a map, or land laws, or something. Moreover, said Felix he is not to stab, cut, pierce or otherwise mutilate said Lake, nor to wickedly, maliciously, feloniously and unlawfully fire at or upon the person of said Lake with any rifle, pistol, musket or gun, the same being then and there loaded with powder and with balls, shots, bullets or slugs of lead or other metal. You see to that, personal. I'd go to him myself, but he don't know me well enough to have confidence in my divinations.

"You promulgate these prophecies as your sole personal device and construction—*sabe?* Then, thirty days after Lake signs a receipt for his decision—and you will take steps to inform yourself of that—you sidle casually down to Roswell with old man Taylor till he puts preëmption papers on the Butterbowl—Selah!"

"Or I'll Feed You to the Hawgs"

III

THE first knowledge Lake had of the state of affairs was when the Steam Pitchfork punchers informally extended to him the right hand of fellowship (hitherto withheld) under the impression that he had generously abstained from pushing home his vantage. When, in the mid-flood of his unaccountable popularity the situation dawned upon him, he wisely held his peace. He was a victim of the accomplished fact. Taylor had already filed his preëmption. So Lake reaped volunteer harvest of good-will, bearing his honors in graceful silence.

On Lake's next trip to Escondido, Pappy Sanders had laid aside his marked official hauteur. Lake stayed several days, praised the rosebush and Ma Sanders' cookery, and indulged in much leisurely converse with Pappy. Thereafter he had a private conference with Stratton, the Register of the Roswell Land Office. His suspicion fell quite naturally on Felix, and on Jeff as accessory during the fact.

So it was that, when Jeff and Leo took in Roswell fair (where Jeff won a near-prize at the roping match), Hobart, the United States Marshal, came to their room. After introducing himself he said:

"Mr. Stratton would like to see you, Mr. Bransford."

"Why, that's all right!" said Jeff genially. "Some of my very great grandfolks was Dacotahs and I've got my name in 'Who's Sioux'—but I'm not proud! Trot him around. Exactly who is Stratton, anyhow?"

"He's the Register of the Land Office—and he wants to see you there on very particular business. I'd go if I was you," said the Marshal significantly.

"Oh, that way!" said Jeff. "Is this an arrest, or do you just give me this *in*-vite semi-officiously?"

"You accuse yourself, sir. Were you expecting arrest? That sounds like a bad conscience."

"Don't you worry about my conscience. 'If I've ever done anything I'm sorry for I'm glad of it.' Now this Stratton party—is he some aged and venerable? 'Cause, if he is, I waive ceremony and seek him in his lair at the witching hour of two this *tarde*. And if not, not."

"He's old enough—even if there were no other reasons."

"Never mind any other reasons. It shall never be said that I fail to reverence gray hairs. I'll be there."

"I guess I'll just wait and see that you go," said the Marshal.

"Have you got any papers for me?" asked Jeff politely.

"No."

"This is my room," said Jeff. "This is my fist. This is me. That is my door. Open it, Leo. Mr. Hobart, you will now make rapid forward motions with your feet, alternately, like a man removing his company from where it is not desired—or I'll go through you like a domesticated cyclone. See you at two, sharp!" Hobart obeyed. He was a good judge of men.

Jeff closed the door. "We went upon the battlefield," he said plaintively; "before us and behind us, and every which-a-way we looked, we seen a roscerhinus. We went into another field—behind us and before us, and every which-a-way we looked, we seen a rhimus-oros. Mr. Lake has been evidently browsin' and pe-rusang around, and poor old Pappy, not being posted, has likely been narratin' about Charley's ankle and how I had a chill. Woughough!"

"It looks that way," confessed Leo. "Did you have a chill, Jeff?"

Jeff's eyes crinkled. "Not so nigh as I am now. But shucks! I've been in worse emergencies, and I always emerged. Thanks be, I can always do my best when I have to. Oh, what a tangled web we weave when we don't keep in practice! If I'd just come out straightforward and declared myself to Pappy, he'd 'a' tightened up his drawstrings and forgot all about my chill. But, no, well as I know from long experience that good old human nature's only too willin' to do the right thing and the fair thing—if somebody'll only tip it off to 'em—I must play a lone hand and not even call for my partner's best. Well, I'm goin' to ramify around and scrutinize this here Stratton's numbers, equipments and disposition. Meet me in the office at the fatal hour!"

The Marshal wore a mocking smile. Stratton, large, florid, well-fed and eminently respectable, turned in his revolving chair with a severe and majestic motion; adjusted his glasses in a prolonged and offensive examination, and frowned portentously.

"Fine day, isn't it?" observed Jeff affably. "Beautiful little city you have here." He sank into a chair. Smile and attitude were of pleased and sprightly anticipation.

A faint flush showed beneath Stratton's neatly-trimmed mutton-chops. Such jaunty bearing was exasperating to offended virtue. "Ah—who is this other person, Mr. Hobart?"

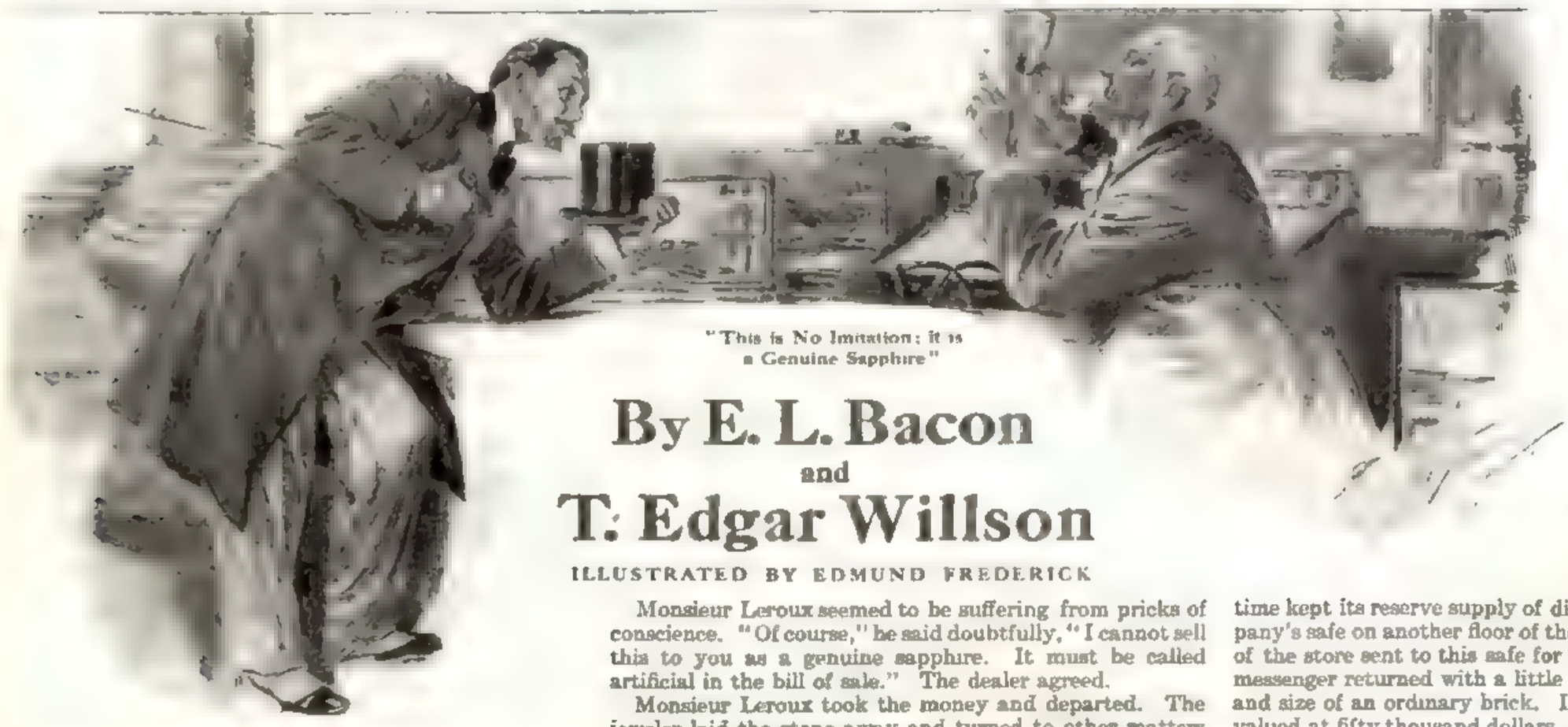
"Pardon my rudeness!" Jeff sprang up and bowed brisk apology. "Mr. Stratton, allow me to present Mr. Ballinger, a worthy representative of the Yellow Press. Mr. Stratton—Mr. Ballinger!"

"I have a communication to make to you," said the displeased Mr. Stratton, in icy tones, "which, in your own interest, should be extremely private." The Marshal

(Continued on Page 54)

He Sang, and the Ringing Hoofs Kept Time and Tune

Hazards of the Diamond Trade



"This is No Imitation; it is a Genuine Sapphire"

By E. L. Bacon and T. Edgar Willson

ILLUSTRATED BY EDMUND FREDERICK

MONSIEUR LEROUX was a handsome young man, very well dressed, with an affable and pleasing manner, an ingenuous countenance and eyes as innocent as a baby's. He was calculated to give the impression of knowing very little about practical affairs, of being likely to fall an easy mark to the machinations of any shrewd and unscrupulous schemer with whom he might be brought into business dealings. He seemed altogether too unsophisticated for his years. One look at him would have filled a bunco steerer with boundless enthusiasm.

This artless young man introduced himself to the proprietor of a large jewel house in Paris two years ago.

"I have brought to you a sapphire which I wish to dispose of," he explained to the jeweler. "It is only an imitation, but such an unusually good one that I suppose it ought to be worth something."

He picked the stone out of its little box, and at sight of it the jeweler's heart gave a bound. It was a gem of wonderful beauty and brilliance.

"Monsieur!" cried the dealer, examining it closely. "This is no imitation; it is a genuine sapphire; I would stake my reputation on it."

Although, being a crafty man at a bargain, he did not say so, he believed that it was also one of the finest sapphires he had ever seen.

Monsieur Leroux's eyes grew wide with amazement. "Impossible!" he exclaimed. "It has been in my family for a great many years. We have all known it to be an imitation. It belonged to my grandfather, who was a judge of jewels, and he, too, knew it was not a genuine stone. Surely he should have known, if anybody."

The jeweler examined the stone again. He was convinced that he could have made no mistake.

"If you will leave the stone with me until tomorrow I will show it to some experts," he said. "If they agree with me there will no longer be any doubt that you and your family have been under a misapprehension."

Monsieur Leroux agreed to return the next day.

The Artful Dodging of Monsieur Leroux

IN THE mean time, the dealer showed the stone to some friends in the trade whose opinions in such matters he deemed infallible. They pronounced it genuine. The jeweler saw a chance of a fine bargain. Of course, a man of such high business standing could not have stooped to concealing the fact of its genuineness, but business was business, and he would offer the young man something less than half of its actual value.

Monsieur Leroux turned up the next day, sharp at the appointed hour. The jeweler assured him there was no longer any doubt of the genuineness of the stone and at once made him an offer of several thousand francs.

Monsieur Leroux took the stone, looked at it curiously, and shook his head. "I must be honest with you," he said. "You are laboring under a sad mistake. It is artificial. There can be no doubt of it. If you wish to give me such a sum for an artificial stone I will accept it, but I wish you to know the truth."

"My offer stands," said the jeweler.

Monsieur Leroux seemed to be suffering from pricks of conscience. "Of course," he said doubtfully, "I cannot sell this to you as a genuine sapphire. It must be called artificial in the bill of sale." The dealer agreed.

Monsieur Leroux took the money and departed. The jeweler laid the stone away and turned to other matters of business.

A few hours later he showed his purchase to some friends, all of them experts. They did not seem to be impressed. It was very good, they declared, for an imitation.

The owner stared at them in bewilderment. Then he turned to the stone. It seemed to have lost its brilliance. "*Diable!*" It was an imitation beyond a doubt! The frank and guileless Monsieur Leroux, who, it developed, had another name, must have substituted a stone at the last moment.

Could the jeweler prosecute Monsieur Leroux? Hardly, since it was shown plainly in the bill of sale that the stone was no more than artificial. Scrupulous Monsieur Leroux had carried out his share of the transaction to the letter, even as it was written.

Jewelers in Paris, London and New York have been laughing ever since at that dealer's plight. But scarcely a week passes without some new story of that kind being added to the dozens that are going the rounds of the jewelry trade—stories of the most ingenious swindles, of daring robberies before the very eyes of the victims, of brutal attacks by thugs, now and then even a murder, stories that show what sharp wits, what desperate natures in the under world of crime are pitted in never-ending conflict against the men who deal in precious stones.

For the thief, the costly jewel holds a fascination even more luring than that of money. The glitter of a fine diamond stirs his imagination, puts all his faculties on edge, throws over him the spell of demoniac witchcraft. It is not strange that some persons believe there are jewels that hold in the depths of their fire a malignant, occult power. The history of many a famous gem is filled with tragedy and crime. But in the old days, the days, for example, when the great Pitt diamond lured half a dozen covetous adventurers to sudden death, the thieves were artless, indeed, as compared with those of today. The cleverest criminals in the world haunt the great jewel centers, particularly the markets of this country. The jeweler is threatened by a greater variety of schemes for robbery than even the banker. And as fast as he thinks he has learned them all some sinister genius bobs up with a new idea in criminal tactics.

One day in March, 1907, a man of distinguished appearance and solemn mien visited the store of a big jewelry company, one of the largest jewelry concerns in the South. He announced to the salesman that he wanted to get two fine diamonds that would match perfectly. This was a demand that would necessitate the display of a large number of stones.

This jewelry concern also runs a loan company, and at that time kept its reserve supply of diamonds in the loan company's safe on another floor of the building. The manager of the store sent to this safe for the reserve supply. The messenger returned with a little tin box about the shape and size of an ordinary brick. In the box were diamonds valued at fifty thousand dollars. The manager took them out one by one and unfolded their wrappings of white tissue-paper. He and the dignified gentleman examined them long and carefully. At last they found two that matched exactly. The dignified gentleman was very much pleased. He declared he would buy them at once and proceeded to give directions as to how he wanted them mounted. Could they be ready the next day? Yes? Very good; he would call for them. Then he went out, swinging his cane, and leaving behind him an impression of affluence and social standing.

The Riddle of the Box of Diamonds

THE manager laid the two stones aside and locked up the box in the store safe. When the time came to send the box back to the loan company's safe he happened to take a peek inside.

One look; then a yell of utter despair. The diamonds were gone! In the box was nothing but a mass of white paper!

For a moment the bewildered manager thought he must be dreaming. How could the looting of the box have been possible? It seemed like magic.

Quickly his thoughts flew back to the dignified customer. He reviewed everything that had happened. Clearly he remembered folding the diamonds back into their tissue coverings, laying them in the box and locking the cover as the dignified gentleman stood by studying the stones he had selected. Then a few moments had passed in conversation. He remembered watching the dignified gentleman marching sedately out into the street. He remembered carrying the box to the safe and locking the heavy door upon it. And he had been there ever since—every moment. His assistant had been there with him. What solution could there be to such a riddle?

He ran his fingers through the crumpled papers. There was nothing there. He examined the lock. Surely it had not been tampered with. He brought the box out to the light. Suddenly it dawned upon him what had happened. It was not the same box!

He must have been a wonderful sleight-of-hand performer, that

"You Need Not Ring," She Says. "Give the Box to Me"

dignified gentleman. It seemed next to impossible that he could have substituted the empty box before the very eyes of the manager. Yet evidently that was exactly what had been done. How he had come to know about the box, how he had managed to get a close idea of its measurements, is still a mystery. Not a hint of how he gained his information can be extorted from the dignified gentleman, for the reason that he has not been seen or heard of since. Neither is there so much as a clew to the whereabouts of the fifty-thousand-dollar assortment of diamonds.

From a thief's point of view the great beauty of that successful affair lay in the fact that the substitutor seemed to have worked alone. Confederates are dangerous. The more persons engaged in a robbery the greater are the chances that one of them will be caught. The capture of one menaces all the rest. The prisoner holds them at his mercy. He may be induced to disclose their names. Inadvertently he may drop a hint that will lead to their undoing. Even if he remains silent, the police, knowing one, will very likely be able to discover who have been seen with him in his favorite haunts. They can work back over his trail, and in doing so are almost certain to discover important clews. The best schemes are those that can be carried out by the schemer, unaided and alone.

The particularly daring plot that led to the robbery of a jewelry store in Sixth Avenue, New York, a few years ago, was planned with much care and ingenuity and was skillfully carried out, but one of its weakest points was the fact that a confederate was necessary. One of the thieves was caught, and his arrest led to the capture of the other.

It was on a bleak March day that a big, important-looking man in a handsome fur coat and fur cap drove up to the curb in front of the store in a fine runabout drawn by a spirited, black horse. He started to get out, but the horse was very nervous and refused to stand.

It was the noon hour. The proprietor and the clerks had gone out to lunch. The only person in the store was the watchmaker. The fur-clad man in the runabout, when it became plain that he could not leave his horse, called to him. The watchmaker hesitated. He hardly dared leave the store unguarded for a moment. He was afraid, too, to ignore the imperative command of the arrogant stranger outside. He came out after a moment, glancing behind him cautiously until the man in the runabout drew his attention to a fine, gold repeating watch. Something was the matter with it. How long would it take to have it fixed? The watchmaker said he couldn't tell. He would have to examine it first.

"But great Scott!" cried the stranger. "I'm in a hurry. Can't you look at it for a moment out here, and let me know when to come back? The chances are a glance will tell you what the trouble is."

The watchmaker took the watch, fumbled with it, then concluded it would be useless to try to make an examination outside the store.

A New Use for Chewing Gum

TIME was moving on. No one realized that more than the man in the furs, the man who was in a hurry, yet who was doing his best to hold the watchmaker a few seconds longer. He couldn't quite make up his mind whether to leave the watch. He asked a few questions. Was the watchmaker sure that he couldn't examine it in the street? What did he think the chances were of having it ready for him that afternoon? Would he get to work on it at once? He managed to devote another full minute to such queries as these.

The watchmaker was getting nervous. He thought of the empty store and glanced anxiously toward the door. Then, at last, the man in the runabout made up his mind. He would come back with the watch later. He loosened the reins, and the fretting horse started off at a lively pace.

No sooner had the watchmaker stepped inside the store than he gave a cry of dismay. The diamonds in the window! They were gone! Not one was left. And they were worth five thousand dollars!

Several days later detectives arrested the man who had driven up in the runabout, and the discovery of his identity led to the capture of the man who had looted the window while the watchmaker was out looking at the gold repeater. Both men were sent to Sing Sing. But the stolen diamonds were never found.

Like the man in the furs, jewel thieves, unless they are mere thugs, pickpockets or cracksmen, make a point of presenting as prosperous an appearance as possible. They aim to give the impression of being people of wealth and standing. A well-dressed and prepossessing woman is a particularly valuable confederate if a man has not simplified his operations sufficiently to be able to work alone. In fact, among the thieves that prey upon the jeweler, there are more women who look as if they might amount to something in fashionable society, perhaps, than there are in any other field of criminal endeavor.

A man who, as it turned out later, had such a woman as his ally, visited a jeweler in Maiden Lane a few months ago and announced that he wanted to buy a diamond ring. He said he wanted a stone of a blue tint like one he was wearing. A tray of rings was brought out and he spent some time in examining them. Finally he said he could find none that suited him exactly and that he might call again.

He was on his way out of the store when the jeweler discovered that a ring priced at one thousand dollars was missing. The man was called back and was asked to explain.

"Why, my dear sir!" he exclaimed. "I hope you don't take me for a thief! If the ring is gone it is very strange, but I haven't it. However, under the circumstances, I am, of course, willing to go with you to the police and to be searched."

Detectives were called in. They went through the man's clothes. The ring was not found. The jeweler had to apologize. The stranger walked out, boiling over with indignation and uttering intimations of a suit for damages.

The jeweler was utterly bewildered. He searched on the floor, on the counter, everywhere, with no result. It was a mystery that apparently could be explained only on the theory of a fourth dimension.

A day passed. The ring was still missing. Late in the afternoon a woman came into the store, a most attractive woman, beautifully gowned, fair-haired, blue-eyed, with a fascinating smile. She wanted to see some diamonds.

The Special-Messenger Game

A TRAYFUL was brought out and she looked them over carefully. At last she shook her head. She was afraid none of them would do. The jeweler put the tray back in its place, and as he was doing so she walked along by the counter for almost its full length, and seemed to be feeling of the mahogany trimming.

After she had gone the watchmaker said to the proprietor: "Did you notice the way that woman was scraping along beside the counter?"

The jeweler was in a very suspicious frame of mind that day. He thought over what the watchmaker had said; then he began to walk along beside the counter himself, running his fingers underneath. In a moment his fingers came into contact with a piece of chewing gum, stuck fast to the mahogany. He pulled it out, and in it was the unmistakable impression of a ring. The discovery was made two or three minutes too late, and neither man nor woman has been found to this day.

In what is known as the special-messenger game, the woman usually works alone. In this dangerous adventure she must have an unusually ready wit, and must be able to give the sure impression of being a person of large means. If she can convince the jeweler that she is also a woman of culture and of social standing, so much the better.

The woman goes to a first-class jeweler's and selects some especially valuable ornament, a brooch, perhaps, or a ring or a necklace—whatever seems to her most desirable. She gives her name and address and directs that her purchase be sent to her home as soon as possible and charged. The jeweler looks her up. He finds her name in the social register or learns that her husband is a business or professional man of standing, and is satisfied. He sends a special messenger, often a clerk, with the jewelry.

"Why, My Dear Sir!" He Exclaimed. "I Hope You Don't Take Me for a Thief!"

His errand brings him to a big, fine house in a fashionable street. As he reaches it, the door of the vestibule opens, and out comes the woman who has made the purchase. She is buttoning her gloves and apparently mere chance has brought him there just as she is about to start for a walk.

"You are from the jeweler's?" she asks.

"Yes, madam," replies the special messenger.

"You need not ring," she says. "Give the box to me."

Her expensive clothes, her superior manner, the fine house, the fashionable surroundings bar even a shadow of suspicion from the special messenger's mind. He gives her the jewelry and goes away.

Yet the woman had never even seen the inside of that house. She had been waiting for the messenger behind the outer door, relying upon her wit to provide some plausible excuse in case she should be discovered there by a servant or a member of the family.

A Case of Twin Brothers

VERY few first-class corporation lawyers make larger incomes than some of the most successful of these men and women that prey upon the jewelers. After the arrest of one of them, in Buffalo, in June, 1908, it developed that he had swindled jewelers out of thirty-five thousand dollars during a period of eight months. At that rate he was making a larger income than the President of the United States.

This man was what the police call a "short-change flim-flammer." He would buy jewels worth anywhere from five hundred to two thousand dollars and would give in payment a roll of bills, most of them of large denominations, but always with some one-dollar notes among them. The jeweler would count them and would find a shortage of one dollar. The man, when his attention was called to this fact, would take back the bills, count them, admit the shortage and take from his pocket a silver dollar, which he would pass to the jeweler with the roll. After he had left the store the jeweler would count the roll a second time, and would discover that most of the bills of large denominations had been extracted.

The thief was taken to Brooklyn for trial on a charge of swindling a pawnbroker there of thirteen hundred and fifty dollars. He pleaded that he had a twin brother who looked exactly like him, and that all the crimes he was accused of were the work of this wicked twin. But the jury, refusing to believe this story, convicted him, and he was sentenced to serve ten years. After he had gone to prison there was a strange development. A

(Continued on Page 47)

Was Doing His Best to Hold the Watchmaker a Few Seconds Longer

CANADA AND RECIPROCITY

By D. D. Mann

PRESIDENT TAFT expects Congress to complete a revision of the tariff before midsummer. There is considerable interest in Canada with regard to changes that may affect Canadian trade with the United States. But there is very much more interest in the United States as to what will be done for Canadian trade. My friend, Mr. J. J. Hill, has spoken several times in favor of eliminating our custom houses. The chairman of the Boston Chamber of Commerce recently proposed the destruction of the tariff wall between the two countries. While I write, a conference of representative bodies in American border cities is assembling at Detroit to consider reciprocity with Canada.

All this is in marked contrast with what used to happen a short generation ago. Canada asked the United States for reciprocity similar to that which was in force from 1854 to 1865. Eight times the negative answer came. Today Canada is being courted. She is a willing friend, but no suitor. There is a world of difference between the situation of forty years ago and the position in 1909. It is possible that the last chance of there being only one political power on this continent vanished when the treaty of 1854-65 was abrogated.

At that time Canadians feared that the cutting off of their most direct market would ruin them. For a time the situation was harmful, and it had something to do with the migration of some of the best young blood of the country to the United States. But presently farmers who used to send hay and grain across the St. Lawrence fed it to their stock, sold the produce as cheese and butter, and their crops, instead of being exported to the impoverishment of the soil, were kept at home to enrich it.

The abrogation of the treaty also gave to Canada ample opportunity to discover herself. Even the largest towns along the border were of little account, and the most thriving communities were either surrounded by the bush or on the edge of it. Agriculture was in a pioneering condition, and commerce had scarcely any facilities for its own expansion. The forest, instead of being a source of abundant wealth, was an incumbrance to be cleared out of the way.

Canada, as Canada, had not begun to exist. The provinces were divided geographically, politically and socially. And as the Dominion had not come into existence, the section of British North America that was destined to become most important for Canada, and for the British Empire generally, was indeed the Great Lone and the Great Unknown Land.

The appearance of the map of North America even yet may lend some plausibility to the argument that the commerce, and therefore the politics, of the continent should naturally follow intercommunication between North and South. But a few far-seeing Canadians realized the enormous asset which was spread over the great prairies, between the Lake of the Woods and the Rocky Mountains; and they saw that the country must possess industries, and must provide herself with ample means of intercommunication and transportation. The tariff wall along the United States boundary was very high. Its size, more than anything else, forced the Canadian people to build tariff fences of their own, behind which infant industries might be preserved through their most dangerous years.

Canada's Commercial Awakening

WHAT was called the National Policy was adopted as the result of the general election of 1878. Immediately afterward the project of the Canadian Pacific Railway was carried into effect, until at this day, besides many and great native-born industries, there are in Canada almost innumerable branches of United States manufacturing concerns, and the traffic beyond the north shore of Lake Superior already sustains one, and will in a few years maintain three, transcontinental railways.

I have said that the difference between the reciprocity times of 1854-65 and today is a whole nation of difference. Canada has arrived, not in the guise of a poor relation of Republic or Empire, but in the right of her own unlimited dower. You can no more revert to the old Canadian idea of reciprocity than you can replace the locomotive by the stage-coach. To discuss the possibility of the absorption of Canada by the United States is to forsake practical politics. You must realize that Canada is a nation so much bigger than any tariff wall that she can afford to be, as she is, undisturbed by it.

But that is not to say that the tariff is a closed book between Canada and the United States. Conditions are continually changing, and although the United States tariff against Canada produced the Canadian tariff against the United States, and, incidentally, made Canadian nationality a sure and certain influence in the

D. D. Mann

world, both tariffs may be handled so as to produce greater business and greater friendliness between the two peoples.

If I were an American I might possibly agree with Mr. Carnegie that the industries of the United States need no further support from the nation. I am not so sure but that in the new turn which has been given to the development of the United States by the Conservation Conferences (which will always redound to the statesmanship of President Roosevelt) will be found the best key to the future trade policies of this continent.

Natural resources is another name for raw material. Hitherto, in considering tariffs, American statesmen have assumed the utmost exploitation of their country's natural resources. They put a tax on Canadian coal and iron ore. Now they are justly becoming alarmed at the depletion of the American supply of coal and iron ore. Broadly speaking, it seems to me that when this continent was laid out several natural free-trade zones were provided, which were also meant to be operative without hindering the development of two kindred but independent nations within its coasts.

There is one, indeed, that is outside the coasts. The advocates of unrestricted reciprocity found one of their arguments in the sea. They declare rightly that it is foolish to tax the people of the northeastern States in order to prevent their fish food from being landed near to where it is caught. The inexhaustible supply of fish in the northern waters should be landed in Nova Scotia and shipped thence to the consumers in the United States. If that were done, Nova Scotia would be able to follow the natural course of her development, and the consumer in the United States would have more fish for his money, or more money for other things than fish.

Nova Scotia coal deposits are the natural fuel supply of New England. The American tariff keeps them out. But the Canadian tariff gives to Nova Scotia coal the Montreal market, by reason of the tax upon Pennsylvania coal. I cannot, at the moment, think of any considerable manufacturing advantage that would be sacrificed by a readjustment of the coal tariff. There are some conditions surrounding the mechanical production of coal in Nova Scotia which would, I think, adjust themselves by the opening of the New England market. I have reason to know that the Pennsylvania coal interests would not object to the change. What they would lose in Boston they would gain in Quebec and Ontario. For, let this be observed: the present tax on United States coal hits the consumer back of Lakes Ontario and Erie, even though he cannot possibly buy other than Pennsylvania coal. Undoubtedly the duty restricts consumption. Remove it and consumption would increase.

On the other side of the continent similar conditions prevail. There is unlimited coal in British Columbia and Alberta, and very little—and that of poor quality—in the Pacific States. A duty on Canadian coal is a tax upon industry in the near-by States, without any compensating advantage to either side of the line.

A glance at the map of North America will show, I think, that the distribution of coal is such that it might wisely be left to work out its own solution of supply and demand. In any case, the ultimate disposal of it will be determined, not by the accidents of any tariff, but by the time the supply endures. I know of no more admirable contribution to modern statesmanship, which is closely allied with commercial interest, than the calling of an International Conference on the Conservation of Natural Resources, with the idea of taking sympathetic steps to preserve from waste the bounties that surround us from sea to sea.

Closely bound up with the coal problem is the iron situation. Iron ore is on the Canadian free list. Every other form of imported iron pays duty. The United States taxes iron, whether in ore, pigs or manufactured product. If, as Mr. Carnegie contends, the steel industry in the United States can flourish without the tariff on manufactured articles, it can surely prosper without a tax on Canadian ores.

I may be told that the suggestion of duty-free ore in the United States is against the conservation of Canada's natural resources. It is not really so, for two complementary reasons—first, that, as in the case of coal, the supplies of the continent will be utilized in the long run, regardless of tariffs; and second, that, as the abundance of Eastern Canada's iron ores is infinitely greater than her handy stores of coal, there is enough ore in Canada for Canada's needs, and for an American demand as well.

I need not deal at length with the exchange of foodstuffs. Canada has a market for grain and the products therefrom in Europe. She buys, without duty, many things from the United States which she does not grow herself. Time will speedily bring about at least one exchange which the tariff at present prevents. If prevailing tendencies continue, the United States will soon be a wheat importer at prices which will reduce the tariff on breadstuffs. Even if the wheat production of the United States kept pace with the population, the demand for the No. 1 hard wheat from the Canadian prairies would increase so rapidly that the United States millers must have it, tariff or no tariff, which, when the home supply is being taxed to its utmost, is a final reason for no tariff.

Regulating Breadstuffs and Pulp-Wood

EVERY year the millers of Minneapolis ask more loudly for Canadian wheat. Within seven years they will most likely be getting it through an open tariff gate. I can conceive of no formidable opposition to such a change; for, when the deciding factor in wheat prices is the export trade, interior prices will not, in normal years, be appreciably affected by the relatively small amount of wheat that will be grown on one side of parallel forty-nine and eaten on the other.

Of the principal natural products of both countries lumber and pulp-wood remain to be considered. Here the Canadian advantage is indisputable; and some of our public men and journalists seem inclined to make more than enough of it. It is singular in that it brings export duties into the discussion, and to that extent complicates the larger problem.

The depletion of their timber reserves is most ominous for the United States. The exhaustion of the timber supplies of Northern Europe is even more imminent. If there be an inexhaustible supply of pulp-wood anywhere it is in Canada. With a population of seven millions we have about 1,600,000,000 acres of pulp-wood. The United States, with a population of eighty millions, has about 600,000,000 acres. The supply in Canada will not be inexhaustible unless we enforce more conservative methods of cutting. The frightful destruction by forest fires during the last quarter of a century will not be repeated. If I thought our timber was as near disappearance as some of my friends do, I might advocate, as a measure for the near future, an export duty on pulp-wood, on pulp itself, and perhaps on paper. But it seems to me that, with the measures which we hope to see widely introduced without delay, there is no need to be alarmed at the Canadian pulp-wood situation. Let the United States admit lumber

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The White Mice

By Richard Harding Davis

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE GIBBS

VII

RODDY was for at once dashing down the stone steps and exploring the tunnel, but McKildrick held him back.

"You couldn't live for a moment," he protested, "and it may be days before we can enter." In proof of what he said, he lit one wax match after another, and as he passed each over the mouth of the tunnel Roddy saw the flame sicken and die.

"That has been a tomb for half a century," McKildrick reminded him. "Even if a strong, young idiot like you could breathe that air, Rojas couldn't."

"All the same, I am going down," said Roddy.

"And I tell you, you are not!" returned McKildrick.

Roddy, jubilant and grandly excited, laughed mockingly.

"'Am I the Governor of these Isles, or is it an Emilio Aguinaldo?'" he demanded. "This is my expedition, and I speak to lead the forlorn hope."

Exclaiming with impatience, McKildrick brought a rope, and making a noose slipped it under Roddy's arms.

"All we ask," he said grimly, "is that when you faint you'll fall with your head toward us. Otherwise we will bump it into a jelly."

Roddy switched on the light in his electric torch and, like a diver descending a sea-ladder, moved cautiously down the stone steps. Holding the rope taut, Peter leaned over the opening.

"When the snakes and bats and vampires get you," he warned, "you'll wish you were back among the sharks!"

But Roddy did not hear him. As though warding off a blow he threw his hands across his face and dropped heavily.

"Heave!" cried Peter.

The two men sank their heels in the broken rubbish and dragged on the rope until they could lay violent hands on Roddy's shoulders. With unnecessary roughness they pulled him out of the opening and let him fall.

When Roddy came to he rose sheepishly.

"We'll have to postpone that expedition," he said, "until we can count on better ventilation. Meanwhile, if any gentleman wants to say 'I told you so,' I'll listen to him."

They replaced the slabs over the mouth of the tunnel, but left wide openings through which the air and sunlight could circulate, and after concealing these openings with vines returned to Roddy's house. There they found Vicenti awaiting them. He was the bearer of important news. The adherents of Colonel Vega, he told them, were assembling in force near Porto Cabello, and it was well understood by the Government that at any moment Vega might join them and proclaim his revolution. That he was not already under arrest was due to the fact that the Government wished to seize not only the leader, but all of those who were planning to leave the city with him. The home of Vega was surrounded, and he himself, in his walks abroad, closely guarded. That he would be able to escape seemed all but impossible.

"At the same time," continued Vicenti, "our own party is in readiness. If Vega reaches his followers and starts on his march to the capital we will start an uprising here in favor of Rojas. If we could free Rojas and show him to the people, nothing could save Alvarez. Alvarez knows that as well as ourselves. But without artillery it is impossible to subdue the fortress of San Carlos. We can take this city; we can seize the barracks, the custom-house, but not San Carlos. There also is this danger: that Alvarez, knowing without Rojas our party would fall to pieces, may at the first outbreak order him to be shot."

Roddy asked Vicenti, as the physician of Rojas, if he thought Rojas were strong enough to lead a campaign.

"He is not," declared Vicenti, "but we would not ask it of him. Let him only show himself and there will be no campaign. Even the Government troops would desert to him. But," he added with a sigh, "why talk of the impossible! The troops that hold San Carlos are bound to Alvarez. He has placed there only those from his own plantation, he has paid them royally. And they have other reasons for fighting to the death. Since they have been stationed at Porto Cabello their conduct has been unspeakable. And the men of this town hate them as much as the women fear them. Their cruelty to the political prisoners is well known, and they understand that, if an uprising started here where Rojas has lived, where he is dearly loved, they need expect no mercy. They will fight, not to protect San Carlos, but for their lives."

Vicenti spoke with such genuine feeling that had Roddy felt free to do so he would have told him of the plan to rescue Rojas. But both Peter and McKildrick had warned him that until the last moment no one, save themselves, must learn the secret of the tunnel.

In an Instant She was Wrapped in His Arms

So while they thanked Vicenti for his confidences they separated for the night without having made him any return in kind.

The next morning, Sam Caldwell, under the guidance of McKildrick, paid an official visit to the lighthouse on which the men of the F. C. C. were then at work. When his tour of inspection was finished he returned to the wheelhouse of the tug that had brought him across the harbor, and sent for Roddy. Roddy appeared before him in his working-clothes. They consisted of very few garments, and those were entirely concealed by the harbor mud. Caldwell, in cool, clean duck and a flamboyant Panama hat, signified with a grin that he enjoyed the contrast. He did not like Roddy, who treated him with open insolence. They were nearly of the same age and for years had known each other, but they had always been at war. As son of the president of the company, every chance had been given Roddy to advance his interests. And it was not so much that he had failed to be of service to the company, as that he had failed to push himself forward, that caused Caldwell to regard him with contempt.

On his side, Roddy considered Caldwell the bribe-giver and keeper of the corruption fund for the company, and, as such, beneath his royal notice. It, therefore, followed that in his present position of brief authority over Roddy Caldwell found a certain enjoyment. This he concealed beneath the busy air of a man of affairs.

"I have a cable here from your father, Roddy," he began briskly. "Translated, the part that refers to you reads, 'Tell Forrester take orders from you or leave service company. If refuses, furnish return passage, month's wages.'"

After a pause, Roddy said: "I take it that is in answer to a cable from you."

"Exactly," assented Caldwell. "I informed your father you were insubordinate to my authority, and that I had been reliably informed you were hostile to our interests. What you do as an individual doesn't count for much, but as the son of your father, apparently down here at least, it does. Why you made that play at me last night I don't know, and I haven't time to find out. I am not here to teach you manners. But when you butt in and interfere with the business of the company I must take notice. You've either got to stop working against us, or go home. Which do you want to do? And before you answer," Caldwell added, "you ought to know that, as it is, you don't stand very high at headquarters. When your father got word you'd been fighting Vega, our friend, in defense of Alvarez, the man that's robbing us, that's giving us all this trouble, he was naturally pretty hot. He said to me: 'Roddy isn't down there to mix up in politics, but if he does, he must mix up on our side. I can't take money from the company to support my son, or any one else, who is against it.' That's what your father said to me. Now, as I understand it, although it is none of my business, you are dependent on him, and I advise ——"

"As you say," interrupted Roddy, "it's none of your business. The other proposition," he went on, "that I can't take money from the company and work against it, is fair enough. What you call my work against it was begun before I knew it was in any way opposed to the company's interests. Now that I do know, I quite agree that either I must give up my outside job or quit working for you." Roddy reached to the shoulder of his flannel shirt, and meditatively began to unroll his damp and mud-soaked sleeve. "I guess I'll quit now!" he said.

The answer was not the one Caldwell expected or desired. As an employee of the company Roddy was not important, but what he was doing as an individual, which had so greatly excited Vega, was apparently of much importance. And what it might be Sam Caldwell was anxious to discover. He had enjoyed his moment of triumph and now adopted a tone more conciliatory.

"There's no use getting hot about it," he urged. "Better think it over."

Roddy nodded, and started to leave the wheelhouse.

"Have thought it over," he said.

As Caldwell saw it, Roddy was acting from pique and in the belief that his father would continue to supply him with funds. This Caldwell knew was not the intention of Mr. Forrester. He had directed Caldwell to inform Roddy that if he deliberately opposed him he must not only seek work elsewhere, but that he did not think he should continue to ask his father for support. Caldwell proceeded to make this quite plain to Roddy, but, except that the color in his face deepened and that his jaw set more firmly, Roddy made no sign.

"Very well, then," concluded Caldwell, "you leave me no other course than to carry out your father's direction. I'll give you a month's wages and pay your passage-money home."

"I'm not going home," returned Roddy, "and I don't want any money I haven't worked for. The company isn't discharging me," he added with a grin, "as it would a cook. I am discharging the company."

"I warn you your father won't stand for it," protested Caldwell

Roddy turned back, and in a serious tone, and emphasizing his words with a pointing forefinger, spoke earnestly.

"Sam," he said, "I give you my word, father is in wrong. You are in wrong. You're both backing the wrong stable. When this row starts your man Vega won't run one, two, three."

"You mean Rojas?" said Caldwell.

"I mean Rojas," replied Roddy. "And if you and father had trusted me I could have told you so three months ago. It would have saved you a lot of money. It isn't too late even now. You'd better listen to me."

Caldwell laughed comfortably.

"Rojas is a back number," he said. "He's an old man, and a dead one. And besides ——" He hesitated and glanced away.

"Well?" demanded Roddy.

"And, besides," continued Caldwell slowly, picking his words, "Vega is going to marry his daughter, and so we win both ways. And Vega is amenable to reason. He will help us." As though in a sudden burst of confidence he added ingratiatingly, "And you could help your father, too, if you liked. If you'll tell me what the Rojas party means to do I'll set you right with your father. What do you say?"

"What do I say, you poor, little—thing!" Roddy roared. Then he laughed shortly and shrugged his shoulders. "I'll say this much," he added: "if I were sure you couldn't swim I'd throw you into the harbor."

"So that you could pull me out," laughed Caldwell. "Why don't you? You know you were always a grand-stand actor, Roddy. Think how heroic it would be," he taunted, "to rescue the hated enemy, to save my life!"

Roddy, unmoved, regarded him thoughtfully.

"It would be an awful thing to have on one's conscience," he said, and left the wheelhouse.

When, at five o'clock that same afternoon, Roddy found himself sitting opposite Inez Rojas in a properly-appointed drawing-room, guarded by a properly-appointed chaperon and with a cup of tea on his knee, the situation struck him not only as delightful, but comic. With

inward amusement he thought of their other meetings: those before sunrise, and the one by moonlight when Inez had told him he was seeing her for the last time, and when policemen threatened his advance and sharks cut off his retreat. From a smile in the eyes of the girl herself Roddy guessed that she also found the meeting not without its humorous side. Roddy soon discovered he could not adjust his feelings to the exigencies of an afternoon call. After doing his duty as an adopted uncle to the Broughton children and to his hostess and her tea, and to Peter, in permitting him ten minutes' talk with Inez, Roddy brought that interview to an abrupt end.

"Miss Rojas," he exclaimed, "you haven't seen Mrs. Broughton's garden in two years, have you? Such a lot of things grow up in two years. Let me introduce them to you."

Giving her no chance to demur Roddy strode out of the French windows into the garden, and, as Inez with an apologetic bow to the others followed, Peter moved to a chair beside Mrs. Broughton and held out his empty cup.

"There's a certain subtlety about Roddy's methods," he remarked, "that would easily deceive the deaf, dumb and blind."

The garden was full of rare trees, plants and flowers brought from every island of the Caribbean Sea, but Roddy did not pause to observe them. He led the way to a bench under a cluster of young bamboo trees and motioned to the girl to sit down. When she had done so he seated himself sideways on the bench and gazed at her. His eyes were filled with happiness.

"It's quite too wonderful to be true," he said contentedly.

Inez Rojas turned to the tropical splendor of the garden.

"Yes," she answered. "Everything grows so fast here. The change is quite wonderful "

Roddy shook his head at her disappointedly.

"You mustn't do that," he reproved her gravely; "when you know what I mean you mustn't pretend you think I mean something else. It's not honest. And time is too short. To me—these moments are too tremendously valuable. Every other time I have seen you I've had to keep looking over my shoulder for spies. Even now," he exclaimed in alarm, "those infernal Broughton children may find me and want to play Ride-a-Cock-Horse! So you see," he went on eagerly, "you must not waste time misunderstanding me."

"Will you tell me about the tunnel?" asked the girl.

"The tunnel!" repeated Roddy blankly.

But he saw that her mind was occupied only with thoughts of her father, and at once, briskly and clearly, he explained to her all that had been accomplished, and all the plots and counterplots that were in the air.

"And how soon," asked the girl, "do you think it will be safe to enter the tunnel?"

Roddy answered that McKildrick thought in two or three days it would be clean of poisonous gases, but that that night they would again attempt to explore it.

"If I could only help!" exclaimed Inez. "It is not fair that strangers to my father should be taking a risk that should fall to one of his children. It would mean so much, it would make me so happy, if I could feel I had done any little thing for him. You cannot know how grateful I am to you all, to your friends and to you!" Her eyes opened wide in sympathy. "And you were so ill," she exclaimed, "and the fever is so likely to return. I do not see how it is possible for you to work at night at El Morro and by day on the lighthouse and not break down. We have no right to permit it."

"My health," explained Roddy drily, "is in no danger from overwork. I am not employed by the company any longer. If I like I can sleep all day. I've discharged myself. I've lost my job."

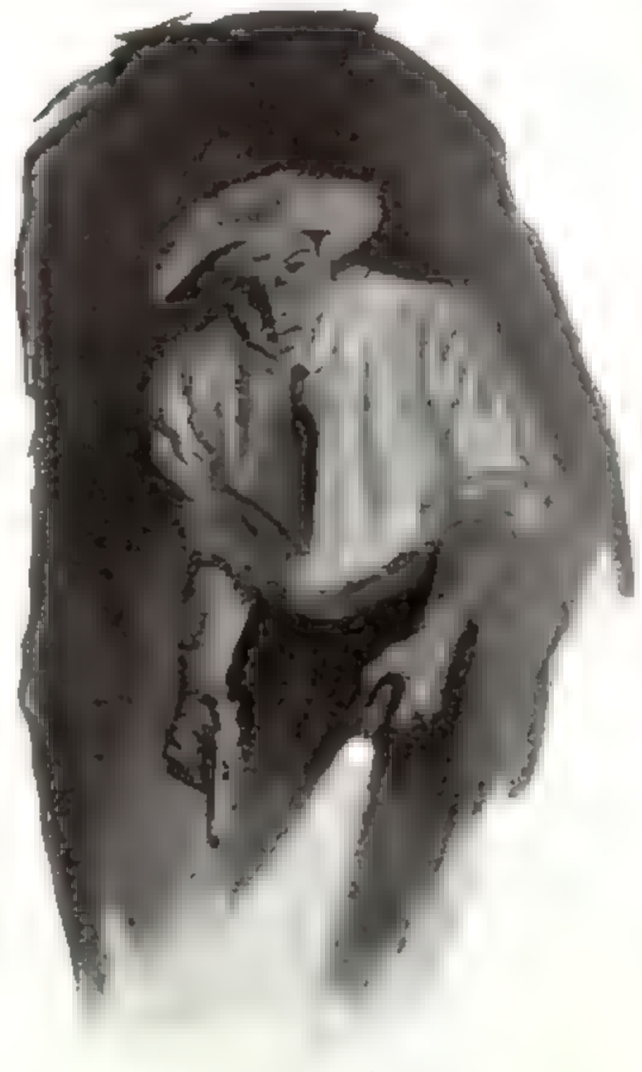
"You have quarreled with your father," said the girl quickly, "on account of my father? You must not!" she exclaimed. "Indeed, we cannot accept such a sacrifice."

"The misunderstanding with my father," Roddy assured her, "is one of long standing. I've never made a success of what he's given me to do, and this is only the last of a series of failures. You mustn't try to make me out an unselfish person. I am sacrificing nothing. Rather, in a way, I have gained my independence. At least, if I get a position now, people can't say I obtained it through my father's influence. Of course, it's awkward to be poor," added Roddy dispassionately, "because I had meant to ask you to marry me."

With an exclamation the girl partly rose and then sank back, retreating to the farthest limit of the bench.

"Mr. Forrester!" she began with spirit.

"I know what you're going to say," interrupted Roddy confidently. "But I ought to tell you that that doesn't weigh with me at all. I never could see," he exclaimed impatiently, "why, if you love a girl, the fact that she is engaged should make any difference—do you? It is, of course, an obstacle, but if you are the right man, and the other man is not, it certainly is best for everybody that you should make that plain to her before she marries the wrong man. In your case it certainly has made no difference to me, and I mean to fight for you until you



It Led Down, and Straight Before Him

turn back from the altar. Of course, when Vega told me you were engaged to him it was a shock; but you must admit I didn't let it worry me much. I told you as soon as I saw you that I loved you ——"

The girl was looking at him so strangely that Roddy was forced to pause.

"I beg your pardon!" he said.

The eyes of Inez were searching his closely. When she spoke her voice was cold and even.

"Then it was Colonel Vega," she said, "who told you I was engaged to him."

"Of course," said Roddy. "He told me the night we crossed from Curaçao."

Deep back in the serious, searching eyes Roddy thought that for an instant he detected a smile, mischievous and mocking; but as he leaned forward the eyes again grew grave and critical. With her head slightly on one side and with her hands clasped on her knee Inez regarded him with curiosity.

"And that made no difference to you?" she asked.

"Why should it?" demanded Roddy. "A cat can look at a king; why may not I look at the most wonderful and lovely ——"

In the same even tones of one asking an abstract question the girl interrupted him.

"But you must have known," she said, "that I would not engage myself to any man unless I loved him. Or do you think that, like the women here, I would marry as I was told?"

Roddy, not at all certain into what difficulties her questions were leading him, answered with caution.

"No," he replied doubtfully, "I didn't exactly think that, either."

"Then," declared the girl, "you must have thought, no matter how much I loved the man to whom I was engaged, that you could make me turn from him."

Roddy held out his hands appealingly.

"Don't put it that way!" he begged. "I've never thought I was better than any other man. I certainly never thought I was good enough for you. All I'm sure of is that no man on earth can care for you more. It's the best thing, the only big thing, that ever came into my life. And now it's the only thing left. Yesterday I thought I was rich, and I was glad because I had so much to offer you. But now that I've no money at all, now that I'm the Disinherited One, it doesn't seem to make any difference. At least, it would not to me. Because if I could make you care as I care for you, it wouldn't make any difference to you, either. No one on earth could love you more," pleaded Roddy. "I know it. I feel it. There is nothing else so true! Other men may bring other gifts, but 'Mine is the heart at your feet! He that hath more,' he challenged, "'let him give!' All I know," he whispered fiercely, "is, that I love you, I love you, I love you!"

He was so moved, he felt what he said so truly, it was for him such happiness to speak, that his voice shook and, unknown to him, the tears stood in his eyes. In answer, he saw the eyes of the girl soften, a strange and wonderful smile drew her lips in a distracting and lovely line. Swiftly, with an ineffable and gracious gesture, she stooped, and catching up one of his hands held it for an instant against her cheek, and then, springing to her feet, ran from him up the garden path to the house.

Astounded, jubilant, in utter disbelief of his own senses, Roddy sat motionless. In dumb gratitude he gazed about him at the beautiful sunlit garden, drinking in deep drafts of happiness.

So sure was he that in his present state of mind he could not again, before the others, face Inez, that like one in a dream he stumbled through the garden to the gate that opened on the street and so returned home.

. . . . . .

That night McKildrick gave him permission to enter the tunnel. The gases had evaporated, and into the entrance the salt air of the sea and the tropical sun had fought their way. The party consisted of McKildrick, Peter and Roddy and, as the personal representative of Inez, Pedro, who arrived on foot from the direction of the town

"She, herself," he confided secretly to Roddy, "wished to come."

"She did!" exclaimed Roddy joyfully. "Why didn't she?"

"I told her your mind would be filled with more important matters," returned Pedro, seeking approval. "Was I not right?"

Roddy, whose mind was filled only with Inez and who still felt the touch of her hand upon his, assented without enthusiasm.

McKildrick was for deciding by lot who should explore the underground passage, but Roddy protested that that duty belonged to him alone. With a rope around his waist, upon which he was to pull if he needed aid, an electric torch and a revolver, he entered the tunnel. It led down, and straight before him. The air was damp and chilly, but in breathing he now found no difficulty. Nor, at first, was his path in any way impeded. His torch showed him solid walls, white and discolored, and in places dripping with water. But of the bats, ghosts and vampires, for which Peter had cheerfully prepared him, there was no sign. Instead, the only sounds that greeted his ears were the reverberating echoes of his own footsteps. He could not tell how far he had come, but the rope he dragged behind him was each moment growing more irksome, and from this he judged he must be far advanced

The tunnel now began to twist and turn sharply, and at one place he found a shaft for light and ventilation which had once opened to the sky. This had been closed with a gridiron of bars, upon which rested loose stones roughly held together by cement. Some of these had fallen through the bars and blocked his progress, and to advance it was necessary to remove them. He stuck his torch in a crevice and untied the rope. When he had cleared his way he left the rope where he had dropped it. Free of this impediment he was able to proceed more quickly, and he soon found himself in that part of the tunnel that had been cut through the solid rock and which he knew lay under the waters of the harbor. The air here was less pure. His eyes began to smart and his ears to suffer from the pressure. He knew he had best turn back, but until he had found the other end of the tunnel he was loth to do so. Against his better judgment he hastened his footsteps; stumbling, slipping, at times splashing in pools of water, he now ran forward. He knew that he was losing strength, and that to regain the mouth of the tunnel he would need all that was left to him. But he still pushed forward. The air had now turned foul and his torch burned dully; his head and chest ached, as when he had been long under water, and his legs were like lead. He was just upon the point of abandoning his purpose when there rose before him a solid wall. He staggered to it, and, leaning against it, joyfully beat upon it with his fists. He knew that at last only a few feet separated him from the man he had set out to save. So great was his delight and so anxious was he that Rojas should share in it, that without considering that no slight sound could penetrate the barrier he struck three times upon it with the butt of his revolver, and then, choking and gasping like a drowning man, staggered back toward the opening. Half-way he was met by McKildrick and Peter, who, finding no pressure on the end of the rope, had drawn it to them and, fearing for Roddy's safety, had come to his rescue. They gave him an arm each, and the fresh air soon revived him. He told McKildrick what he had seen, and from his description of the second wall the engineer described how it should be opened.

"But without a confederate on the other side," he said, "we can do nothing."

"Then," declared Roddy, "the time has come to enroll Vicenti in the Honorable Order of the White Mice."

On their return to Roddy's house they sent for Vicenti, and Roddy, having first forced him to subscribe to terrifying oaths, told the secret of the tunnel.

Tears of genuine happiness came to the eyes of the amazed and delighted Venezuelan. In his excitement he embraced Roddy and protested that with such companions and in such a cause he would gladly give his life.

McKildrick assured him that when he learned of the part he was to play in the rescue he would see that they had already taken the liberty of accepting that sacrifice. It was necessary to explain that the wall between the tunnel and the cell should fall at the first blow. An attempt to undermine it slowly, or to pick it to pieces, would be overheard and lead to discovery. He therefore intended to rend the barrier apart by a single shock of dynamite. But in this also there was danger—not to those in the tunnel, who, knowing at what moment the mine was timed to explode, could retreat to a safe distance, but to the man they wished to set free. The problem, as McKildrick pointed it out, was to make the charges of dynamite sufficiently strong to force a breach in the wall through which Rojas could escape into the tunnel, and yet not so strong as to throw the wall upon Rojas and any one who might be with him.

"And I," cried Vicenti, "will be the one who will be with him!"

"Good!" said Roddy. "That's what we hoped. It will be your part, then, to prepare General Rojas, to keep him away from the wall when we blow it open, and to pass him through the breach to us. Everything will have to be arranged beforehand. We can't signal through the wall or they would hear it. We can only agree in advance as to the exact moment it is to fall, and then trust that nothing will hang fire, on either side of the barrier."

"And after we get him into the tunnel!" warned Vicenti, as excited as though the fact were already accomplished, "we must still fight for his life. The explosion will bring every soldier in the fortress to the cell, and they will follow us."

"There's several sharp turns in the tunnel," said McKildrick, "and behind one of them a man with a revolver could hold back the lot!"

"I speak to do that," cried Roddy jealously. "I speak to be Horatius!"

"'Lo, I will stand on thy right hand,'" declared Peter, "'and keep the bridge with thee.' But you know, Roddy," he added earnestly, "you're an awful bad shot. If you go shooting up that subway in the dark you'll kill both of us. You'd better take a baseball bat and swat them as they come round the turn."

"And then," cried Roddy, springing to his feet, "we'll rush Rojas down to the launch! And in twelve hours we'll land him safe in Curaçao. Heavens!" he exclaimed, "what a reception they'll give him!"

The cold and acid tones of McKildrick cast a sudden chill upon the enthusiasm.

"Before we design the triumphal arches," he said, "suppose we first get him out of prison."

When at last the conference came to an end and Vicenti rose to go, Roddy declared himself too excited to sleep and volunteered to accompany the doctor to his door. But the cause of his insomnia was not General Rojas, but the daughter of General Rojas, and what called him forth into the moonlit Alameda was his need to think undisturbed of Inez and, before he slept, to wish good-night to the house that sheltered her. In this vigil Roddy found a deep and melancholy satisfaction. From where he sat on a stone bench in the black shadows of the trees that arched the Alameda, Miramar, on the opposite side of the street, rose before him. Its yellow walls now were white and ghostlike. In the moonlight it glistened like a palace of frosted silver. The palace was asleep, and in the garden not a leaf stirred. The harbor breeze had died, and the great fronds of the palms, like rigid and glittering sword-blades, were clear-cut against the stars. The boulevard in which he sat stretched its great length, empty and silent. And Miramar seemed a dream palace set in a dream world, a world filled with strange, intangible people intent on strange, fantastic plots. To Roddy the father who the day before had cast him off seemed unreal; the old man buried in a living sepulcher, and for whom in a few hours he might lose his life, was unreal; as unreal as the idea that he might lose his life. In all the little world about him there was nothing real, nothing that counted, nothing living and actual, save the girl asleep in the palace of frosted silver and his love for her.

His love for her made the fact that he was without money, and with no profession, talent or bread-and-butter knowledge that would serve to keep even himself alive, a matter of no consequence. It made the thought that Inez was promised to another man equally unimportant. The only fact was his love for her, and of that he could not doubt the outcome. He could not believe God had brought into his life such happiness only to take it from him.

When the next morning he woke the necessity of seeing Inez again and at once was imperative. Since she had left him the afternoon before in the garden of Mrs. Broughton she had entirely occupied his thoughts.

Until he saw her he could enjoy no peace. Against the circumstances that kept them apart he chafed and rebelled. He considered it would be some comfort, at least, to revisit the spot where he last had spoken with her, and where from pity or a desire to spare him she had let him tell her he loved her.

The unusual moment at which he made his call did not seem to surprise Mrs. Broughton. It was almost as though she were expecting him.

"My reason for coming at this absurd hour," began Roddy in some embarrassment, "is to apologize for running away yesterday without wishing you good-by. I suddenly remembered ——"

The young matron stopped him with a frown.

"I am disappointed, Roddy," she interrupted, "and hurt. If you distrust me, if you won't confide in an old friend no matter how much she may wish to help you, she can only ——"

"Oh!" cried Roddy abjectly, casting aside all subterfuge, "will you help me? Please, Mrs. Broughton!" he begged. "Dear Mrs. Broughton! Fix it so I can see her. I am so miserable," he pleaded, "and I am so happy."

Placing Herself at His Side She Faced the Others

With the joyful light of the matchmaker who sees her plans proceeding to success Mrs. Broughton beamed upon him.

"By a strange coincidence," she began, in tones tantalizingly slow, "a usually proud and haughty young person condescended to come to me this morning for advice. She doesn't distrust me. She believes ——"

"And what did you advise?" begged Roddy.

"I advised her to wait in the garden until I sent a note telling you ——"

Already Roddy was at the door.

"What part of the garden?" he shouted. "Never mind!" he cried in alarm, lest Mrs. Broughton should volunteer to guide him. "Don't bother to show me; I can find her."

Mrs. Broughton went into the Consulate and complained to her husband.

"It makes Roddy so selfish," she protested.

"What did you think he'd do?" demanded Broughton—"ask you to go with him? You forget Roddy comes from your own happy country, where no chaperon is expected to do her duty."

Inez was standing by the bench at which they had parted. Above her and around her the feathery leaves of the bamboo trees whispered and shivered, shading her in a canopy of delicate sun-streaked green.

Like a man who gains the solid earth after a strenuous struggle in the waves Roddy gave a deep sigh of content.

"It has been so hard," he said simply. "It's been so long! I have been parched, starved for a sight of you!"

At other times when they had been together the eyes of the girl always looked into his steadily or curiously. Now they were elusive, shy, glowing with a new radiance. They avoided him and smiled upon the beautiful, sun-steeped garden as though sharing some hidden and happy secret.

"I sent for you," she began, "to tell you ——"

Roddy shook his head emphatically.

"You didn't send for me," he said. "I came of my own accord. Last night you didn't send for me, either, but all through the night I sat outside your house. This morning I am here because this is where I last saw you. And I find you. It's a sign! I thought my heart led me here, but I think now it was the gods! They are on my side. They fight for me. Why do you try to fight against the gods?"

His voice was very low, very tender. He bent forward, and the girl, still avoiding his eyes, sank back upon the bench, and Roddy, seating himself, leaned over her.

"Remember!" he whispered, "though the mills of the gods grind slow they grind exceeding fine. The day is coming when you will never have to send for me again. You cannot escape it or me. I am sorry—but I have come into your life—to stay!"

The girl breathed quickly, and, as though casting off the spell of his voice and the feeling it carried with it, suddenly threw out her hands and, turning quickly, faced him.

"I must tell you what makes it so hard," she said, "why I must not listen to you. It is this. I must not think of myself. I must not think of you, except ——" She paused, and then added, slowly and defiantly—"as the one person who can save my father! Do you understand? Do I make it plain? I am making use of you. I have led you on. I have kept you near me, for his sake. I am sacrificing you—for him!" Her voice was trembling, miserable. With her clenched fist she beat upon her knee. "I had to tell you," she murmured—"I had to tell you! I had to remember," she protested fiercely, "that I am nothing, that I have no life of my own. Until he is free I do not exist. I am not a girl to love, or to listen to love. I can be only the daughter of the dear, great soul who, without you, may die. And all you can be to me is the man who can save him!" She raised her eyes, unhappily, appealingly.

"Even if you despised me," she whispered, "I had to tell you."

Roddy's eyes were as miserable as her own. He reached out his arms to her, as though he would shelter her from herself and from the whole world.

"But, my dear one, my wonderful one," he cried, "can't you see that's only morbid, only wicked? You led me on?" he cried.

He laughed jubilantly, happily. "Did I need leading? Didn't I love you from the first moment you rode toward me out of the sunrise, bringing the day with you? How could I help but love you? You've done nothing to make me love you; you've only been the most glorious, the most wonderful, the most beautiful woman ——"

At a sign from the girl he stopped obediently.

"Can't I love you," he demanded, "and work for your father the more, because I love you?"

The girl sat suddenly erect and clasped her hands. Her shoulders moved slightly, as though with sudden cold.

"It frightens me!" she whispered. "Before you came I thought of him always, and nothing else, only of him. I dreamed of him: terrible, haunting dreams. Each day I prayed and worked for him. And then ——" she paused, and, as though seeking help to continue, looked appealingly into Roddy's eyes. Her own were uncertain, troubled, filled with distress. "And then you came," she said. "And now I find I think of you. It is disloyal, wicked! I forget how much he suffers. I forget even how much I love him. I want only to listen. All the sorrow, all the misery of these last two years seem to slip from me. I find it doesn't matter, that nothing matters.

(Continued on Page 55)

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PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 24, 1909

Faces Frighten Mr. Harriman

THAT "repeal of repressive laws (against the railroads) is imperative," is said to be the opinion of Mr. Harriman upon concluding his recent tour of the country; and he thinks it to be the duty of the Federal Government to take the initiative in "beating a retreat," that the States may be encouraged to follow suit.

We have heard of no new "repressive" laws against railroads in the last eighteen months. On the contrary, we have heard of a number of injunctions suspending the operation of such laws. In the last calendar year, it is true, gross earnings of railroads declined twelve per cent; but they reduced expenses fourteen per cent, and thereby suffered a loss in net earnings of only seven per cent. What slight effect "repressive laws" may have had in bringing about that result it is impossible to say, but in view of general business depression such effect must have been slight indeed.

And of late months not only have gross earnings been increasing, but expenses have been decreasing. In January, the last month for which Interstate Commerce Commission returns are available at this writing, gross earnings per mile of road for the whole country increased $31.46, and expenses decreased $9.56, making an increase in net earnings of $41.02, which is a little more than twenty per cent!

We beg Mr. Harriman to cheer up. He is confused in his arithmetic. Because some people made faces at him, he thinks he's ruined. But if Mr. Harriman will only glance at the tape he will see that Union Pacific—which he bought around thirty—is now selling at one hundred and eighty-five.

Money and the Desire to Meddle

SOMETHING over a year ago Central American delegates at Washington gave a mutual bond to keep the peace, with the cordial approval of Mexico and the United States. It was in the nature of a "gentlemen's agreement" among the several political monopolists who conduct Central America.

We all know how painfully fragile such compacts are. Lately, two of the gentlemen discovered a lively inclination to fight, whereupon it was represented that because this country had approved the peace bond its honor and dignity would very seriously suffer unless it preserved peace—by fighting both the truculent parties, if necessary.

The total foreign trade of Central America amounts to little over fifty millions a year, of which about half is with us. Of twenty-five millions of imports twelve come from the United States, and our purchases amount to about as much more.

With Nicaragua and Salvadore, our total trade—exports and imports—is about five millions a year. This is stating the case sordidly. But our moral interest in meddling with their politics is far smaller than our very small economic interest. In fact, it lies wholly on the other side.

A Chance for Protection

DECEMBER 29 last a mine explosion in West Virginia killed fifty-one employees. By permission of the State Mine Department work was resumed in the mine January 7, and on the twelfth another explosion occurred, killing sixty-six. Fifty-three widows and seventy-six children under sixteen years of age were left without means of support. The number of aged parents or other relatives who were similarly deprived is not accurately known. The town has one thousand inhabitants, a store and houses, all owned by the company.

The above items appear in a circular appealing for aid. From the circular we learn, also, that the company, besides supplying temporary sustenance to the destitute victims, subscribed five thousand dollars to a relief fund, and that "West Virginia cannot cope with this situation unaided." We have been hearing considerable about West Virginia industries of late from that stalwart champion of them, Senator Elkins—who is personally, we believe, not entirely uninterested in mining. Certain reductions in duty proposed by the Payne bill do not meet the Senator's approval. He stands firmly for protection to the interests of his State. Legislation enabling his State to "cope with such a situation unaided" by putting risk where it belongs—upon the mining industry—might not be unworthy the Senator's protective talents.

Arms and the Red Man

PROBABLY Crazy Snake represents the last phase, within the territory of the United States, of the armed Indian. His military exploit seems to have been an utter failure. At least we have not yet heard that anybody proposes to star him in a realistic aboriginal drama, or that he has got a good job with a show, or is going on the lecture platform. Having nothing to gain by fighting the Indian will fight no more. A long chapter is closed.

"They mean to divide into bands of four or five, and knock people in the head by surprise, which cannot fail to produce a good effect." So wrote a loyal and pious servant of Louis XIV concerning the Indian allies whom he was patriotically stimulating to activity against unsuspecting English settlers in Maine. Some twoscore, of both sexes and all ages, were duly surprised and knocked in the head for the advantage of the great king. Similar episodes are a commonplace of the early history of the Northeast; and settlers not unnaturally thought the Red Man killed from mere wanton bloodthirst. As a matter of fact, he always had his own national or tribal policy and statecraft—ethically not at all below that of the white policy and statecraft disclosed in the above quotation—and even his own economic motive in war. The furious raids of the Iroquois, for example, which kept the border in terror for so many years, looked to control of the beaver trade of Michigan and Illinois.

Generally speaking, Indians, like white men, have been good unless they thought they saw a chance to make something by being bad.

Hanging as a Remedy

A NEW YORK court the other day sustained the law which puts a limit of one hundred and fifty million dollars upon the amount of new business which a life-insurance company may write within a year. This law resulted from the famous life-insurance disclosures of 1905. The day before, another New York court dismissed the indictments against two distinguished insurance chieftains. The indictments, also, resulted from the 1905 disclosures.

Some people naturally are much disappointed because no eminent life-insurance man has gone to jail. They don't see much good in discovering wrongdoing unless, figuratively speaking, you are going to take the wrongdoer out and break his back. Merely to stop the wrongdoing appears a lame and farcical conclusion.

We are reminded of this by the remarks recently attributed to a supposedly well-informed and mentally well-balanced man. He thought graft was our besetting national sin, and the country ought to stop it by hanging a dozen prominent grafters—the dozen to be selected, perhaps, by popular vote. The old method of dealing with almost any annoying condition was to hang or imprison the first person directly connected with it who came to hand; but it is now quite certain that no annoying condition was ever remedied by that method. A good deal of big business iniquity has been uncovered the last five years for which no big business man has been legally punished; but that fact need make nobody unhappy.

Dealing with the condition is often more difficult than jumping on the individual; but, in the long run, it is much more helpful to the community at large.

Science and the Long Bow

IT IS alleged to be possible to determine by strictly scientific methods whether a man is a liar, and substantially to what extent. The process, involving use of various delicate instruments, tests of thought-association, mental reactions and other scientific devices, amounts to a sort of assay of the inner man which brings out streaks of mendacity as inevitably as acid discolors brass. But on several accounts we oppose the introduction of this system into judicial procedure as its friends desire. To hand a witness over to the professional psychologist to be run through the laboratory and come out ticketed with his exact degree of tergiversation would be too much like prying into his private affairs.

Every one discovers, from time to time, what seem to him strong indications of falsehood in some other person; but, with the single exception of Mr. Roosevelt, no one makes a practice of announcing such discoveries to the world, and even Mr. Roosevelt never asserted that the gentlemen whose veracity he impugned were absolute, scientific liars. He merely said that upon certain occasions they lied, leaving a charitable impression that, upon other occasions, they might tell the truth.

A long and pretty uniform experience of expert testimony will hardly warrant any one in seeking to enlarge its field. The psychologists for the prosecution would, of course, absolutely contradict those for the defense and those for the defense would combat every conclusion of the prosecution. Unless there were an independent court psychologist to put the acid on the professors for both sides and tell the jury which to believe, the result would be mere confusion.

If the new method will operate to demonstrate scientifically just how much truth there is in certain scientific assertions it may be useful in that way, but hardly in court.

Advertising the South

SOUTHERNERS are raising the slogan, Organize and Advertise. "Due to lack of intelligent exploitation," says one of these gentlemen, "the South is less understood and more misunderstood than any other region of our country."

From 1880 to 1900 the amount of farm land under cultivation in twelve old Southern States increased twenty-three million acres, or thirty-three per cent. In the same years the amount of farm land under cultivation in six new Western States increased fifty-eight million acres, or one hundred and thirty per cent.

Only forty-five per cent of the farm land in the Southern group of States was under cultivation in 1900, against eighty per cent, for example, in Indiana, Illinois and Ohio, where the density of population is twice that of the South.

Since 1900 there has been a notable gain, Southern bank deposits increasing one hundred and forty per cent, against one hundred and ten per cent for the Middle West. That the South still suffers from lack of organized, energetic advertising such as the new West enjoyed, is, however, a growing conviction. With this idea the Southern Commercial Congress, having headquarters at Washington, has been instituted. It believes that relatively fewer investors and settlers have reliable information of the opportunities, in the way of undeveloped resources, in the South than in any other section, and it purposes to remedy that condition.

We would hazard a guess that there are ten farmers in the Middle West who are posted on Canadian wheat lands for every one who is informed concerning Southern agriculture; and we are quite persuaded that it pays communities, as well as individuals, to advertise.

Absent Money and Idle Labor

A FEW years ago some big banks in the United States were lending American money in London and Berlin; the foreign trade statements were showing a great balance in our favor, and there was considerable patriotic jubilation over the deduction that this country had passed permanently to the position of a "creditor nation"—a lender to the Old World; an exporter of capital. The deduction, of course, proved false, over which no tears need be shed.

Fifteen billion dollars is the estimated amount of British capital invested abroad. It enables England to boast of being the premier creditor nation of the world. It also brings her in for some questions which, though shallow, are uncomfortable.

Within a generation, according to a recent comprehensive report, the number of adult male paupers in England has increased eighteen per cent. The growth of pauperism among people of working age is greater than among the young or the old.

This is the dire problem of permanent, widespread unemployment, or merely casual employment. Why, demand the malcontents, does England send fifteen billions of capital abroad to nourish foreign industry—sometimes in direct competition with that of England—instead of keeping it at home to employ these idle English hands? Economists have no difficulty in demolishing that argument, by pointing out, for example, that the times of greatest unemployment are also the times when there is most idle capital. But even after it is demolished the argument leaves a bad taste. It shows how relatively little mere capital has to do with actual national well-being. A huge stock of it may exist side by side with a huge stock of poverty.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Tail That Wags the Dog

REACHING hastily into the House of Representatives, one acrimonious afternoon, Mr. John J. Fitzgerald, of Brooklyn, Greater New York, Kings County, New York, took the Democratic minority and stood it on its one hundred and seventy-two heads, some bald, some gray, but all sore; becoming, at that precise moment, either the grandest little Democrat in current history or a villain and a traitor to the State, just as you happen to feel about it.

Whereupon, some wag—when a man gets into public life and makes what he fondly imagines is a joke he is always called a wag—some wag in the House propounded this conundrum—also, a wag always propounds a conundrum, he never just plain asks it propounded this conundrum: What is the difference between Champ Clark, the Democratic leader, and Johnnie Fitzgerald? Now, the real difference between Champ Clark and Fitzgerald is that Fitzgerald, having a good stance, kicked Mr. Clark two or three times in his Missouri slats, and Mr. Clark has been wading across Mr. Fitzgerald's manly bosom ever since, but that isn't the wag's answer.

The wag's answer is—pay close attention, now, so the point won't escape you—Clark splits his infinitives and Fitzgerald splits the Democratic party in the House. Everybody laugh.

The burst of merriment having subsided, let us return to our muttons: Mr. Fitzgerald stood the Democrats in the House on their heads. But why? 'Tis a sad, sad story, Rosabel, involving as it does a single, a double and a triple cross, but let there be none to say that we hesitate to put on the tremolo when the narrative demands. So, have at it.

We were fighting about the rules, that simple, little ingenuous code of rules that is so innocuous that it merely allows the majority to act as pile-driver and use the minority as piles; that compilation of a few, brief regulations that enables the majority to beat the minority to a purple pulp whenever it feels pulpish; and it was a battle royal. Once the regulars had won. Once the insurgents and the allied Democrats had driven them back. Once the allies had marched boldly to the front with their proposition containing as many little jokers as there are in a gross of playing cards, and then John Joseph Fitzgerald arrived.

Champ Clark was endeavoring to secure the appointment of a committee to revise the rules, to report next December with a scheme for a Committee on Committees; thus smearing it over the Honorable Joseph G. Cannon, who had previously been elected Speaker, and, at the same time, fixing it so the minority, instead of the majority, should have the pile-driver and pulp privileges in the Sixty-first Congress. Up rose John J. Fitzgerald, up he rose and, rising, said, in a clear, not to say clarion, voice: "Mr. Speaker, I move the adoption of the following resolution, which is as follows, to wit, namely."

Well, that following resolution made a few changes in the rules and it also gave Champ Clark a choking sensation, a rush of blood to the head and the pip. "Never!" he shouted in stentorian tones. "Rally, boys, rally and defeat this infamous infamy!" and a few paragraphs of similar import.

Splitting the Split Wide Open

THEY rallied—that is, all but some twenty-odd of them rallied. These, including Mr. John Joseph Fitzgerald, did their rallying on the other side of the chamber, conducted a rival rally, so to speak, in conjunction with the stolid persons who make up all but the insurgent branch of the Republican contingent; and when it was all over Fitzgerald and his twenty-odd were the objects of congratulation from the Republicans and the objects of—well—what the Champ Clark folks said about them need not be repeated here. It couldn't, anyhow, and get the magazine through the mails.

What had happened was this: Fitzgerald, being the best parliamentarian in the House on the Democratic side, had waited until the proper parliamentary moment and had then slid in his resolutions, which, he contends, secured some effective changes in the rules and the only changes that could be had, which the other Democrats contend were traitorous in the extreme, and which the Republicans, with the exception of the insurgents, do not contend about at all, being perfectly satisfied and glad they got out as well as they did.

Since then the Democrats have been holding caucuses every forty minutes to denounce Fitzgerald and his followers, and Fitzgerald has been issuing bulletins telling his former colleagues to go and chase themselves—the whole splitting the split wider, day by day. And Uncle Joseph Cannon isn't saying a word. It isn't necessary. He did his talking previous to the event, with results that were eminently satisfactory.

What it all means, the splitters say, is that the Democratic minority in the House has been subject too long to the domination of the Southern Democrats, which seems to have been a somewhat logical situation, inasmuch as the North has been very penurious in sending Democrats to the House for some years past. Anyhow, it is a lovely row and getting better every day. A Champ Clark Democrat won't ride in the same street car with a Fitzgerald Democrat, and when two of them meet in a corridor they always make faces and shout "Yah-h-h!" at one another.

Meantime, with one long, running jump, Fitzgerald became a National Character. Hitherto, he had been an able and industrious member from Brooklyn, with full knowledge of what was going on, with convictions and the ability to express them, and was about the livest wire in the minority. He was only twenty-six when he first came to the House and he is thirty-seven now; but in that time he has applied himself to his work and to a study of parliamentary law and has been one of the most efficient Democrats in the lot.

Fitzgerald is a Brooklyn product, born and bred. He had his early education in that city and went across the bridge to Manhattan College and the New York Law School, where he graduated with highest honors. He was admitted to the bar when he was twenty-one and in the same year received the degree of bachelor of laws, *cum laude*, from the Regents of the State. He is popular in his district and can come back to Congress as often as he likes. He has been one of the Democratic members of the great Committee on Appropriations and this year was appointed on the Committee on Rules for the minority by Speaker Cannon, which is the best a minority member can get.

Why Fitzgerald Doesn't Mind

FITZGERALD is a slight, eyeglassed man, whose mild appearance holds out no clew to the fact that he is a fighter. He talks clearly and knows the procedure so well that he is often able to put things over on the majority through sheer audacity and the exact knowledge of the proper time to step in. He is a capable debater and a most exasperating question-asker. He has a houseful of children, is most domestic in his tastes and spends his time in study when he is not in the House.

The Democrats who joined with him in the support of his resolution and helped the Republican organization out of the hole are, apparently, willing to accept him as leader, and thus the Fitzgerald faction in the House becomes a great factor, holding a sort of a balance of power; for, if the Republican insurgents should vote again with the Democrats it would take the Fitzgerald faction to pull the Republican organization through. Also, if the insurgents and the Fitzgerald folks vote with the Democrats the organization can be overcome.

Thus, as will be observed, Fitzgerald is in a very comfortable position, albeit the Clark wing of the minority declare him and his followers to be all sorts of impossible persons. Fitzgerald does not seem to mind that, and when you look it over there are various reasons why he shouldn't, namely: (a) He is now a big gun; (b) He never did like Champ Clark, anyhow; (c) To the victors belong the spoils.

Looks pretty nifty, too, in the Congressional Directory: Committee on Rules, John J. Fitzgerald, of New York. Isn't Uncle Joe the kind-hearted and appreciative old man!

'Tis a Sad, Sad Story, Rosabel

The Trick in the Little Bill

THOMAS H. CARTER, now Senator from Montana, had charge of the campaign that had for its object the reëlection of President Harrison in 1892. It was a sad campaign, from the Carter viewpoint, sad in progress and melancholy in its ending.

Naturally, the campaign needed money and money was scarce. One day, when Chairman Carter was thinking of ways to raise the wind, the late Collis P. Huntington came in to see him. His railroads had not contributed, nor had he.

In a casual manner Mr. Carter veered the conversation around to money. Huntington was not responsive. Instead, he veered the conversation himself, and he was a good veerer, to a little bill that was before the President.

"Simple little thing," he said. "Just gives a corporation which desires to get land that has been homesteaded under proper proceedings the right to call the proceedings and witnesses to any jurisdiction it sees fit, to begin the suit there, you know, in Washington or elsewhere. Why don't you see the President about it?"

Carter had to go to Washington, presently, and one of the matters he talked with Harrison about was this bill.

"I know about that," said Harrison. "So should you, for you have been in the Land Office. As the law now stands, when a case of this kind comes up the settler can go to the nearest land office and bring his witnesses and the proceedings cost nothing. Is that right?"

"It is," replied Carter.

"Well," continued the President, "if this bill becomes a law the railroad or other corporation can bring action in Washington, say, and the settler will have to come here and bring his witnesses. Is that right?"

"It is," replied Carter.

"Now, Carter," said the President, "where would that settler be with all that expense? He would be eaten up. You go back and say to the people who are behind this bill that I wouldn't sign it if I were given a certificate of reëlection before I put my pen to paper."

Intelligible to Clark

FORMER Governor Sam Hauser, the Grand Old Man of Montana, was one of the witnesses in the investigation held by the United States Senate to find out whether the mining millionaire, William A. Clark, was entitled to his seat.

"What did you do, Mr. Hauser?" the late Senator Hoar asked.

"I went to see Mr. Clark."

"Where did you see him?"

"In Butte City."

"At his house?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did you say to him?"

"I told him if he would loosen up he might have a chance to be elected to the Senate."

"Loosen up?" said Senator Hoar. "Loosen up? I don't follow you. Is that a mining term? I do not understand what you mean."

"Maybe you don't," snapped Hauser, "but Clark did."

The Hall of Fame

¶ A grandson of General Robert E. Lee practices law in Washington.

¶ There is a hackman in Indianapolis who charges extra because Booth Tarkington always rides with him.

The Senator's Secretary

THE Republicans in this new Congress and many of the Democrats are in a state of ecstatic happiness over President Taft. When they talk about him they gurgle like schoolgirls. Every time Senator Hale meets Senator Aldrich they embrace, which is a spectacle not to be missed and should be included in the regular itinerary of the Capitol guides. When Jim Tawney runs across Speaker Cannon he throws his arms around the Speaker's neck, taking care to avoid being poked in the eye by the Speaker's cigar, and hugs him.

The other leaders congregate in the cloakrooms and in the committee-rooms and always start proceedings by giving three cheers for Large William, followed by such complimentary irrigation as the resources of the place of assembly may afford, the same being extra good in some quarters, and not so good in others, but no drought observable anywhere. There hasn't been a dry throat in Congress since it was discovered that the Big Fellow has restored to Congress its function of being consulted by the President. He calls them up and really talks to them and, what is more pertinent, listens to their talk.

The lists of visitors to the White House are speckled with the names of men who appeared there infrequently or not at all during the past seven years. Taft has taken Congress to his vast bosom, patted its curly locks, told it what a nice little boy it was and pointed out the easy way to enter. Instead of a left hook to the jaw, which Congress expected and generally got from Colonel Roosevelt, Congress is now chucked under the chin and handed a fine array of pleasant smiles.

They are all tickled about it, these statesmen who have been going around cursing deeply in their beards, if they had any, about the "usurpation of the functions of the legislative branch of the Government by the Executive," which is the orotund way they had of saying T. R. had grabbed their game. When Mr. Taft came in a few exploring parties were sent up to see how about it. They found a cordial welcome and a hearty invitation to come again. The word was passed back that the way was clear and the going good, and Congress began marathoning up there in droves.

Further than that, the President is actually asking the Republican leaders, and some of the Democratic, what they think about pending and prospective matters. He is talking to them as if he really wants to know their opinions and intends to be guided by them. This is so strange that Congress is rather dazed; but as it has continued for some weeks, with no signs of a change, the statesmen are puffing out their chests and strutting around and saying: "By George, there is a President who appreciates the importance and power of a Member of Congress! I always knew he was a great man."

The Love-Feast at the Capitol

It all seems so rosy and beatific now that those big-stick days are referred to with a shudder. We are exuding harmony at every pore. The era of good feeling is slopping over the sides. The leaders exult that they are back in the saddle again, normal functions restored and bygones becoming bygones so fast it is hard to keep the records straight. Everything is as happy as a fox terrier with a lace curtain to chew. We are genial and genialed to a fare-you-well.

Whereupon, having been restored, Congress is preparing to put a few things over on the pleasant President, to get a little surcease for their past sorrows, now and again. Every scheme has been refurbished and regilded and, so fast as opportunity permits, all are being handed up to Mr. Taft with elaborate explanations and urgent recommendations. So far, nothing much has come out of it. President Taft is as open-faced as a tulip bed, but he is not biting much. Congress has been restored all right enough, but that does not mean that Congress or its leaders or integers have acquired any bunco privileges at the White House. Far from it. Mr. Taft gives Congress the glad hand exuberantly. He greets the patriots, but he moves slowly. He is the best listener the White House has had in many years. There seems to be no limit to his listening capacity. Nor does he betray any emotion when the stuff he listens to is bogus. He merely does not act. That is all. He figures it out in his own mind and does what he wants to. After he has made up his mind it is all over.

There is likely to be some disappointment over this, naturally enough; for, if one's President is a pleasant and genial person, why should not one try to cash in on the joyousness of the occasion? No reason at all, except that the cashing-in facilities are limited. Mr. William Howard Taft has been in public life for a good many years and he knows a good many things, which appears to be the real answer. It has frequently been observed that, though he smiles with the lower part of his face, smiles radiantly, there are occasions when there is no suspicion of a smile in his eyes, no matter what the indications may be below.

Congress will be as wary as possible. Of course, there will be a few poor performers who will look at the thermometer and neglect to observe the barometer; but Congress is so happy that it can get into the White House without stumbling over members of the Tennis Cabinet and waiting for the other fair-haired contingents and can come out without being thrown out, that it will be some time before anything more than the usual little schemes will be tried. When a big one is exploited there is likely to be an explosion that will shake the dome. Until that comes, as it surely will—for once Congress gets the idea in its head that it has influence with the President it will begin to inch up on it—we are in for a succession of happy, happy days.

The Downfall of the Tennis Cabinet

Meantime, the President is having some minor troubles of his own side-stepping the various aggregations of kind friends who desire to become his closest advisers, confidential friends, guides and philosophers. Mr. Roosevelt had several coveys of these, including the Tennis Cabinet, the Rough Riders, the Fair-haired Correspondent Boys and the Uplifters. Most of these went out of business at noon on March fourth. Immediately, the assault for the preference places began by the prototypes of the Roosevelt intimates.

There will be no Tennis Cabinet, and even the tennis court back of the offices is to be sacrificed to make room for an addition. The old crowd of Fair-haired Correspondent Boys who hung to the ear of President Roosevelt with viselike grip dissolved, but a new one formed immediately which included the men who had been with Taft in his campaign and who had worked and written for him in his canvass for the nomination. Realizing the immense benefits to be derived from the privilege of running in to see the President any time, the Taft chaps decided to begin running in.

It didn't last long. Presently the President let it be known that, though he will be glad to see his old friends occasionally in a personal way, there really is to be no new Fair-haired Organization, and that whenever there is anything to give out he will send for them and give it out. He seemed quite serious about it, too.

Likewise, the Taft Philippine Party has had a crimp put in it that doubled that enterprising organization up in amazed wonder. The Taft Philippine Party is the crowd that went to the Philippines with Taft some years ago on that remarkable excursion when Nicholas Longworth became engaged to Miss Roosevelt, when Swagar Sherley, the Representative from Kentucky, found his wife, and when Bourke Cockran was similarly lucky. Dinners in honor of Taft, big ones, have been the feature of this organization, and it was to be a controlling element in the nation's progress as soon as its chief entered the White House.

But it isn't. The Taft Philippine Party has been given its number, which is twenty-three. The members, who were figuring on rooming at the White House and having easy, early and everlasting access, have been cordially informed, but nevertheless informed, that, though the President is very glad to know them and

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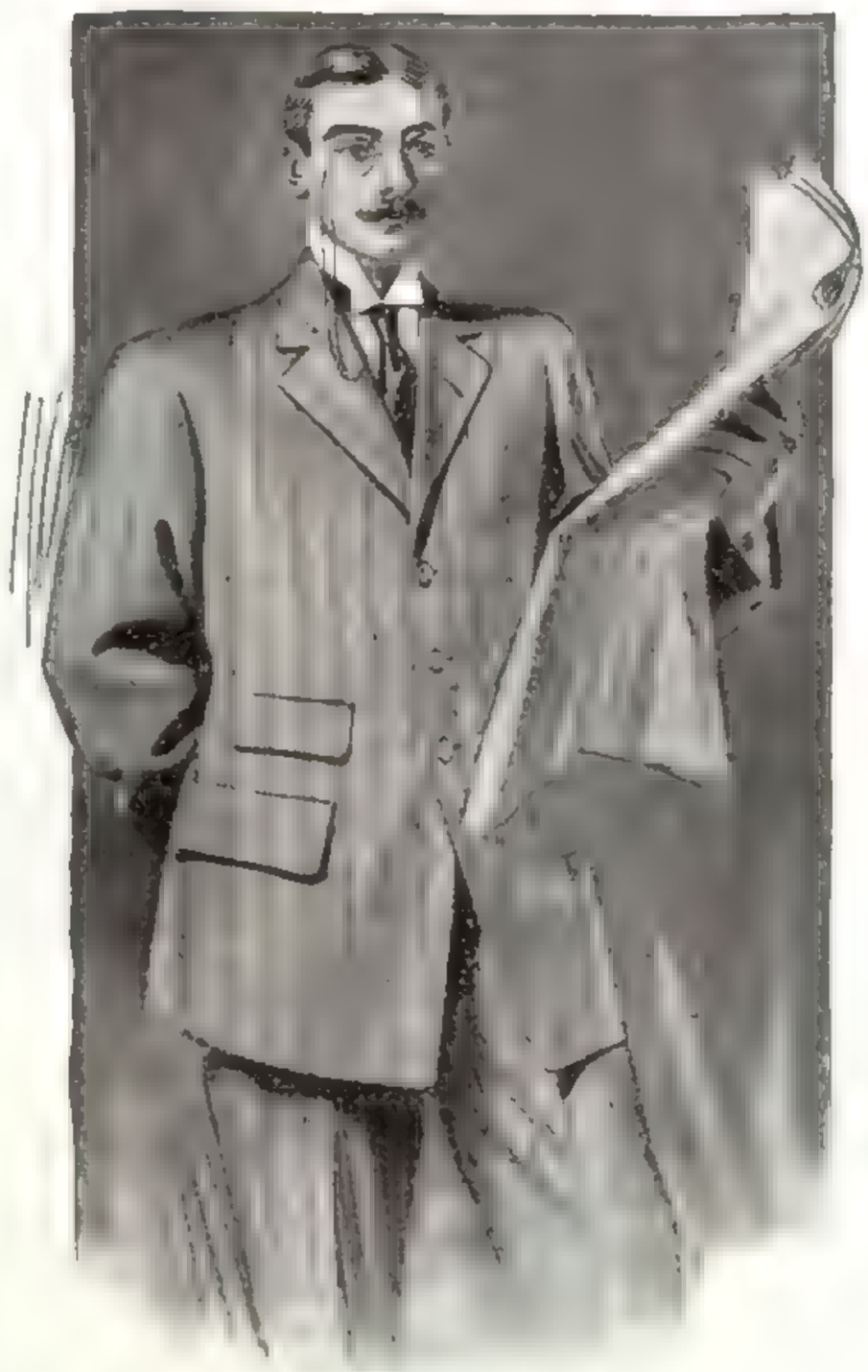

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has the liveliest recollections of the merry days on that trip, his association with the Taft Party on that momentous pilgrimage really is a thing of the past and there is nothing more coming out of it than has come out. He will always be glad to see his old friends of the trip at any time it is convenient to him—but the plan of making the Philippine Party an instrument of or a cog-wheel in his Administration is not within the bounds of possibility. He likes them all, and always will like them, but it must be remembered that the tourists are neither appurtenances of nor appendages to the White House as at present conducted.

And then, most crushing of all, there is the sad, sad case of the Yale Class of '78. These are the boys who were in college with Bill—they all call him Bill—and who, for the most part, have nothing else to distinguish them from the rank and file of the proletariat. It was great when Bill—good old Bill; why, I remember him perfectly—we had astronomy together; and, say, I can tell you a good one about dear old Bill—when Bill was nominated for President and every member of the Class of '78 went out and worked for him to beat the band. Then Bill was elected and the Class of '78 claimed him for their very own. Here was the first Yale man to be President, and here was Big Bill—'78, you know just pining for advice and caution and instruction from the old boys who were in the same class with him in that immortal Class of '78.

So they buckled to. Yale men of the Class of '78 began sticking their heads up out of the high grass in all parts of the civilized world. Every man who walked under the elms in any of the four years Taft was at college figured it out to get in somewhere under that powerful '78. Every man who is alive, who even cast a shadow across the Class of '78, claimed the right hand of fellowship. They wrote Taft letters telling him how he should act. They laid out plans of procedure for him in every contingency. They adopted him, fixed it so he might apply to them whenever he was perplexed or at a loss to know what to do. They settled all problems for him before his inauguration and, if he had given the word, they would have jumped into Washington, *en masse*, and taken the job of running the Government off his hands.

Nothing Doing for Seventy-Eight

Now, Mr. Taft feels kindly toward his classmates. He likes to meet them and talk with them and have fun with them, but there is nothing so far from his thoughts as the idea of tying himself down to the Class of '78 in the same way President Roosevelt tied himself down, or loaded himself down, to put it more accurately, with the Rough Riders. The Class of '78 isn't going to be the Taft balance-wheel in this Administration. It isn't going to have anything to say at all, except in the way of talking over old days, and not any too much of that. If anything comes the way of any classmate of Taft's it will not be, primarily, because that person was a classmate, but in distinct addition to that fact. The Class of '78 may not think this is so, but it will discover it is sooner or later.

The fact of it is, that President Taft intends to run his own Administration without any bow windows, porte-cochères or wings composed of one or another group of citizens who may have had previous relations with him. It is not his intention to play any favorites. It is first come, first served, and equal facilities to all.

The indications are that there is to be a clean sweep, that the Roosevelt slate is to be wiped off and an entire list of new names written thereon. Still, all is not lost. The old crowd has not been in the business of dealing with Presidents all these years without knowing how to keep in touch with what is going on. Those who know Washington have smiled, from time to time, when the announcements of private secretaries and confidential clerks for new dignitaries have been announced. It is so simple and yet so efficacious.

You see, the trick is like that of the prestidigitateur who forces a card on you. He hands you the pack and tells you to choose a card, any one, it makes no difference to him, and you always take the ace of diamonds. He makes you. Thus, when a bureau chief or a high citizen in a Department finds a new boss coming in he always fixes up his pipe-lines. The new man arrives. He knows nothing of what is going on or what has been going on. He needs a private secretary or a confidential clerk or an assistant of some kind or another. Right at his elbow is a very kind and obsequious person who has been there a long time and who knows all the ropes. He can recommend a very good and faithful man. If a private secretary is needed he can think of no better than Jones. If an assistant is wanted there is Robinson, a very capable performer.

The new man falls. He takes the private secretary recommended to him because he has to have a man who knows his way about the building, which he does not. Or he lets them force an assistant on him or a confidential clerk, and thinks they have been doing him a favor to find him so capable an addition to his staff to help him out in his new duties. So they have, but, also, they have been doing themselves favors. Far be it from these smooth gentlemen to be in a place where they will not know what is going on. They need pipe-lines, and they force into these jobs men who are, primarily, under obligations to them, and through whom they can learn every contemplated action in the Department in which they are employed.

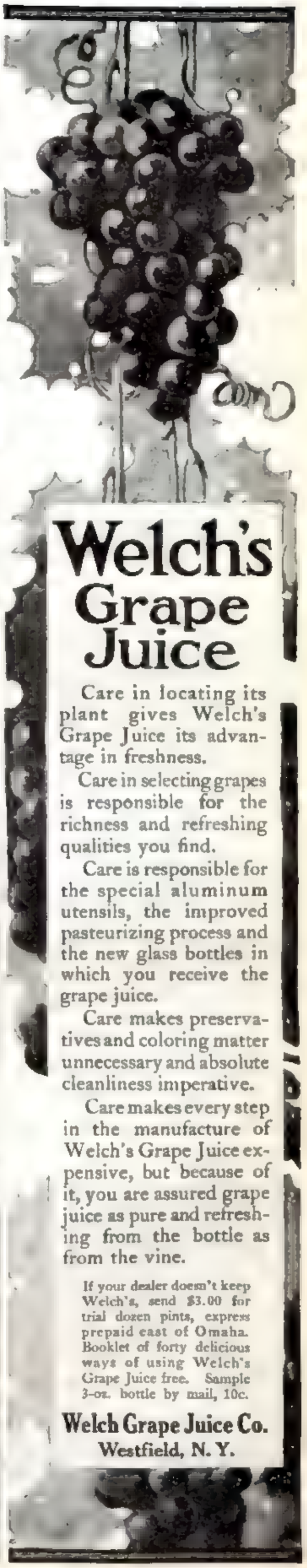
Breaking Up Department Pipe-Lines

For years and years there have been pipe-lines or grapevines of this kind leading out of every Department in Washington, leading to men who have left the Departments or are in them, but have new bosses. The new Cabinet members have not been in office very long as yet, but every one had sawed off on him pipe-line assistants who can be relied upon to keep their original sponsors informed of all proceedings. It took five years and more to break up a pipe-line out of the Treasury Department to one of the big financial institutions of the country, and it is no sure thing that it is broken yet. Any person who is familiar with the intricacies of the executive Departments in Washington can point out, unerringly, where the pipe-lines lead and who feeds them. The only people who do not know, apparently, are the Cabinet members, who are the sources of supply.

And speaking about finances, that new Senate Committee on Public Expenditures is an interesting development in the nation's affairs. It is made up of the chairmen of the big committees that handle the money bills and some other Senators. Their duties will be to scan all appropriation measures, not in relation to each bill as appealing to a certain section of the Government's expenditures, but in relation to the whole expenditure of the country, as the payments to be made by one great business, so to speak. Appropriations, like the tariff, are local to each Senator. He will be willing to cut down the sums that go to his colleagues, but will fight to the last ditch for his local sums. It will be a grand affair to deal with the appropriations that go to the States not represented on the committee; but when it comes to the appropriations for the Senators on the committee that will be another and an entirely different question, inasmuch as the committeemen are all practical men.

And speaking about practical men, there was that occasion when the insurgent leaders in the House went to President Taft and told him they could win the fight against Speaker Cannon and the rules if they had a few more votes.

"Very well," said Taft; "go out and get the votes and then come back and we will talk it over."



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OUT-OF-DOORS

THE most talked-about man in America, perhaps the best known-about man in the world today, recently departed from our shores on what is euphoniously stated to be a collecting trip for the increase of our national knowledge in regard to animals *ferae naturae*. It is said that more than five hundred sportsmen have expressed a wish to accompany the distinguished faunal naturalist in his journey to Africa. The good wishes of very many thousands of our citizens go with him.

There is in this general public interest something more than selfishness. There is in it admiration, confidence—love, if you please—for Theodore Roosevelt. Counting in all his enemies and all his mistakes, none the less the truth remains that the people of America love Theodore Roosevelt more than any public man they have ever chosen for office. Even his enemies, smarting under his careless blows, admit the blows were heavy. Enemies of a powerful sort he no doubt has; but his enemies of a personal sort are, numerically at least, negligible. The most noticeable phenomenon of the time is without doubt or question this public interest in the man Roosevelt. It is a poor publication which in these days has not something directed to him, received from him or conceived about him. The earthquake on the Mediterranean is almost forgotten, yet Oyster Bay appears regularly on the front page *pari passu* with Washington. Why should these things be true today and in cynical America?

It can be possible for only one reason. There is something in the character of Mr. Roosevelt which is in attune with the genius of this people. What, then, is his real character? There are not wanting those who find in the strained muscular condition of his face, in the continual appearance of stress which marks his every action, in his restless activity of one sort or other, something not only strenuous but abnormal, and who say that he suffers from some form of neurosis which yet may make its appearance. With this diagnosis one does not feel in the least disposed to agree. It appears rather that he is simply the type of American which we would all like to be—disposed to work hard all the time, and, moreover, mentally and physically qualified to work all the time.

But that is not enough to say. That is not why we love him. What are his greatest claims to remembrance? He himself says that his memory will live longest because he started to dig the Panama Canal. He is wrong. That is not to be his monument in America. Is it, then, his work in the national conservation movement? Nearer to the mark here, but not yet in the bull's-eye. Again, there is offered his work in the Portsmouth treaty, in which one does not find much glory either for him or for his country. Is he, then, to be remembered for his championship of the people against the great monopolies? That work is as yet but begun. Not one of these things is his real monument, nor is it through these that his memory will be or should be most cherished by this country.

Why America is Fond of Roosevelt

America does not admire Mr. Roosevelt because of the intellectual work he has done, large as that is. Perhaps he has not been so original as we sometimes in self-hypnosis have thought; perhaps some of his utterances are platitudes, considered bold rather because of the time and place and manner of their utterance. But still we love him. Then why? What sort of man is he, stripped and analyzed? Politics apart, and our own selfishness apart, and our own self-hypnotism regarding him apart, what is the real least common denominator of Theodore Roosevelt?

Assuredly it is not intellectual; assuredly, also, it is physical. His ambitions are physical before all things. Were he to choose a career it would be that of the Army or the Navy, and preferably in time of war. Always he would delight in some scene of physical activity. He would rather ride a restive horse than discuss a tariff problem any day of the week; we love him because he can do both.

In the Old World fashions come down from the throne; customs are set by royalty. We have no royalty here, although a sneaking suspicion obtains that we sometimes keep our eyes upon the White House. Yet the popular admiration for Theodore Roosevelt did not cease when he left the White House. Why? Where does his genius coincide with that of America? What secret spring of our emotions has he touched? Did he do that by accident, by heredity or by fate?

It was by all these things. The common chord in his nature and ours is the physical chord. Even yet we are a physical people, we Americans. Our women yet are strong. Our men yet are bold, or would be bold. We do not yet decay. We are still fresh from pioneering, and in some of our greatest businesses we still do pioneer in this or that corner of the world. Our mental picture of the great business man is always one strong physically, with jaw of iron, with ability to sit up to a desk and work and repeat. We care no more than Theodore Roosevelt does for the scholar with brow sicklied o'er with a pale cast of thought. We are not that sort of men. We don't love that sort of man. We Americans love the man on horseback.

Coming Back to Our Own Again

Now, here we were—America plus swiftly-coming Europe—a country with a population getting swamped with foreignism as rapidly as any population ever was. The conditions of our earlier life were past. Our customs swiftly were altering. Our ways of thought were balanced on the apex of change. Thus we readily were overcome by the accession of the selfishness of Europe, selfishness born of centuries of oppression and lack of opportunity in Europe; conditions not yet come to us. We were at the very point of changing our whole system of business morality. We were just at the point of making a decision between business honor and gentlemanly honor; which is to say, we were upon the point of ruin. We were going selfish, going unscrupulous, going immoral; indeed, going mad. The morality of More was written on our business banner. Let us, without care as to the belief of others—which is not our concern—admit that we were going wrong; for that is the truth.

Yet all this time there still lay underneath our history, underneath our newly-gained selfishness and our European ideas of business morality—our point of view being so swiftly changed by too much Europe and too little America, by too much Wall Street and Fourth Avenue and too little Montana and Wyoming—the old American love of deeds in the out-of-doors. At heart we were still pioneers, sportsmen, hunters, doers of deeds in the open; and we are that still today.

Now came this man with the freshness and irresponsibility of a mountain morning on his soul, and he gave us an important, White House command to right-about face. He showed us, not so much by law and precept as by innocently-expressed personal preference, the good old direction toward the open air. That is why we love Theodore Roosevelt today. That is why he will live in America's memory.

He came just in time. He faced us about not only by means of the powerful example of the occupant of the White House, but, let it be repeated, by his own personal example and his own personal preference. He is unconscious, perhaps, of that truth today, although he thinks that a part of his greatest work was in preserving for us Americans some of our own out-of-doors. Great work that, but not so great as the deed of showing us that we must be triumphant as a people only through our out-of-doors. Our leaders grow there. Our wealth grows there. Our health lies there. Simple-minded and somewhat Europeanized souls that we Americans were getting to be, we had been forgetting that, and by accident, by fate, by heredity or by the wisdom of Providence, Theodore Roosevelt, a great leader, came to us at just the right time to lead us, not in the ranks of the Republican party, not in the ranks of reform, not under the banner of moral platitudes alone, but to lead us out-of-doors. He did that just in time.

When we flock in ignorance or carelessness so much the worse for us; but when we band together in the way of wisdom then let us exult. Without doubt it is true

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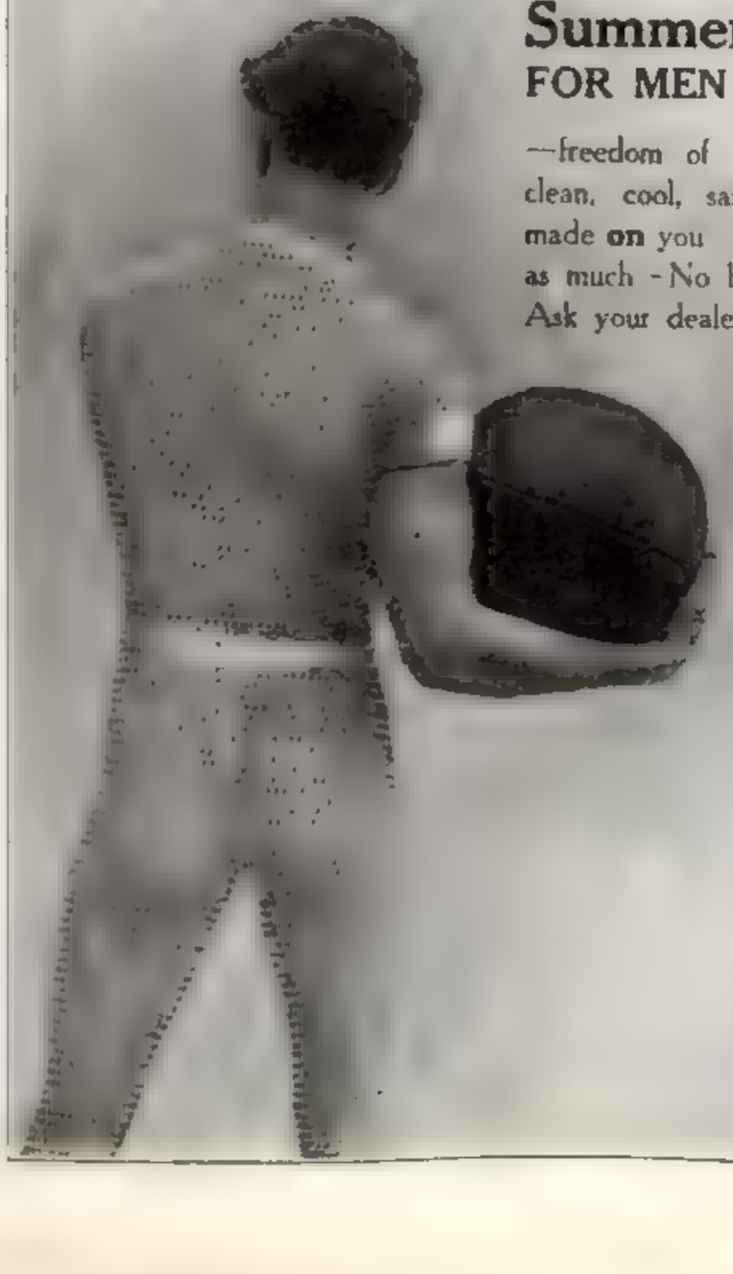

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that for some years we have been flocking—some of us, at least—toward the trees and the streams, the plains and the hills. In this we were somewhat hysterical, of course. A foreigner writes a chance book and we go wild about the simple life. We have forgotten the book, but the thing that lies under it is with us still. The heathen is the most lovable man in all the world. Theodore Roosevelt, a great moralist, a great dealer in fine platitudes, is a splendid heathen none the less. He is prouder of that fact than of anything else when you come to strip and analyze him, and that is to say no word of disrespect. No man respects another man who is not somewhat heathen, nor does any woman love any man who is not much a heathen. No woman ever loved a man simply because he could give her money, ease, pomp, pride or circumstance. She loves really the man who can ride a horse or whip a fellow-man upon occasion. It is her intent to darn stockings, some day. For a generation or so a man may serve sufficiently well for practical purposes in city life, shut off from or deprived of the earth and sky.

The Wizard and the Lizard

Then begins deterioration. Mr. Roosevelt came just in time to tell us that once more. If indeed we shall remember that, then may we quite as well hail him savior of this country as to accord that title to George Washington, a somewhat less energetic and less picturesque personality. At least for the present time our faces are set toward life and liberty. Perhaps we may yet engage to some extent in the pursuit of happiness. To one born with no hysteria in his soul it seems that there are only two actual problems confronting the incoming Administration—the regulation of immigration and the regulation of office hours. Mr. Taft might take up both and not feel that he was following out a Roosevelt policy, because Mr. Roosevelt has never formulated either of these two great heresies.

But most heresies have truth in them. We are not and cannot be happy if we are condemned to live within-doors all the time. If our life as a people is more and more to be adjusted to the conditions of Europe and not to the conditions of what was once America, if our ambition shall continue to be for business and business alone, then we can neither be happy nor great, neither happy nor successful. It is not business for a nation to attend strictly to business no matter what the world may say regarding the individual man and his personal duty. The problem of England today is the problem of London and of London's poor. The Parliament of Great Britain knows that the fate of the British Empire is going to be tested in the London slums. Why should we not be as wise as Parliament—wise in middle-course wisdom at least, and not given to hysterical extreme on either hand? We were trotting a fast gait in one course when Roosevelt came. Why trot too fast in the opposite direction? May we not, like cattle in the field, like elk in the high pastures, graze across and graze back again?

Last winter we had offered us the example of a gentleman who is, perhaps, our most distinguished citizen—if we shall except him whose name has gone before—who abandoned his desk in Wall Street and spent some weeks in a tent near San Antonio, all for his stomach's sake. True, Mr. Harriman had his tent fitted up with ticker and telephone, with desks and with stenographers; but they do say that at times he rebelled, refused to go into his tent and swore he would lie in the sun and watch the horned toad under the cactus rather than hear again the echo of Wall Street and the clatter of transportation's wheels. That picture of the wizard and the lizard ought to offer us some food for thought. In short, we might get some good from the reflection that the value of the stocks we hold depends somewhat, not only upon Mr. Harriman's brain, but also upon Mr. Harriman's wholly mortal stomach.

We all know, or ought to know, how to succeed in this world, for we have sufficient valuable advice given to us. For the time it pleases one to indulge in heresy. Were this writer at the present moment upon the point of employing some assistant in affairs, he would not ask the applicant in the first place as to his character or his college education. Not even temperate habits would be made his touchstone to success, so much as the ability to get along without too much temperance. His industry would be less valuable than his fitness to get results when busy. His economy would make small appeal, perhaps; for economy is, for the most part, evidence of fear. Rather would one look to the applicant's stomach, seeing that it could digest nails if need be. Rather than his moral character would one examine the length of nose, the thickness of neck, offering freedom for blood to get into his brain. He should be strong enough to lift things; his eye should be clear, part of the time at least, because of the continually conquering force of physical fitness. He should have that personal pride in the cleanness and fitness of his body which is better than most morality. If this applicant had no love for the out-of-doors and practiced no sports of the open, then should he be relegated to the shades of Fourth Avenue, for all of us!

We not only need a new man in America, but must have him. We have shown our admiration for the type of man we want. He is like Us—Us as we should like to be—Us as we used to be—Us as we ought to be.

The Government talk of improving the conditions of farm life is, of course, only to say that a house with hills and air and visible sky is more desirable as a human residence than a box in a hot brick row without outlook, without ventilation and hence without hope. We have been going to the cities for a long time; now let us hope that our human tide is turning rationally and steadily in the other direction. It is no answer to say that men thrive in cities when they become used to it. They are used to it for one generation, rarely more. The success of this generation has nothing to do with the success of America. The question is as to those who will be our next generation. We want to get that generation from the best of this North American mid-continental environment, not from the worst of a European environment. We want that generation built out of Hope, not out of Despair. It does not serve to point to the glories and splendors of the cities, the focus-flames of our civilization. They endure only because of better-born recruits. Our cities, the same as London, the same as Berlin and Paris, in time will reek with poverty, will stifle and die and decay. There will go our glory as a race—*unless!*

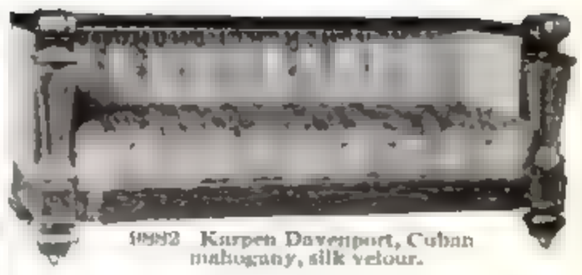
One man, innocently, not with intent, accidentally, has taught us the value of that Unless. That is why we love him and will give him a lasting place. He is like Us.

An International Convention

This new interest in the out-of-doors has, and ought to have, two phases—of pleasure and of utilitarianism. We cannot take America as it was a hundred years ago, but must take it plus civilization. As to the utilitarian side of this truth we have the voluminous records of our late national inventory of raw resources, our inquiries into the remaining riches of our forests, our mines, our streams. This is great and important work, and of worth so easily apparent that it is not confined to this country alone. Following the initiative of the large heart and fertile brain which have for some seasons governed at Washington, all the nations of Europe have fallen into this idea of an inventory of the natural resources of the outdoor world. There will be held at The Hague next fall an international convention, the largest business meeting the world has ever known. The plan for this was arranged at Washington last winter.

In brief, it is today the intent of the civilized nations of the world to take stock of the remaining outdoor wealth of the world. We are going to find out which nation has the timber, which the gold and silver, which the coal, which the farming land. As a result, we shall have data of value to the closely-interlocked civilization of the world of today.

It is business to take this inventory. But, mind you, this is not an inventory of the treasures locked up in the vaults of Russia, of England, of France, of the United States. It has nothing to do with the private vaults and coffers of this and other metropolises, nothing to do with the balance of trade in manufactured articles. This congress of the nations is planned for the purpose of getting an answer to the question, What is left of the world's out-of-doors? Mind you, the world is rather small today and is growing smaller.



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YOUR SAVINGS

"Getting In On the Ground Floor"

AN OLD doctor who lived in a small town up New York State had acted as banker for his son's savings for several years. One day the boy came to him, saying: "Father, I want my money. I've got a chance to get in on the ground floor of a mining scheme."

The old man led the son to his office, where he pulled out a desk-drawer filled with stock certificates. Pointing to them, he said:

"You might as well buy from me and keep the money in the family. They are all ground-floor propositions and not worth the paper they are printed on."

This incident is typical of what has been happening for a long time. Whenever the promoter of a financial scheme, whether it be mining or industrial, seeks to play his trump card he always says: "Here is the chance to get in on the ground floor."

Nor is this bait offered only by the unscrupulous promoter. In many efforts made to land money for business schemes, even the organization of banks and trust companies, the ground-floor inducement is held out and usually with great success. Practically every investor has been up against this proposition in some way. The question naturally arises, What is the ground floor, and do people really get in on it?

First of all, it may be well, perhaps, to see just what the so-called ground floor is. Ordinarily the man who bites at this alluring morsel believes that he is getting an opportunity that the other fellow does not get. In this he shows a universal weakness in human nature which promoters have played on since promotion began.

Ask the average man what he considers is the ground floor of a mining scheme, for example, and he will tell you that it is the chance to get the stock at the price that the big men or insiders get it. It makes him feel for the moment like a real capitalist. He has the idea that the insiders obtain the stock in terms of cents while the poor public later will have to pay for it in terms of dollars. The purveyors of such speculative wares work this impression for all it is worth.

Now, the real truth about the great majority of such enterprises is that the layman, instead of getting in on the ground floor, really gets in on the top floor. It is just another illustration of the time-honored axiom in Wall Street that the public always buys when prices are highest and sells when they are lowest.

How the Game is Worked

As the average investor has become more familiar with the elemental features of the investment business, the promoter of mining and other schemes has had to make some variations on the original ground-floor theme. One of the most successful is what is known as the pre-organization plan. It is worth explaining, for it may help to save some of your savings.

The promoter usually makes a mine the medium for the proposition. He announces in the newspapers and elsewhere that he will sell a small amount of what he calls pre-organization stock. This is stock, so the buyer is led to believe, that is sold before the final definite organization of the company is made, and is the real, inside thing. The promoter then says: "This is the initial offering. The price is to be advanced later. Subsequently the stock will be floated on the Curb." The buyer pays, let us say, five cents a share in the belief that it will be offered to the public for fifteen cents. It seems such an easy thing to sell out the moment it is offered for public sale, and make the profit of ten cents a share.

But this stock seldom reaches the public or the Curb. The proceeds of these first sales go to the promoters or are used further to advertise a similar scheme. If it does reach the Curb it crumples up, for it cannot stand the test of public trading. Often this kind of stock is sold on the installment plan. By the time the third or final payment is made the stockholder finds that the company has gone out of existence or that the scheme is discredited. Thus the man who thought he was getting in on the ground floor and was getting a chance to do the public is himself done.

The promoter often holds out the Curb market as an inducement in stock schemes. For many years the New York Curb, which is the largest in the country, was a sort of dump for cats and dogs, as very speculative and worthless stocks are called. It was easy to put through a deal there for the reason that the Curb was practically disorganized. Now, however, something like an organization has been effected; sales are recorded and some censorship is placed on transactions. In order to have its stock traded in on the Curb a company must fill out a blank giving concrete information about its affairs very much like the corporations whose stock is traded in on the New York Stock Exchange. The company must also have a registrar, which must be a corporation not interested in any way in the company. The passing of all stock certificates through the office of this registrar prevents an overissue of stock.

These facts are given because the man or woman who is solicited to buy so-called Curb stocks or become interested in schemes that are said to have a Curb connection may avail himself of the organization of the Curb and make inquiries about the company through some reputable Curb house.

A Recent Instance

The most impressive story of the failure of the public to get in on the ground floor is told in the simple record of the many stocks that have been advertised with a great hurrah. In more than seventy per cent of the cases they have never sold as high as the price at which they were exploited. This means that the public paid the top price, as usual. Yet, in every instance, the public thought it was being favored and regarded itself as an insider.

Take the case of Yukon Gold, about which most people have heard. The par value of the stock was $5 a share. The opportunity was given the public to buy it "at not less than $5 or more than $7.50 a share."

The public rushed to buy this stock at from $5 to $7.50 a share. Instead of having the temptation to sell it at $10 or $15 a share, as was predicted by the promoter, the buyers have seen it decline steadily from the day it was put on the market. The second day it went down to $6, the third to $5 and on down to $3⅜. On the day this article is written, exactly a year after its exploitation, the selling price was $4¼ a share. Yet the people who bought this stock at the exploitation price believed implicitly that they were getting in on the ground floor. Every person who bought at this price not only lost money, but lost interest return as well.

Many more concrete cases could be cited. There are dozens of mining stocks that have been advertised at $1 a share as the inside price that are now begging for buyers at from three to ten cents a share. The only time that they realized the exploitation price was when the public originally bought it.

Some industrial schemes are equally bad. The case of one stock which was widely advertised and sold by the mail-order plan will serve as an example. The company selling it has an exceptional organization for disposing of securities by mail. It produces such eloquent literature that it has been said that it could sell stock to a mummy. The stock was sold at the par value of $10 a share. Widows, ministers and trustees bought it with the idea (and the promoters made them believe it) that here was another opportunity like that afforded by the first sale of Bell Telephone stock. If they had stopped to think a moment they would have realized that every device of this character whose stock is offered for public sale nowadays is a second Bell Telephone opportunity. You may be sure that, if it were a real chance of this kind, the promoters, who are not generally altruists, would not be letting the public in.

Today that stock which was sold at $10 a share is selling at from $1.75 to $2.50 a share. Many holders of it have disposed of it at any price in order to get some of their money back.

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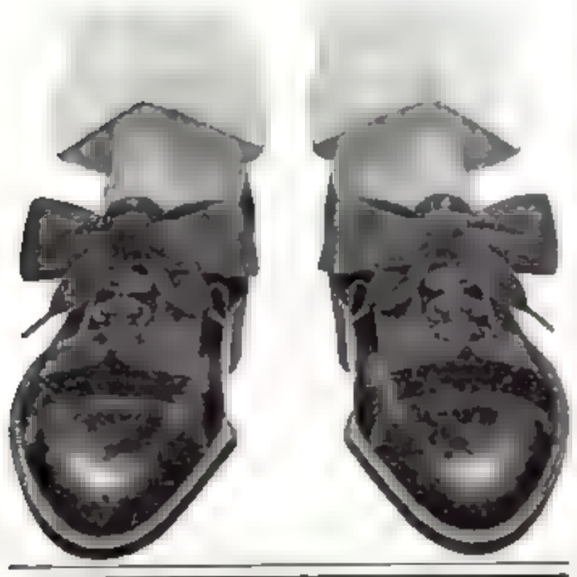

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This is typical of a very general condition in the stocks of companies having such propositions. The buyer of stock sees a good working model of the article to be marketed, and it does all that the inventor claims for it. But a single working model does not mean that the device can be successfully used in business, or that there will be a demand for it. No stock of a device is an investment until the device itself is a commercial success and is being sold on the market in quantities and realizing a profit.

But somebody got in first on the successful company, you say. Somebody did get in, but, at that stage of the game, it was a purely speculative scheme. The average man with savings or new money cannot afford to take such chances, however alluring the prospects of profit may be. Fifty dollars saved from speculative propositions is really fifty dollars earned.

The mining and mechanical device temptation is not the only one that comes to the door of the man with savings or other funds. It may be found in legitimate business, too. People are often solicited to buy stock at the organization of a bank in their home town. Very often the president of the new bank has been a merchant who made a fortune in his particular business. The fact that a man happens to be a successful seller of hides or groceries does not mean that he can run a bank with equal success. Banking requires a peculiar business capacity. Many good merchants have found that they were failures as heads of banking institutions, and they have been compelled to call in trained men. Meanwhile, the bank has made no money and the stockholders have lost interest on the funds they had invested therein. The significance of this is that no bank stock is an investment for the average man with savings until it has thoroughly proved its worth

The people who really get in on the ground floor get in through the friendship of the men behind the proposition. These chances are not advertised and the general public never gets at them.

Big bond underwritings and syndicates offer ground-floor opportunities to make a profit of from five to ten points; but they are only available to a few large bankers and capitalists. Again, the public has no chance at the real ground-floor thing.

It may be set down as a good rule to follow that in avoiding advertised stock inside promotions you save money. Ninety-five per cent of all such promotions are simply schemes to separate people from their savings.

Mishaps of the Playhouse

AT THE dress rehearsal of Mr. Clyde Fitch's recent adaptation, The Blue Mouse, the actress who was playing one of the most important rôles suddenly developed a severe case of so lost a voice that she could not be heard over the footlights. Every one was in a quandary and there seemed to be nothing to do but postpone the opening until a substitute could be secured and rehearsed. As it happened, Miss Zelda Sears, who has been appearing in different Clyde Fitch plays for nine consecutive years, was among those watching the rehearsal. She offered to rehearse the part and to play it the next evening. Mr. Fitch, believing in her own judgment of her competency to do this, consented gladly to the arrangement, to the extreme horror, be it said, of the rest of the company, most of whom had been rehearsing for three weeks and were not yet letter-perfect. They could foresee nothing but utter failure with such a risk as this to be taken. Miss Sears began rehearsals at eleven-thirty that Sunday evening and did not stop until two o'clock that night. She rehearsed again next morning and afternoon, and that evening went on to score a tremendous success. Mr. Fitch in putting in Miss Sears at such short notice naturally risked the success of his play, but his judgment was justified and contributed real value to the reception of the play, for it became noised about in the audience that Miss Sears had only twenty-one hours in which to prepare for the part. Mr. Fitch got considerable credit for his judgment in giving her the chance, and Miss Sears was still more credited for her accomplishment.

One of the little things that seem to have a great amount of weight in the failure or success of an opening night is the caliber of the audience. One might assume that there was no way really to exercise a discriminating power of selection over people who come and pay their money at the box office. But David Belasco, for example, practically picks his own first-night audience, and although they may not all pay for their seats their cordial good-will and expression of it are far more of a paying investment than selling seats to Tom, Richard and Henry at two dollars a head. The overenthusiastic audience, however, has nearly as bad an influence upon the critical reception of the play as one that is underenthusiastic. Your ideal audience is one that is appreciative without overdoing it. For another example, a manager who takes no heed as to the composition of his first-night audience will often find that sixty per cent of it will be composed of actors, authors, managers and the hopelessly blasé—all of whom constitute what is technically known as the death-watch. And if the manager gives no passes to those of his adherents who are sure to be enthusiastic, he is pretty likely to find, except in the case of a few very popular stars with big draft, that the back rows of his theater will be more or less empty, and empty seats at a first night have an extremely depressing effect not only upon the audience but also upon the critics, as an uncrowded theater to the general mind indicates that the other fellow has heard that this play is not worth seeing, and, if you imagine the other fellow thinks that, you are likely to begin to wonder why you came yourself.

The actor at the first night is always supposed to be an enthusiast of his brother-actor's work, but if you will stand close to him in the lobby between the acts you will more than likely often find him saying: "My Heavens, to see Jim Jones in that part, and to think what I could do with a part like that!" It is true the actress will applaud at every curtain, but it is true also that in the intermission you will find her turning to some one in the row in front expressing her surprise as to how Mr. Doughman could possibly have selected *her* to create that rôle, and, my dear, where did she get her dress? You will find in the death-watch, too, the rival manager who, upon being asked to express his opinion, will say with a sick look that it has made a hit, all right, but upon expressing his honest opinion to his friend will say: "I'm afraid they've got a success." You will discover, too, without any great effort, the theatrical hanger-on, who makes it his business to follow the gossip of the theater, giving forth the following sentiment: "I wonder what attraction comes into this theater next?" And possibly upon extending the conversation he will question you: "Do you suppose they will go to Boston or Chicago from here?" The rival author will be at particular pains to express fervently his absolute belief in his brother-author's work, but if you are liberal enough to invite him to a liquid supper he will most probably say: "Of course, between you and me, old man, it seems to me that, if in the third act ——" and he will launch forth into a dissertation that cannot be stopped of how *he* would have written it.

You will discover the critic, probably with two or three others of the "chain gang," asking what happens in the fourth act. If he can discover the conclusion of the play without having to wait for it he gains that much extra time.

Where a play, however, as in the case of The Stolen Story, has its climax in its fourth act, half of the morning-paper critics will have left the theater before then and will devote their notices to the criticism of the three acts that, after all, are merely preparation for the big scene that they have missed. But if you chose your audience you have none of these types present. You have an average theater-going audience whose prejudices are favorable rather than the reverse; and so much depends upon the first night, so much time and so many people are involved, that it seems but fair that the manager and author and actors should make their first appearance before an audience that is favorably disposed. An enthusiastic first-night audience will never make the public accept a play that it doesn't want, but a critical, unemotional gathering will often create such an atmosphere that a play can scarcely survive.

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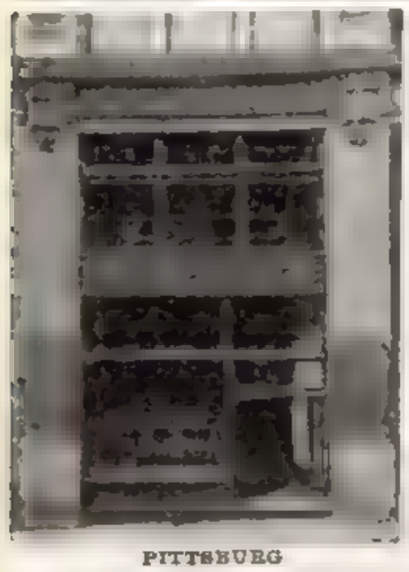

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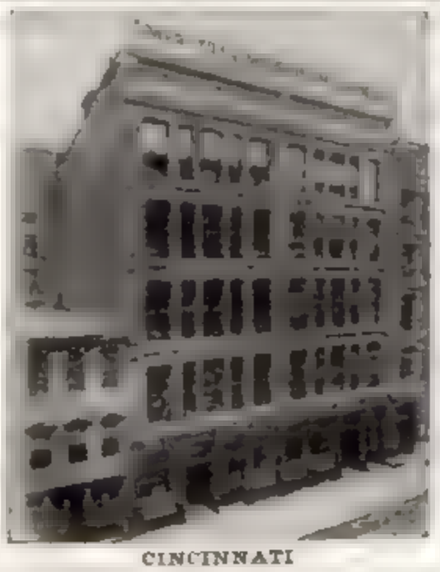

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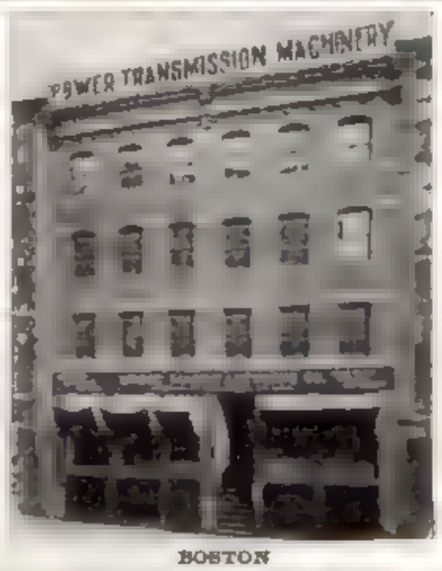

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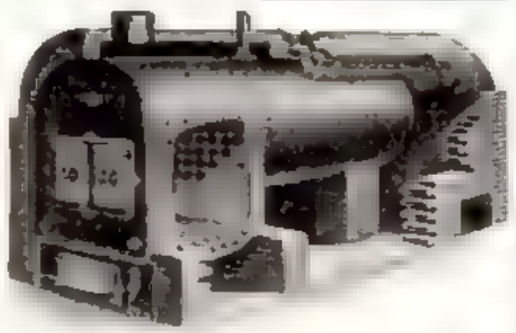

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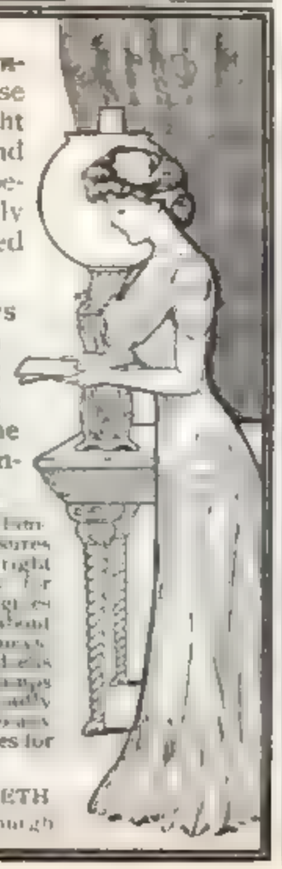
Poor lamp-chimneys break because not made of the right kind of glass; and smoke and smell because not correctly designed and fitted to the burner.

Lamp-chimneys with MACBETH on them never break from heat—in the end they are the cheapest lamp-chimneys you can buy.



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MACBETH
Pittsburgh

Sense and Nonsense

The Town in Question

BEFORE the last Democratic National Convention there were some newspaper stories that John Sharp Williams, then the Democratic leader of the House, would be named. A new reporter asked him about it.

"Certainly," replied Williams gravely, "I have strong hopes of getting the nomination. The reports from Mississippi, my home State, are very encouraging. Nanachehaw, Toccopola, Ofahnoma, Toomsuba, Noxapater, Tabbville and Grubb Springs are already for me, and I have every reason to think I shall have the enthusiastic support of Wahalak, Nitta Yuma, Chinquapin, Oktoc, Leedo, Mittayuma, Yellow Rabbit, Hushpuckena, Hambone, Chunky Station, Ittabena, Bolatusha, Deovolente and Whynot."

"Whynot?" inquired the reporter.

"Why not?" replied Williams, walking away.

Ballade to Sylvia in a Sheath Gown

'Twere easy to indite
Poetic trifles gay
To Rose in frilly white,
Or Kate in clouds of gray.
But now, to win the bay
Or gain a laurel wreath,
One must needs rhymes essay
To Sylvia in a Sheath!

'Twould give me real delight
To sing of fluffy Fay,
Whose skirts are not too tight
To swish and swirl and sway
At home in negligée,
In kilts upon the heath—
Then turn I in dismay
To Sylvia in a Sheath!

To realms of dazzling height
My Pegasus would stray;
On fancy's farthest flight
My Muse would soar away,
To sing of frilled array
With lacy gleams beneath.
But what can one say, pray,
To Sylvia in a Sheath!

L Envoi

Poets of olden day,
I fling this in your teeth:
You wrote no roundelay
To Sylvia in a Sheath!

—*By Carolyn Wells.*

The Steam-Clad Safe

THE burglar or mob leader that tries to break the safe of the new National City Bank, down in Wall Street in New York, will go up against a fierce and untamable proposition. He is liable to find himself parboiling in a bath of sizzling steam, for this monster strong box represents the very latest word in vault construction and protection.

Since the total resources of this bank aggregate four hundred million dollars (the capital stock alone is twenty-five million dollars), it is natural that special precautions should be taken to safeguard its vast treasure.

The safe itself is very simple and is bare of adornment. It stands in the center of the great counting-room. It is fifteen feet high, twenty-five feet wide and thirty feet long. The weight is three hundred tons. Its principal protection are the walls, which are strong enough to resist the bombardment of a battleship.

First come five inches of armor-plate. Next to this is a foot thickness of concrete; then an inch of solid steel; then half an inch of electric wires connected with a dozen stations. On the outside of all this is another inch of solid steel. Just outside the walls of the vault is a grille of steel bars.

But the novel protective feature is a four-inch steam-pipe which encircles the bottom of the vault. At regular intervals are nozzles. This pipe is constantly loaded with steam. In various parts of the big building are valves connected with the steam-pipe. Should a watchman in making his rounds discover some one tampering with the big vault, he can rush to one of these valves, turn a cock, and a moment later the safe is

The Howard Watch

ALMOST every day there is brought to light some new anecdote of the HOWARD Watch, or some interesting record of its excellence. The *Daily Tribune*, of Goldfield, Nevada, recently contained the following news item under the heading, "A Watch with a History Among the Indians:"

"Dick Jones, of Ryolite, came to Goldfield yesterday with a valuable gold watch obtained from an Indian squaw in exchange for two ponies. The Indian, when questioned as to her possession of the watch, said: 'Long ago pale faces come Death Valley: too hot, no water, they die, Injun get watch, put in ground many moons, now swap.'

"The watch," continues the *Tribune*, "is forty years old; it has an E. Howard movement of the date of 1868, and in spite of its years of service, burial in the ground and handling by the Indians, is still a marvel as a timekeeper."

The price of each HOWARD watch—from the 17-jewel in a fine gold-filled case (guaranteed for 25 years) at $35.00, to the 23-jewel in a 14-K. solid gold case at $150.00—is fixed at the factory and a printed ticket attached.

Drop us a postal card, Dept. N, and we will send you a HOWARD book of value to the watch buyer

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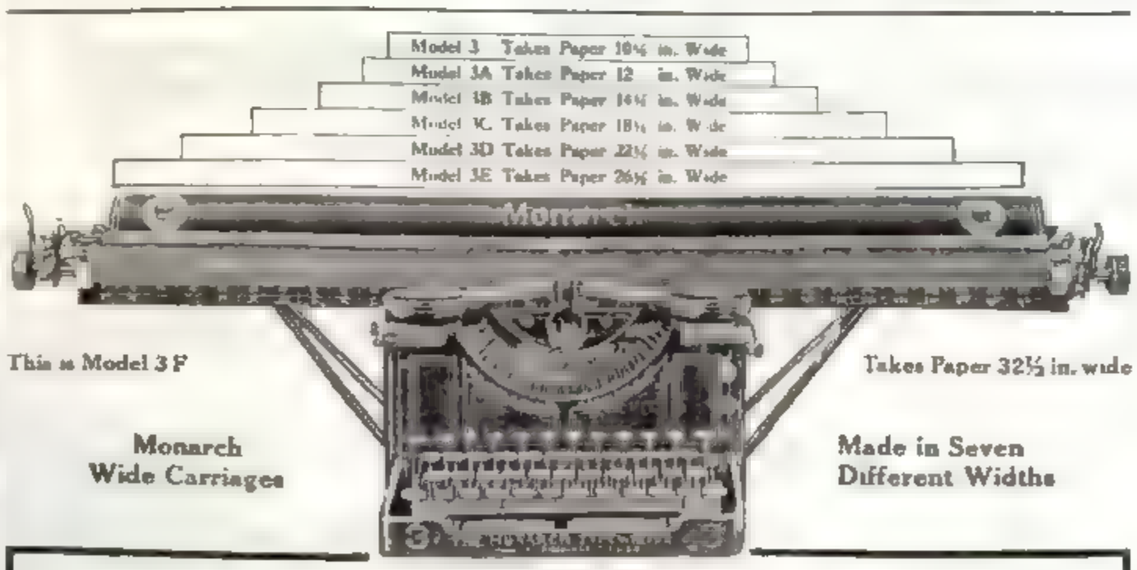
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If you smoke five pipes a day it's less than four cents—five hours of pleasure for four cents—certainly ARCADIA is cheap enough for you to smoke

Send 10 Cents for a sample and the name of the nearest dealer who has it in stock

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Then fill out $1.00 worth of my Patented Pen Practice Sheets (either slant, medial or vertical) and if not materially benefited, return all to me and get your $1.00 back at once.

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surrounded by a flood of hissing, boiling steam.

There are other safeguards never before installed anywhere. The great vault is on stilts, and the watchman can walk under the treasure-house. At every corner of the stilts are mirrors, so that in one glance he can see all around. Scores of electric lights blaze under the safe day and night.

This is perhaps the only two-story vault in the world. The floor which divides the structure into two stories is of glass. There is an iron stairway inside, just as inside a house.

Another interesting innovation in the new National City Bank, which is a great time-saver, is a trolley railway to carry checks. Its importance may be imagined when it is stated that this bank handles fifty thousand checks a day. A clerk at one desk dumps a bundle of checks into the carriage, presses a button and the load goes whizzing to another clerk. By means of special grooves it can be made to drop upon any desk desired. The trolley eliminates the messenger-boy and is much quicker.

The National City Bank has a sort of hotel attachment, too. For the benefit of clerks who have to work late at night or fall sick, a suite of living-rooms has been installed. These are provided with baths. A complete kitchen outfit is another feature (the bank feeds four hundred clerks every day at luncheon), and there are special rooms for directors' luncheons and for big luncheons for distinguished guests. A roof-garden is also part of the equipment, and there is a running-track for athletic clerks. But the steam-clad safe is the principal feature.

The Popular Game

"Oh, Polly," said Jack with a dolorous look,
'Of flirting you've mastered the art;
You've played with me, jollied me, brought me to book,
Till you've cruelly broken my heart!"

"Dear Jack," Polly said, and her eye flashed a ray
That dazzled him out of his wits,
"I'm awfully sorry! But, Jacky dear—say,
Is your heart really broken to bits?"

"It is!" avowed Jack; "and for several days
I've been the forlornest of chaps.
You've battered my heart with your mischievous ways,
Till it's broken to tiniest scraps!"

"Then," said Polly, all smiling and dimpling with joy,
"Just give it to me, Jack, and then
I'll play it's a new Picture Puzzle, dear boy,
And I'll put it together again!"

—*Carolyn Wells.*

No Moment Wasted

"MY FATHER," said Chauncey M. Depew, "was a frugal and saving man. He never approved of the waste of anything, including time.

"One night he went to a prayer-meeting. The brethren were backward. After a wait of a quarter of an hour my father arose and said: 'It is a shame to waste all this valuable time. Will not some brother tell his experience?'

"No one rose and my father continued: 'Will some one lead us in prayer?'

"There was no response to this appeal and my father said: 'In that case I will improve the time by making a few observations on the tariff.'"

The Test Question

ONCE there was a chief of police in St. Louis who was in continual warfare with the Germans who were on the force. He thought the Irish were the finest policemen in the world and the Germans the worst.

One day, at assembly, he said: "Min, have ye your guidebooks with you? Some day I am going to ask you the different places of inthrest in the city so I will know if you tell strangers right. I think I will do it now. Kelly and Schmidt, stand out. I will examine ye's two.

"Now, Kelly, I will examine you first. Watch sharp now, for I will ask you some very hard questions. I will trip you. Listen: Where is the Court House located?"

"Broadway and Market."

"Right you are. Now, look out! Where are the Four Courts?"

Information About The Brush Runabout

The World's Most Wonderful Automobile

Wonderful in its simplicity, its staunchness, its reliability, its ease of riding, its convenience, and above all in its almost unbelievable economy. Nothing built compares with it in these respects, as even competitors admit, and the public knows.

These are the reasons our two plants in Detroit are working 21 hours a day in double shifts.

We show you pictures of our car, our factories, and our officials that you may, in a measure, see us face to face. As buyers, you should know with whom you are dealing. We, individually, have been in this business since its very start. Over 20,000 cars of Brush design are running today. We know the automobile business from stem to gudgeon, and we are not afraid to face you nor to back our car with our personal reputations.

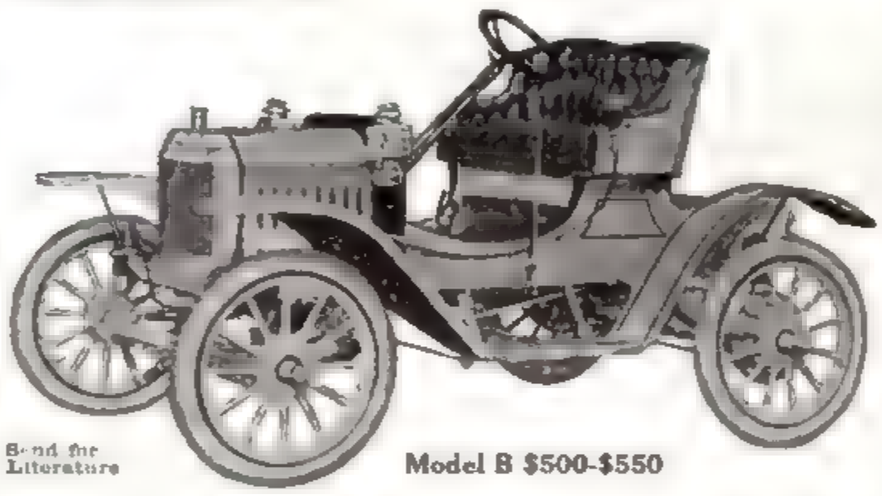
A. P. BRUSH
Designer

FRANK BRISCOE
President

We have made the Brush Runabout what it is by work—hard work. Brush spent over a year working out the first designs. Since then we have perfected them and spent two years in making and selling cars, in building up an expert manufacturing organization and a perfect plant, in showing users all over the world the car's remarkable merits.

The Brush is a true runabout in its own right—not a mere imitation of a big car with the complications left in, but the strength left out. It embodies the most advanced engineering principles and practice; yet design is not all. Even more important is the way it is made. No car at any price is, or can be better made than the Brush. We are not mere assemblers—we manufacture it complete and we know. It is not a speed car—28 to 30 miles an hour is its limit—but it delivers the goods every time.

WALTER PHIPPS
Gen'l Supt.



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Model B $500-$550

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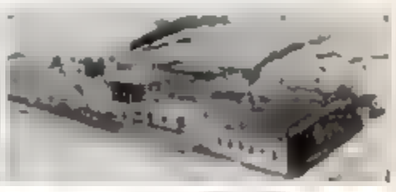
and Experimental Departments



No. 2 PLANT
Erecting, testing, painting, finishing

OUR RECORDS

Who cares what car wins the speed races? We don't. But what car wins the endurance and hill climbing trophies? Why, no car at anywhere near our price even goes into them—let alone win as the Brush has done.

What other car at this price ever crossed the American Continent, or climbed Pike's Peak, or won the classic Algonquin Hill Climb trophy? Other records are the Five Car Efficiency Run, the Eight Day Kansas City-Oklahoma, the Michigan Dealers, the Atlanta-Macon, the Ohio, and other endurance runs and contests. This year we have two entries in the Glidden Tour, and will shine in numerous other events. But above all we refer you to users. Ask them.

You can make no mistake in buying a tried, proved, known car, backed by reputation, popularity, a strong manufacturing company, and reliable dealers.

ESTABLISHED 1906

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By-Town Sanitary and Economical Hair Brush

Take Out the Bristles in Strips to Clean or Renew

Looks exactly like an old fashioned brush, yet it is wonderfully different.

[illegible] metal ends at the end of the handle, and the bristles [illegible] in wooden strips. These strips each contain only three rows of tufts.

Each bristle is easily removed for cleaning. The strips can be boiled in soapy water. You can always have a clean brush. You can avoid [illegible] and scalp diseases due to inefficient and unsanitary hair brushes.

You can also have a new brush whenever you wish. The cost is only 40 to 78 cents for the new bristles. The backs last forever. They do not lose their polish, warp and split – because they do not get wet.

The By-Town backs are: small long handled, large long-handled and military, Oak, Mahogany or Ebony finish.

The bristles are: soft, medium, stiff or very stiff; short, medium, long or very long; flat or oval trimmed; white, black or black and white.

Order any combination of the above backs and bristles, [illegible] price of $1.50 each single brush complete or $3.00 for pair military brushes.

Say "Long, stiff, white bristles" or "Short, medium, black bristles, flat trimmed with large metal [illegible] ebony back," or any other combination that suits your views of what an ideal hair brush should be, and we will send it prepaid for the one price of $1.50. We will take it back and return your money if you are not satisfied after 30 days' trial.

Easy taking of bristles.

If you have a silver back, for which you desire new bristles and the By-Town everlasting feature, send it to us and we will put in our device and your choice of bristles for $5. With the device once in, new bristles will cost only 40 to 78 cents each time they are renewed.

Manufacturers of fine silver toilet sets can put in By Town bristles and locking devices as easily as the old style. Write us.

If you do not find the By-Town at your dealers, write for booklet or better still send us $1.50 for a brush. You do not have to keep it unless you are thoroughly pleased. If you send the brush back we will return your money by the next mail.

By-Town, Inc., 2 River Street, Aurora, Ill.

To Dealers—Write us today and be prepared to take the profits our advertising in four million homes will bring you.

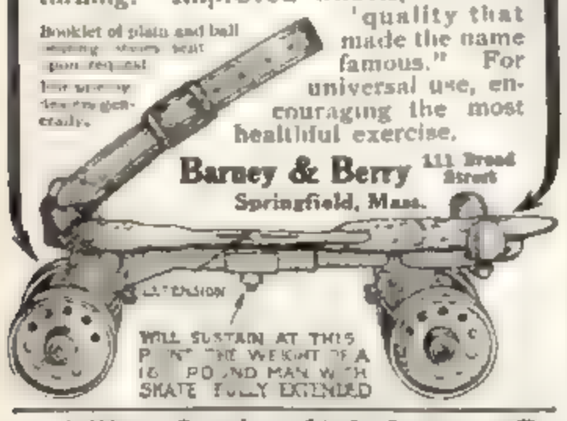
A By-Town complete

BARNEY & BERRY ICE SKATES ROLLER

Repeated improvements in both ice and roller skates have resulted in this, the first and only well supported **EXTENSION ROLLER SKATE.** Made to withstand the rough wear of street and rink use. Easily adjusted to fit large or small shoes. Especially adapted for the growing boy or girl. Improved rubber cushion action for turning. Improved wheels, and the 'quality that made the name famous." For universal use, encouraging the most healthful exercise.

Booklet of plain and ball bearing skates sent upon request.

Barney & Berry 111 Broad Street Springfield, Mass.



A Water Supply at Little Cost

The ideal system of water supply is the **Niagara Hydraulic Ram.** Requires no attention. Write for illustrated catalogue A D and estimate. We furnish Caldwell Towers and Tanks. **NIAGARA HYDRAULIC ENGINE CO.,** 140 Nassau St., New York. Factory Chester, Pa.

"Twelfth and Clark Avenue."

"Right again. Mark that, Schmidt. Now, where is my office located in said building?"

"Northwest corner."

"Does the book say that?"

"Yes."

"The book is wrong; northwest wing. Where is the City Hall?"

"Right opposite your office."

"Right. There's no use of my trying to catch you; you know everything in the book. Now, Schmidt, I am going to ask you where is the Kokomo Building?"

Schmidt scratched his head and said he didn't know.

"Ah, ha, I have you on the first one, eh? Kelly, how many elevators are they in the Kokomo Building?"

"Eight."

"There ye go. The Irish beats the Dutch any time. Look you, Schmidt, you do not even know where the Kokomo Building is, and Kelly knows how many elevators there is in it. I fine you two days' pay, Schmidt, for not knowin' your book."

P. S. There is no Kokomo Building in St. Louis.

A Boy's Calendar

Down on their knees in the schoolyard, marking a ring in the ground,
Poising the prizes of battle each on its little earth mound,
Breathing, for luck, on the shooter, playing by time-honored laws,
Silently eying the glassies and moving backward to taws;
Slick'ries and cloudies and agates, all in a gorgeous array,
Shooters all nicked up with half-moons—April, and soon to be May.

Bringing up mud from the bottom, holding one arm up with pride,
Floating and diving 'way under, coming up on the far side;
Clothes on the bank quite forgotten, springboard all slippery and wet,
Cries from the door of the kitchen—coming!—right soon, but not yet.
Trousers and waists wet and muddy—home and the woodpile so high,
Silence—and suspense—and supper—June, and along to July.

Game of the Terrors and Tigers; blue shirts, white pants and red socks,
Hearts almost stilled in their beating, eyes on the man in the box;
Swish of the swift-wielded willow, thud of the ball in the mitt,
Cries from the bleachers, "Oh, Reddy! Bring in that run with a hit!"
Crack! Where the bat meets the baseball, swells such a turbulent cheer,
Reddy's the hero of Sandlots—midsummer, August quite near.

Nut stains and berry-brown fingers, freckle and stone bruise and tan,
My! How the time has flown from us since the vacation began!
Oh, but the summer was splendid! Oh, but the June-time was glad!
Wish it could be that way always—what a vacation we had!
Legs lagging on to the schoolhouse—whistle nor birdcall nor cheer—
Comes melancholy September, sorrowful end of the year!

—*J. W. Foley.*

And He Got It

WHEN Charley Seymour, whom all newspaper men who were working ten or fifteen years ago knew, and who was one of the best of his profession, was in Washington for one of the Chicago papers he lived at the Regent, a Pennsylvania Avenue Hotel.

One afternoon, when Seymour and a few other correspondents were playing a little poker at the old National Press Club, and Seymour was losing, the fire engines came clattering by.

"Fire over at the Regent," said one of the club attendants.

Without turning his head Seymour said with composure: "Boy, bring me a telegraph blank."

The boy brought the blank and Seymour wrote a dispatch to his brother, who was editor of the paper for which he was working at the time.

The telegram read as follows: "Fire at the Regent, where I am stopping. Please wire me two hundred dollars."

And he got it.

Ralston Shoes $4.

The man who thinks twice about his personal appearance—whose position demands a certain care in dressing—will be glad to know about Ralston Shoes. They are more than merely "*in style*;" they possess those little individualities of line and curve which have heretofore been associated only with custom-made shoes.

No shoes compare with them in fit, because they are made over the exclusive Ralston anatomical lasts that duplicate *all* the curves of the foot, top and bottom. The result is "footprint fit" from the first—that needs no "breaking in." The shoe pictured here is our

Stock No. 141—Cherry Chrome (Wine Shade). Highly popular this season.

The same shoe can also be had in green Russian Calf by asking your dealer for Stock No. 144.

WE SEND FREE OUR NEW SPRING CATALOGUE

Shows the proper foot dress for men and women for all occasions. Many styles for the careful dresser as well as for conservatives. Explains why Ralstons wear so well and keep their shape indefinitely.

On request, we will send name of nearest agent, or will mail shoes direct at $4.00, plus 25 cents for carriage, if guaranteed or money refunded. Union Made

RALSTON HEALTH SHOEMAKERS, 985 Main St., Campello (Brockton), Mass.

An Extra Good Smoke

Those who would enjoy the finest pipe tobacco ever produced must buy Orchid Smoking Tobacco. It positively has no equal. It has taken us years and years of patient labor to perfect this mixture. Only the most refined tobaccos have been used and these have been prepared at an expense and care never before attempted.

Orchid SMOKING TOBACCO

is a blend of selected leaves of certain fine flavored tobaccos that have been carefully aged and cured. Its rare flavor is secured solely by blending. There is not the slightest suggestion of an artificial essence about it.

This is one of the most expensive tobaccos made. Every one who smokes Orchid declares it to be a revelation in pipe tobacco.

If your dealer does not carry Orchid Smoking Tobacco in stock, we will sell you direct from the factory. We will consider it a favor if you will send us your dealer's name. Enclose money order, cash or check with order.

By the pound $3.00. 75c the quarter pound. 40c for two ounces.

Frishmuth Bros. & Co.
17th and Lehigh Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

The [illegible] Independent Tobacco Manufacturers in the U. S.

Copyright 1909 by The Royal Tailors

The Tailor Dressed Man Gets In

We are not content to sit idly by and let any man suffer the humiliation of poorly-fitting "store" clothes because he does not

know our dealer in his town. That is the purpose of this $150,000 advertising campaign. To let every last clothes wearer in America know that *now* he can have his clothes made to his own order at a price he can afford. That there is a Royal dealer in his own town waiting to take his measures and a Royal craftsman here in Chicago or New York waiting to tailor his clothes over those measures.

But we are getting ahead of our story. The powerful picture at the head of this page is enacted a thousand times daily in the business world.

The tailor-dressed man *does* get in—He gets into the confidence of men. He gets into the good will of strangers. He gets into the guarded private offices where usually Power and Money are the only accepted tickets of admission.

For good clothes are recognized everywhere to-day as evidence of cleanness, taste, and self respect.

It isn't the costliness of the fabric, or the richness of the tailoring that counts. It is the fit and fitness of them both to the man who is to wear them.

That kind of style and refinement cannot be bought of stock—ready-blended. The style, the cloth, the trimmings must be selected, each by itself, and blended to harmonize with the personality and figure of the man who orders them.

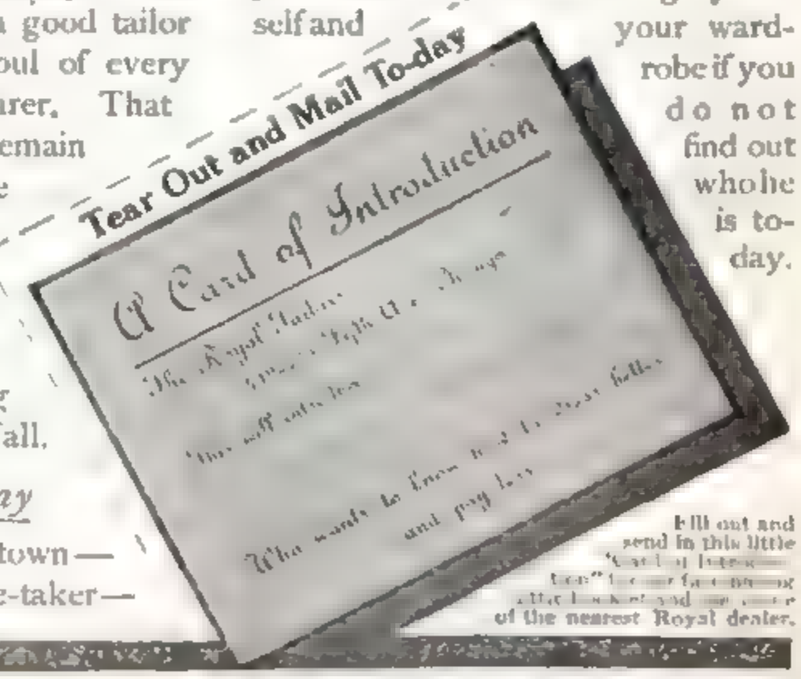
And only a tailor, working with hand and head, with one individual clothes wearer in mind, can supply that kind of service.

Clothes of Tone

Deep down in your heart, you have always coveted tailor-made clothes—every man has. Some men may perhaps have smothered Pride and accepted a factory-made substitute because of fancied economy. But envy of the man with a good tailor lies inrooted in the soul of every untailored clothes wearer. That envy need no longer remain ungratified in *you*. Here is a tailoring service, that because of its enormous output, its national field, is bringing the best hand-tailoring within the purse reach of all.

Write Us To-day

Our dealer in your town—an experienced measure-taker—with 500 beautiful Spring cloth samples to show you—awaits a call from you. You wrong yourself and your wardrobe if you do not find out who he is to-day.



Fill out and send in this little Card of Introduction—and a tape measure and a sample book of the nearest Royal dealer.

The Royal Tailors

Chicago — New York

Joseph Beehan
President

Over 6,000 Royal Dealers

148 Branch Royal Stores

A color scheme that will save the children's eyes will be sent Free to anyone asking for it.

The Model School Room

Sometimes a little care in choosing the colors for the school room walls will result in increased health in the children and families of an entire community.

The best regulated schools and homes use

Alabastine

The Sanitary Wall Coating

The colors are soft, easy and restful to the eyes and prevent eye strain and nervous headaches. Alabastine colors do not fade and will not rub off.

Color Schemes Free

Send us an outline of your rooms, for school, church or home, and we will send you a correct color scheme free. Give the trim of your woodwork—the kind of a building and the number of windows as well as the dimensions of the rooms. Whatever the building, whether large or small, Alabastine will give a better colored wall at a less expense for maintenance than any other material.

Alabastine is more artistic than wall paper, more effective than paint, more permanent than kalsomine.

"Dainty Wall Decorations"

is a richly printed and profusely illustrated book. The illustrations are in colors on heavy plated paper, beautifully bound with [illegible] cover in colors, and contains new designs for decorating every room in the home. If you are planning decorating or redecorating any apartment in your house, send 10 cents in silver or [illegible] stamps for this beautiful and practical book. It is a complete course in wall decoration.

Alabastine is a dry powder and is to be mixed with cold water. It comes in 16 beautiful tints and in pure white. Alabastine is carefully packed in sealed packages—it sells for 55 cents for any of the 16 tints, and 50 cents for a pure, brilliant white.

The best dealers sell Alabastine.

ALABASTINE COMPANY

813 Grandville Avenue, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Dept. 623, 105 Water St., New York City, N. Y.

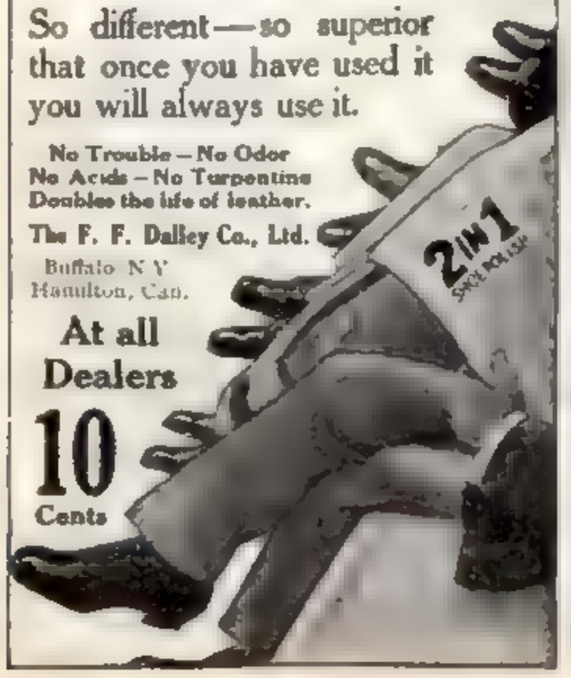
2 IN 1 SHOE POLISH

Shines for All—

So different—so superior that once you have used it you will always use it.

No Trouble—No Odor
No Acids—No Turpentine
Doubles the life of leather.

The F. F. Dalley Co., Ltd.
Buffalo N Y
Hamilton, Can.



At all Dealers

10 Cents

THRIFT

The Item of Appearance

THE late Doctor Canfield, while he was librarian of Columbia University, long made his noonday lunch on a sandwich, cup of coffee and piece of pie. One day back in the eighties two men were pointed out to him in the dining-room of a New York club. The first, somewhat elderly and plain in dress, was lunching on the Doctor's own combination of sandwich, coffee and pie. The other, sitting at the next table, was a young dandy, and had ordered wine with a meal that must have cost two dollars.

"You know who they are, of course?" asked a friend.

"No."

"Well, well! That's one of the sights of our club. Every day they come in about the same time, sit at the same tables, eat about the same things. The older man is Russell Sage. That young fellow is his secretary."

Mr. Sage's famous economies were based, not on stinginess, according to Doctor Canfield, but on his sound judgment of values, together with a common-sense which led him to discount mere appearances. At this period it was not unusual to see him riding from New York to Chicago in the day-coach, with a box of sandwiches in the rack over his head, and he never took a berth in the sleeping-car. But in those days the best value was to be had in sandwiches and the day-coach. Seats were just as comfortable as berths, because sleeping-cars were still crude, while at refreshment-rooms along the railroad high prices were asked for indifferent food to be gulped down in a hurry. So Russell Sage considered that in going from New York to Chicago one needed a ticket and a box of sandwiches, but after that no more money could be spent to advantage. He wasn't afraid to stick to it. Likewise at the club—there were not enough flunkies in the world to scare him into eating more than he wanted

Henry Ward Beecher declared that he spent, personally, in going about Brooklyn less than ten dollars a year in carriage hire. When he had legs and loved to walk he couldn't see any reason for riding in a handsome rig. If he got tired Brooklyn was a city of horse-cars with five-cent fares everywhere. Fashionable livery would add appearance, but he saw no real value there, and stuck to legs and horse-cars. Yet the great preacher was far from penurious, for he carried valuable gems loose in his pocket because he loved to handle and admire them.

Appearance is an important item to investigate in personal economies. Very often it bears too large a ratio to other expenses, and isn't worth what it costs, so that curtailment will effect savings. On the other hand, many careful persons spend too little on this item, and a little intelligent expenditure might increase income.

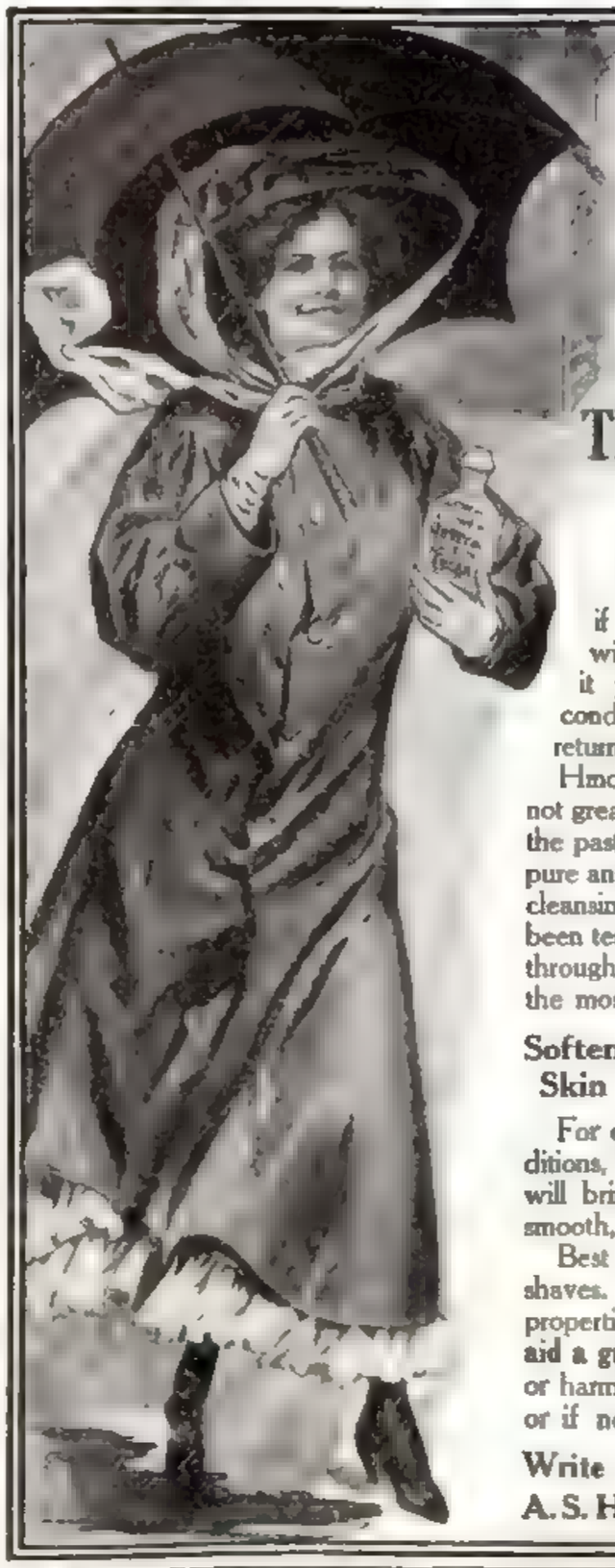
The Finishing Touch

Twenty salesmen form the New England selling staff of a certain manufacturing company. Their average income is about five thousand dollars a year. Eighteen of these men are more concerned with earning than keeping, and have saved little apart from premiums on moderate life insurance. If all their insurance were pooled and invested at four per cent for the benefit of one widow, it would hardly yield the present income of the man who earns the least.

Two of these salesmen have saved something, however. The "Dean" of that staff has ten thousand dollars life insurance, some good bonds and a comfortable bank balance. He got these by self-denial. Didn't start a bank account until nearly forty. All his money before that was invested in costly tastes. Once an account was started, though, it was pleasant to see it grow. So the Dean went without things, and has been going without things for nearly twenty years. But they have been chiefly things of appearance—seldom necessities. For instance, not long ago he had an adventure in self-denial. Seeing some handsome cravats in a shop window he went in to buy one.

"Two dollars," said the clerk, starting to spread them out.

Now the Dean's average price for a necktie is fifty cents. To hand over two



HINDS'
HONEY AND ALMOND
CREAM

Protects The Complexion

It prevents injury to the

FACE and HANDS

if applied before exposure to sun, wind or weather. When not so used, it promptly alleviates all distressing conditions of the skin, if applied on returning indoors.

Hinds' Honey and Almond Cream is not greasy in the least, and does not resemble the paste form creams or cosmetics. It is a pure antiseptic lotion, possessing remarkable cleansing and soothing properties that have been tested for years by ladies of refinement throughout the world. It invariably gives the most gratifying results in

Softening Rough, Dry or Irritated Skin Resulting from Any Cause.

For chapping, chafing and eruptive conditions, Hinds' Honey and Almond Cream will bring speedy relief, making the skin smooth, clear and healthy.

Best for baby. Best for the man who shaves. Is absolutely free from greasy, sticky properties and **positively guaranteed not to aid a growth of hair.** Contains no bleach or harmful ingredients. 50 cts. all dealers; or if not obtainable, sent postpaid by us.

Write today for FREE Sample Bottle
A. S. HINDS, 89 West St., Portland, Me.

Allen's Foot-Ease

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It relieves painful, swollen, smarting, nervous feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight shoes feel easy. It is a certain help for ingrowing nails, perspiring, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. We have over 30,000 testimonials. TRY IT TODAY. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25 cents. Do not accept any substitute. Sent by mail for 25 cents in stamps.

"In a pinch, use Allen's Foot Ease"

FREE Trial Package sent by mail.
ALLEN S. OLMSTED, LeRoy, N.Y.

SPRAY Your Fruits, Crops, Poultry Houses, and do whitewashing with The **Auto-Spray.**

Factory prices and guaranteed to satisfy. Fitted with Auto Nozzle does the work of three ordinary sprayers. Used by Experiment Stations and Agricultural Colleges. We make 19 styles and sizes. Spraying Guide Free. Write for book, prices and Agency Offer

THE E. C. BROWN CO.
22 Jay Street, Rochester, N. Y.

WANTED *Successful Agents*

New York's largest embroidery manufacturer offers an entirely new line [illegible] Experience not necessary; you are sure to make money and can develop a permanent trade and steady income. Write today [illegible] Dept. 5 SWISS EMBROIDERY WORKS OF AMERICA, 27 East 22d St New York City

Moving Picture Machines

Stereopticons

You Can Make BIG MONEY Entertaining the Public

Nothing else is better opportunities for men with small capital. We start you furnishing complete outfits and expert instruction at surprisingly low cost.

THE FIELD IS LARGE, comprising the regular theatre and lecture circuit, also local fields in Churches, Public Schools, Lodges and General Public Gatherings. Our Entertainment Supply Catalogue [illegible] offer. Sent Free.
Chicago Projecting Co. 225 Dearborn Street, Dept. L, Chicago

The Battle Creek Sanitarium

The ideal place to rest; to accurately learn your exact physical condition, to have applied the physiological and dietetic methods necessary to eliminate the causes of your illness and to build up permanent health. [illegible] modern appliances for [illegible] 200 kinds of baths, electricity, swimming [illegible] indoor [illegible] above sea level. 500 [illegible] rooms, [illegible] accommodations for 1000 guests. Illustrated Catalogue free.

The Sanitarium, Box 75, Battle Creek, Mich.

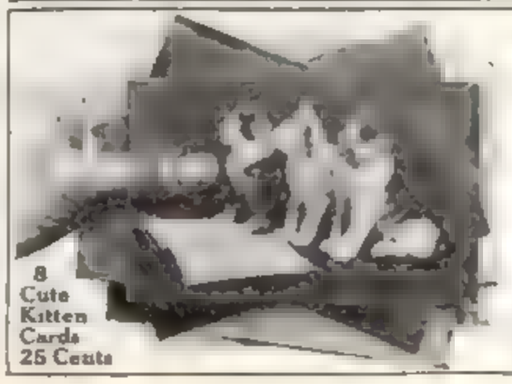
Ornamental Wire and Steel Fence

Cheaper than wood, combining strength and [illegible] Fountains, [illegible] temperature. Send for Free Catalog. Address
THE WARD FENCE CO.
Box 594 Decatur, Ind.

FUN! FUN! FUN!

Laugh—laugh—laugh. Fool all the people all the time. Send 10c for my little foolish pencil

C. W. Reynolds, Room 19, 619-6th Ave., N.Y.



8 Cute Kitten Cards 25 Cents

The Kute Kitten Post Card Series Set of 8 Cards 25c

ADVERTISERS PLEASE NOTE

[illegible] Every Card An Actual Photo

We want to send you a set of [illegible] so call in any collection of [illegible] and see in printing photos in vast quantities. *Photos are far superior* [illegible] to anything you have ever seen. Send 25c today for a set. [illegible] these post cards on your business paper and we'll send you prices and our free booklet—a work of art.

PHOTO CRAFTS CO., 24½ 4th St., COLUMBUS, O.

COLT REVOLVERS
THE WORLD'S RIGHT ARM

"Have Shot Their Way to Fame"

From the history-making epoch of the Old West to the Present Time, the COLT has **proved** its superiority over all other Revolvers

RELIABILITY made the Colt Revolver the chosen arm of the fighting-man—Scout, Cowboy, Soldier, Marshal

DURABILITY, tested for 70 years, gives the COLT the preference as the *regulation arm* of the U. S. Government.

ACCURACY at long or short range is distinctive of every COLT.

A COLT won the Government accuracy test at 50 yards in 1875.

A COLT won the first recognized revolver match in 1880.

A COLT made a new World's Record (497) the first and only perfect score ever recorded at 20 yards under official conditions

COLTS have set the pace for Revolver Improvements.

A Colt is "Positively Locked until Positively Cocked"—secure against accidental discharge, but always ready for use.

The original COLT GRIP is imitated but never equalled; in no other arm will be found the perfect balance and smooth, even pull of a Colt.

Let us send YOU our new Catalog No. 55. It describes guaranteed Colts in all desirable calibers and sizes, adapted for all purposes – Protection, Sport, or Target Shooting.

COLT Arms are guaranteed for use with Smokeless and other powders in standard, factory loaded ammunition.

COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MFG. CO.
Hartford, Connecticut

FAVORITE GO-CARTS

We make a variation of 150 styles and kinds of vehicles for Baby. Our name [illegible] everything "a little out of the ordinary" in Baby Go Carts, both Wood body and Reed body, Baby Carriages and English Perambulators. By far the largest and most complete line in the world. Automatic, collapsible Go-cart shown above, opened and closed with one operation.

If your dealer does not handle the Favorite line, write us for free catalogue.

The Toledo Metal Wheel Co., Dept. A, Toledo, Ohio

GENUINE NAVAJO **Ruby FREE**

To introduce our beautiful genuine Navajo Rubies [illegible] to jewelers' prices, we will send free a genuine Navajo Ruby, [illegible] 64 page Art Catalog showing [illegible] and sizes, for 10 cents to cover cost of mailing. Send today

Francis E. Lester Co., Dept B 42, Mesilla Park, N. M.

dollars for appearance's sake would have been easy To walk out without buying was humiliating. But the Dean stuck to his rule.

"I'm in the wrong shop, my son," he admitted, starting for the door.

The other economist of this selling force is its junior member, who figures that appearance means a good deal to him just at his time of life, and spends rather liberally on clothes. The trade in New England doesn't know him so well as it does the Dean. Set them both down among strangers, and the senior would have advantages of character and manner. He has been going about this world thirty years longer than the younger man, and his bearing shows it instantly. People look at the Dean's face and are won by his voice, whereas their first glance at the junior is usually toward his shoes and hat. He understands this, and has a well-selected repertory of two-dollar cravats. Wardrobe costs him, perhaps, ten per cent of his income, but it is his strong card, and with that to play he is not ashamed to live on a reasonable scale and put money in the bank.

Fifteen years ago an engineer, now president of an Eastern company, was superintendent of a small factory in Indiana. There was a shop-dandy in the machine-room. Charlie apparently spent half his wages on clothes, and the men chaffed him – but not too hard, because he trained at the crack athletic club and was an expert boxer. He went to the leading church, too, and was seen at the best homes.

One night Charlie gave the superintendent a sort of accounting on this clothes expenditure. He dressed to get away from the poor man, he said, not through snobbishness, but because he disliked the poor man's blasted humility and love of classing himself apart from successful people, and his low-scale reasoning. Charlie wanted to associate with the best people and dressed the part.

Last summer the engineer met Charlie at a convention. The latter's clothes investments have paid. He is now superintendent of a company in Chicago. Admitting himself that he was never intended to be an intellectual wonder, still good clothes got him good associates, led him to fit himself for better work, and opened up lines of advancement. While he was earning fifteen dollars a week he put about a third into wardrobe. Today he earns five thousand a year.

Scoring on Mr. Heavyboys

In a small city there is a rising attorney whose eight years of practice divides into two periods. For five years after graduation he was a bachelor. Three years ago he married. His wife considered that a man of his ability ought to earn more income, and believed he was not well enough known among people who could use his services. She organized a social campaign, figuring closely on living expenses to get money for entertaining, and investing the latter shrewdly. Instead of a series of mild teas, scattered haphazard and bringing out chiefly the women, she spent her whole fund on two evening recitals at the height of the season. Musical by nature, she engaged professionals who had never been heard in homes in that city. This brought out all the influential men, gave her husband useful acquaintances, and she was not the kind of woman who, after getting out the silk-stocking vote, would hesitate to let Mr. Heavyboys, the capitalist, understand what a jewel of a husband she thought she had, from the legal standpoint. Before marriage that attorney was a faithful, plodding book lawyer, working, waiting and taking Emerson's word for it that Mr. Heavyboys would eventually shovel a path to his door. During the three years of wedded life, however, his income has exceeded that of the five years before; and he has a reputation and a future all due to his wife's shrewd management of the appearance account.

Saving on appearances will often give substantially the same enjoyments, comforts or conveniences at lower prices.

For example, the women of a Long Island suburb frequently met one another at theaters in New York They patronized matinées individually; and, because their men could not go along in the afternoon, paid a dollar or more for orchestra seats. They were afraid to sit elsewhere because the bugaboo of respectability was before

The Best Way to Save Money is The "Prudential Way."

The

Prudential

20 Year Endowment Policy

Costing

$42.63 Per Year, if policy is issued at age 30, (or an average weekly saving of only 82¢) Paid for 20 Years, Guarantees

Life Insurance for $1,000

for 20 Years, and then

Cash for YOU, $1,000

You Pay in 20 Years - - - -	$852.60
You Receive over the Cost (besides Life Insurance of $1,000) - - -	$147.40

This Policy Provides Extremely Liberal Loans, Cash and Paid-up Values, after the Second Year, Fully Protecting the Interests of the Policyholder.

All Figures Guaranteed—Not Estimated.

Write for Cost at Your Age.

ADDRESS DEPT. 140

The Prudential Made the Greatest Gain in Insurance in Force in 1908 of any Life Insurance Company in the World.

THE FLEET PROTECTS THE NATION
PRUDENTIAL LIFE INSURANCE PROTECTS THE HOME
THE PRUDENTIAL HAS THE STRENGTH OF GIBRALTAR

The above Picture (in colors, 9 x 14 inches) of Battleship Fleet homeward bound from Gibraltar and Fleet Booklet will be Sent Free if you Mention this Advertisement.

The Prudential

Insurance Co. of America

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey.

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President. **Home Office, Newark, N. J.**

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SOCIETY BRAND Clothes
for Young Men and Men who Stay Young. Different—yet dignified.
Permanent crease (patented) in all trousers.
Designed and made in Chicago by Alfred Decker & Cohn. Distributed through the better clothiers. Portfolio "B" upon request
Four stinking college posters for your "den" sent on receipt of 25c.

Society Brand

TEN CRUISES
To the North Cape
SPITZBERGEN, ICELAND.

Leaving Hamburg during JUNE, JULY, AUGUST. Direct connection from New York by the company's transatlantic service. These cruises are made by floating hotels, assuring every comfort, safety and amusement.

Let us send you our New Book "A Summer Holiday at the top of the World," containing full particulars.

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50¢ AND UP
Automatically Cares for Your Glasses
Automatic Eye-Glass Holder
Our name on it guarantees it
KETCHAM & McDOUGALL
Maiden Lane, New York

them. Some bright woman suggested a neighborhood club for theatergoing and discussion of current plays. The women organized, and, during the past two seasons, by going in parties of half a dozen or more the members have made it entirely respectable and congenial to sit in the gallery, at fifty cents a seat. Gallery seats are reserved and comfortable. By tackling this item of appearance with a little teamwork cost has been cut in half and playgoing made pleasanter and more frequent.

In this matter of appearance many otherwise sensible people seem to go through life with the firm belief that every increase of income should be followed by an increase in living expenses, as a duty to society. Some, indeed, feel this obligation to society so acutely that they boost living expenses first and then wonder when the boss is going to raise their salary.

But society, in its wide sense, is eternally side-stepping persons who, with abundant means, try to get themselves liked through appearance alone. At the same time it is welcoming everywhere certain other persons who have no assets but character and charm of manner.

About the time Robert Louis Stevenson was writing his first magazine articles somebody gave him a corduroy smoking-jacket. That garment has become the center of a myth since his death—the myth that Stevenson was a *poseur* in dress. Even persons who knew him in life, says his wife, now declare that they recall perfectly his slight figure, with the familiar red sash and pirate pants. Strangers who saw Robert Louis in ordinary riding costume would take oath, an hour later, that he was dressed like a cowboy. Mrs. Stevenson protests that her husband dressed conventionally, and attributes this myth to his free gesture, his romantic mind and that corduroy smoking-jacket. He was living then on a small allowance from his father, and set aside part of that for an invalid friend. Corduroy is highly durable. When the garment fell into Stevenson's hands he wore it on every occasion, and was often photographed in it, and it lasted a long while.

Now, give the average Stevensonian power today to step into the past and meet Robert Louis, and he would undoubtedly want to know him during this very period of the corduroy jacket. For while Stevenson was hardly known as a writer his character had surrounded him with friends who would have clung to him had he habitually worn pajamas.

Skill in Buying Cigars

Value is the universal acid-test when it comes to investing in appearance.

One afternoon not long ago two officers of a New York public service corporation went up into Westchester County to meet a contractor and inspect some new equipment. Walking out along a country road together they found that neither of them had anything to smoke. Stepping into the next roadhouse they looked over the cigars. It was a cheap little place, and the proprietor had only two kinds—five-centers and ten-centers. The elder official unhesitatingly took some at five cents.

"Why did you do that?" asked the other when they were outside. Both are accustomed to good Havanas. The younger man would have bought the best the roadhouse had to offer.

"I'll tell you," said his chief. "The people who patronize that place smoke five-cent cigars. Ten-centers are carried as something fancy and are not representative, but you can depend on it that their five-centers are the best at the price."

Later in the afternoon, walking along another country road with the contractor they ran out of smokes again, and all three went into precisely the same sort of roadhouse, with the same kind of cigars. This time, however, the chief unhesitatingly bought ten-centers.

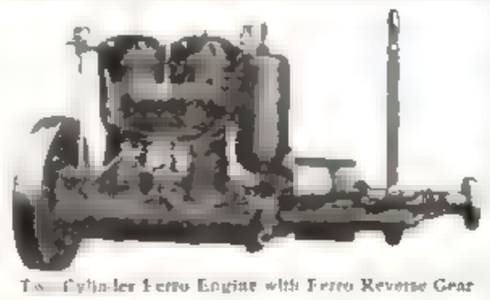
"Why did you do that?" asked the other when the contractor had left them. "In the first place you picked five-centers as the best value, and in the other you reversed yourself."

"Bless my soul, George, but you're stupid," replied the chief. "Can't you see motives in anything? Of course, five-cent cigars were the best value in that second place. But if we had bought anything but the most costly smokes the house afforded, our friend the contractor would have decided that we were men of no importance in our company."

WHEN Mr. Darby of the Acme Motor & Engineering Co., Melbourne, Australia, writes—

"During the last season I entered my boat, 'The Ferro' with Ferro engine, in all the races held by the Victoria Launch Club and was successful in winning their Mordialloc cup, second place in the long distance race, and places in other events. Exclusive of these I got the fastest time on four different occasions and achieved the unique distinction of running the only boat in the club's register which competed in every race and never broke down for a second." he is repeating the praise of thousands of American Ferro owners. The Ferros sell, use are the result of *mechanical perfection*. You will be enthusiastic if you run a Ferro.

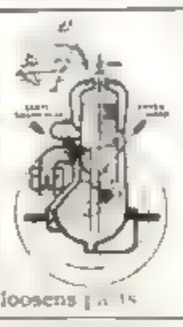
FERRO Marine Engines


Two Cylinder Ferro Engine with Ferro Reverse Gear

Made in 1, 2 and 3 cylinders from 3 to 25 H. P. Jump Spark Ignition
1 and 2 cylinders, 4 to 15 H. P. Make and Break Ignition
Just the engine for any boat for work or pleasure

Attractive Prices—Best Quality

Offset Cylinder—An improvement found in the highest priced automobile motors and Ferro engines. Ferro features Short vertical Jumping effect of Crankshaft. Gives greater power efficiency. Reduces friction and gives greater strength. Eliminates side thrusts of piston on cylinder walls. Eliminates "knock" which loosens parts.



Ferro Engine Embodies Most Advanced Improvements
Offset Balanced Crankshaft
Sliding Gear Timing System for any Speed
Positive Pressure Oiling System.
Efficient Ignition System Jump Spark and Make and Break
Accessible Working Parts.
A Few Parts Interchangeable
And others too lengthy to mention

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Jas. M. Nelson & ... Los Angeles
J. C. S... Long Beach
... Marquette, Mich.
S. P. Thomas, ... Haven, Conn.
... Broadway, New York
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... Long Branch
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SPECIAL – 5000 3 H. P. FERROS AT $60 EACH. Good as money can buy. All improvements of standard Ferros, quantity brings down the price. Just the thing for launch, ... yacht.

Biggest Value in Reverse Gear on the Market. Ferro Reverse gives positive control and a neutral point where engine runs free. Get a catalogue.

Leading Boat Builders use Ferro engines. They must be good. A few of the following: W. H. Mullins Co., Salem, O. Outing Boat Co., Kalkakee, Ill. Cleveland Auto Boat Co., Cleveland, O. Memphis Boat Co., Memphis, Tenn. Pope Boat Co., Fond du Lac, Wis. Ripley Hdw. Co., Grafton, Ill. Inland Lakes Boat Co., Lake Geneva, Wis. W. J. Hand, New Bedford, Mass. Niagara Boat Co., ... Falls, N. Y. Pioneer Boat & Pattern Co., Bay City, Mich. Packard Motor Yacht Co., Cincinnati, O.

A Practical Treatise covering design, construction, installation and operation of marine motors sold for half the cost—25 cents.

Free Catalogue describing all 1909 models upon request. Write for it.
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A large stock of engines. Experts in charge.

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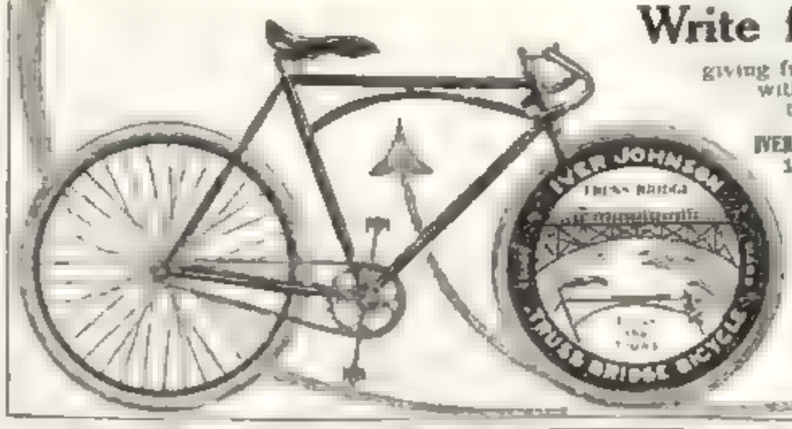
TRUST THE TRUSS

The Iver Johnson is proof against the strain of racing or coasting or the jars of rough roads, because of the Truss Bridge which holds the frame absolutely rigid, preventing sagging and spreading, "give" and "play." Thus the Iver Johnson is wonderfully easy running and far stronger and longer-lived than other bicycles.



Write for Catalogue
giving full description of all models with prices and options; also the name of your dealer.

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Manufacturers of Iver Johnson Revolvers ("Hammer the Hammer" and Single Barrel Shotguns.

Don't Mistake the Cause Lame feet, legs and knees, backache, pain resembling ... are caused by a ... known as Flat Foot, Broken Arch or Weak Instep. ...

C & H ARCH INSTEP SUPPORT

50c. PER PAIR
At your dealers, or direct from us by mail.
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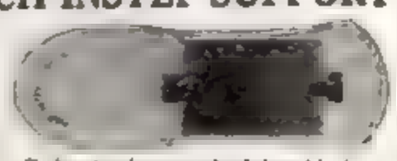
Shadow view showing steel arch through leather top

C & H ARCH SHANK CO., Dept. E, Brockton, Mass.

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PATENTS Mason, Fenwick & Lawrence, Est. 47 years. Box C, Washington, D. C. Best references. Careful work. Terms moderate. Booklet Free. Write us.

Brighten Up

PAINTING season will soon be here. Now is the time to think about it. The house probably needs repainting, both for protection against the weather and for the sake of its appearance, and there is nothing that will show better returns for the time and money spent at house-cleaning time than paint and varnish used inside the house.

Go to the nearest Sherwin-Williams dealer, tell him what you wish to paint or varnish and he will show you a Brighten Up Finish that will do it and do it properly.

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS

Brighten Up Finishes

are a line of Paints and Varnishes which do exactly what they are intended to do, giving a right treatment to each surface. It is impossible to obtain one paint or varnish that is suitable for a wide variety of uses, so it is very important to obtain a product that is exactly suitable for the purpose you have in mind.

The dealer will help you choose, or our booklet, "Brighten Up Finishes," sent on request, will help. If you are going to paint the exterior of your home, write us and we will send you color suggestions and other helpful information.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO.
LARGEST PAINT AND VARNISH MAKERS IN THE WORLD
Address all inquiries to 613 Canal Road, N. W., Cleveland, Ohio
In Canada to 639 Centre St., Montreal
London Address: 7 Well Court, Queen Street, E. C.

Here is a Receipt for all Household Cleaning

It does away with so much soap—is twice as effective—makes work twice as easy—saves nearly all the hard rubbing and scrubbing.

The directions are simple: For floors, woodwork, windows, sinks, tubs, pots and pans, carpets, rugs, curtains, china, cut-glass, silver—all dish-washing—family-washing, laces, heavy blankets—everything—just add to the water a little

C. C. Parsons' TRADE Household MARK Ammonia

But see that your grocer gives you C. C. Parsons'—for that is the only kind which softens and benefits the hands instead of roughening them—the only kind which softens and whitens fabrics and saves colors instead of fading them. It is not plain ammonia—it is specially prepared for cleansing and is four times stronger than ordinary ammonia.

Sold by grocers and dealers everywhere in Pint, Quart and Half-Gallon bottles.

Write for an interesting booklet which tells in story form, how to cut cleaning work in half and also how to use C. C. Parsons' Household Ammonia in the bath

COLUMBIA CHEMICAL WORKS
59 Sedgwick Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

ALONE IN AFRICA

(Concluded from Page 5)

my Administration—that is, during the years I was administering elsewhere. In any large jungle there are certain to be some lions that are dishonest, and if the conditions are such that these lions prosper or commit their evil deeds with impunity the example is a very evil thing for the community. Where these lions are lions of great sagacity and of temperament both unscrupulous and reckless, and where the conditions are such that they act without proper supervision and control and, at first, without proper check of jungle opinion, they delude many innocent animals into coming within the deadly zone of their influence.

There is one fundamental proposition that can be laid down as regards all these matters, namely: While honesty itself will not solve the problem, yet insistence on honesty—not merely technical honesty, but honesty of purpose and spirit—is an essential element in bringing about the proper methods here, as I have repeatedly said it is at home. Vice in its cruder and more archaic form shocks everybody, but it is just as essential that vice that hides itself behind the reputation of being the kings of beasts should shock and be punished in even greater degree.

In conclusion, I may say that I trust that my successor in Washington will read these words with that understanding that will show him his way to follow my policies unswervingly, not being misled by the demagogue or the visionary on the one hand, or the reactionary and the malefactor of great wealth on the other.

IV

CASUALLY examining a large bull elephant I shot this morning, genus Elephas, sub-family Elephantinæ, this particular specimen being Elephas (Loxodon) Africanus, and five-toed and proboscidian, as is common. I was reminded that this animal is the emblem of the Republican party, which still remains in power in the United States through the election, at my behest, of my successor

The chase and kill of this elephant were fraught with many exciting incidents, but the thought that was uppermost in my mind was that in advocating an income tax and an inheritance tax my successor is wisely following the lines laid down by myself.

Just as we came upon this elephant I was conversing with Doctor Mearns on the juror who seems to accept the view that unless a man can be proved guilty of some particular crime he shall be counted a good citizen, no matter how infamous the life he has led. This monstrous doctrine, combined with the pandering to demagogic sentiment by judges who truckle to the mob and bow down to corporations, kept many people out of jail whom I desired to see there, and so earnest was my discourse on the matter that when the word was given to fire I merely wounded the elephant, who charged us.

"Run!" shouted the beaters. "Run for your lives!"

It was a crowded moment. The chances were that we would be killed by the infuriated beast, and in continuing the discussion with the Doctor I reminded him that in interpreting the Sherman anti-trust law the Supreme Court construed that law in such a manner that the business of the country cannot be conducted without breaking the law. I have pointed this out at various times, remarking on judges who, by lagging behind in their understanding, do lasting harm.

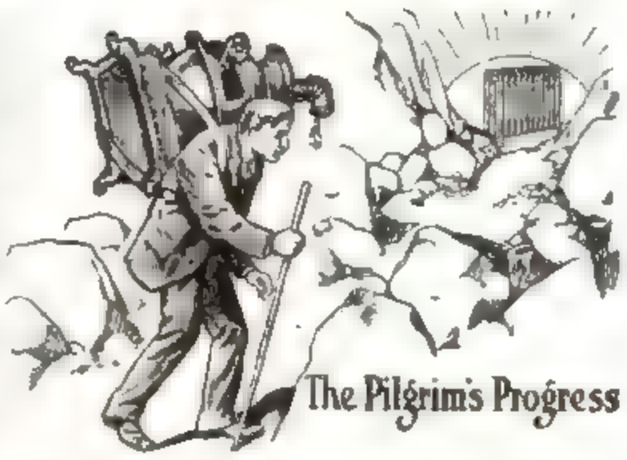
I had not used more than an hour in expounding my views, continuing in the tree into which the Doctor and myself climbed, when there came another chance to shoot the elephant. This time I took careful aim and succeeded in placing the bullet in the vital spot.

In closing this description of this hunt I desire to say that ours is a wonderful country, but that power scattered through many administrators, many legislators, many men who work behind and through legislators and administrators is impalpable, is unseen, is irresponsible, cannot be reached, cannot be held to account. I think I may fairly say that there is nothing about me that is either impalpable or unseen, and I shall be home within eighteen months.

It was an exciting hunt.

But one royal road to heating

It's a weary, wearing road up and down the cellar stairs traveled by the householder who relies on old-fashioned, extravagant heating methods to offset high winds. It is these needless cares which make life miserable—taking the time which might be given to agreeable duties, and the money which should go for needed comforts.



AMERICAN RADIATORS & IDEAL BOILERS require one-third less coal than the average stove or hot-air furnace. In severe weather no forcing is necessary to send ample volume of warmth to windward rooms, and in mild weather a low fire from a little coal makes just enough comfort—no fuel wasted.

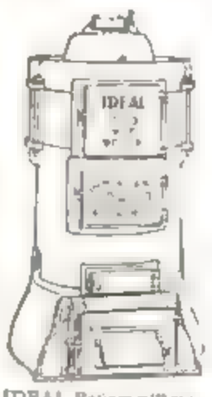
IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators act like an automatic servant in silently, steadily meeting the sudden weather changes. No straining or burning out of parts, no rivets to loosen, no thin metals to warp, strip, or rust—fifty winters' use will not wear them out; no repair bills needed. The possible 25% to 50% coal savings, labor savings and protection to furnishings (no dust, dirt, or coal gases in the rooms) soon repay the cost; a far better investment than money loaned at 6%. If you are tired of old-fashioned heating with its fire forcing, uneven heating, fuel waste, of strain on patience and drain on pocket-book, let us show you the "royal road" to right heating of your building, whether OLD or new, in town or country.

A No. IDEAL Boiler and 315 ft. of AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner $185, were used to Hot-Water heat this cottage

A No. IDEAL Boiler and 410 ft. of AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner $200, were used to Hot-Water heat this cottage

At these prices the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent Fitter [illegible] according to climatic and other conditions.

Our booklets, free, contain complete, valuable information and put you under no obligation whatever to buy.



IDEAL Boilers will supply the necessary heat at night for [illegible] with one charging of coal, [illegible] to start up for [illegible] next day. IDEAL Boilers are made for use with hard or soft coal, lignite, wood, oil, gas, etc

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REMOVING FOUL AIR

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Stirring It Up

A STURTEVANT "READY-TO-RUN" Ventilating Set

IS PORTABLE

and "ready-to-run" when the plug is put into the electric light socket.

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PATENT SENSE and PATENTS THAT PROTECT yield our clients enormous profits. Write us for PROOF. Inventors lose millions through worthless patents. R. S. & A. B. LACEY, Dept 38 Washington, D. C. Established 1869.

New Thin Model Watch

Direct from Factory at Great Saving $7.85

Men's 7-jewel Bridge Model movement, open face, gold plated case, stem wind and set, handsomely engraved, 12 size, 20 year gilt, Arabic figures. Retails for $10 to $12. Your opportunity to get a nobby, up-to-date timepiece at wholesale price. *We agree to keep this watch in repair free for five years.*

Ladies' Watch $9.50

[illegible] 7-jewel movement, 6 or 12 size, Bridge model, gold filled case guaranteed 20 years. *Kept in repair free for 5 years.* Send for free Watch Booklet B.

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This beautifully designed

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Many Styles and Prices

is a positive [illegible] necessity for protecting valuable [illegible] Prepaid to any point in the U. S. at [illegible] Made of fragrant southern mountain Red Cedar they are moth, dust and damp proof, and are ideal wedding or birthday gifts. Free catalog.

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I offer an opportunity to add to your salary $5, $10 or $15 each month whichever you may select. If you want to increase your income let me hear from you. I will pay you a salary for doing some special work which will not interfere with your regular work in any way. Just ask me to "Send Special Plan No. 9"

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SUCCESS HAND VACUUM CLEANER $15

In one operation cleans, sweeps and dusts. No [illegible] Weighs only [illegible] Lasts in use for years. [illegible] Agents and dealers wanted. [illegible] Write for [illegible] Hutchison Mfg. Co., 325 Wood St., Wilkinsburg, Pa. Greater Pittsburg

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CHALLENGE Brand WATERPROOF
COLLARS & CUFFS

Delight every careful dresser who is a lover of life in the open. However strenuously you may exercise you can be certain that your collar has not suffered. In no other collar ever manufactured can you find so perfect a blend of fashion, good taste and economy.

Challenge Collars and Cuffs are made in the latest and most desirable models. They have the perfect fit, the finish and dress look of the best linen collars you ever wore. Their finish permits easy, correct adjustment of the tie.

Challenge Collars and Cuffs are absolutely waterproof, never turn yellow, can be cleaned with soap and water. You cannot tell them from linen.

Sold by leading haberdashers everywhere. If your dealer does not handle Challenge Brand Collars and Cuffs, send us his name and 50 cents per pair for collars and 25 cents per pair for cuffs and we will see that you are promptly supplied. Our new booklet gives the proper styles for the season and tells what to wear and when to wear it. Let us send it to you.

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Just a little on Cheese is delicious. It adds zest to Welsh Rarebit, Macaroni with Cheese, Cheese Toast and Chafing Dish Cooking.

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THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

Beware of Imitations.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Agts., N. Y.

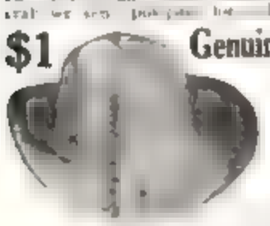
$1.00 Mexican Palm Hat 50c

For Men, Women and Children—All Sizes

Greatest hat bargain of the season. Over 10,000 sold. Order by number, state size and color wanted. Mexican hats are popular here. Only 50 cents. Three for $1.25.

$1 Genuine Panama Hat $1.00

Imported Direct



An exceptional opportunity for you. Value $5.00. Fine quality, extra weave, fashionable shape. Mexican and Panama Hats Free. Money back if unsatisfactory.

FRANCIS E. LESTER CO., Dept. FD4, Mesilla Park, New Mex.

RECEIVERSHIP ABUSES

(Continued from Page 4)

worth while to give the main facts about the Knickerbocker fee. Originally the sum of $400,000 was set aside for the expenses of receivers and counsel. Later, when motion was made to discharge the receivers (there were three), the court fixed the compensation of each receiver at $75,000 and that of the counsel at $75,000, making a total of $300,000. It happened that Attorney-General Jackson had a deputy, a keen young lawyer named W. A. DeFord. He opposed this fee, which he considered extortionate. He took the case before Judge Gaynor, who reduced the total amount to $80,000, giving each receiver $20,000 and the rest to counsel. In handing down this decision Judge Gaynor said:

"The amount allowed ($300,000) was so grossly excessive as to amount to spoliation of the assets of the trust company. To allow it to stand would implant general distrust of the administration of justice."

Two banking institutions are now being liquidated under the direction of the Superintendent of Banks—the Lafayette Trust Company and the Harbor and Suburban Building and Savings Association

We have seen what is done in the case of a bank that is liquidated under the new law. Let us now see the procedure with a building and loan association, for that will give an idea at the same time of the watch that is being kept by Superintendent Williams on the financial institutions of the State

The Harbor and Suburban Building and Savings Association, though not a very large concern, was the repository for the savings of a number of people who wanted to build homes. From a recent examination of its affairs Mr. Williams found out that its finances neared the point where a sudden drain on the treasury would be fatal. There were considerable assets but not much cash. One day he read in the newspapers that a man had been struck on the head by a brick that fell from a house that the association was building. The man sued the association for $40,000 and got a big verdict. The company appealed the case.

Mr. Williams set to work to watch the progress of this case. When he found that the higher court had affirmed the verdict of the lower court he sent for the principal officers of the association.

"You can't pay that verdict," he said. "I think you are insolvent."

"Yes," said the officers.

"Have you anything to suggest?" asked the superintendent.

Economy in Administration

When they said no he closed the institution and put one of his deputies in charge as receiver. The deputy had the lock on the door and the combination of the safe changed. He was in actual possession. Then he went quietly about the business of converting the company's assets into money, protecting its interests generally and thus really safeguarding the savings of the stockholders.

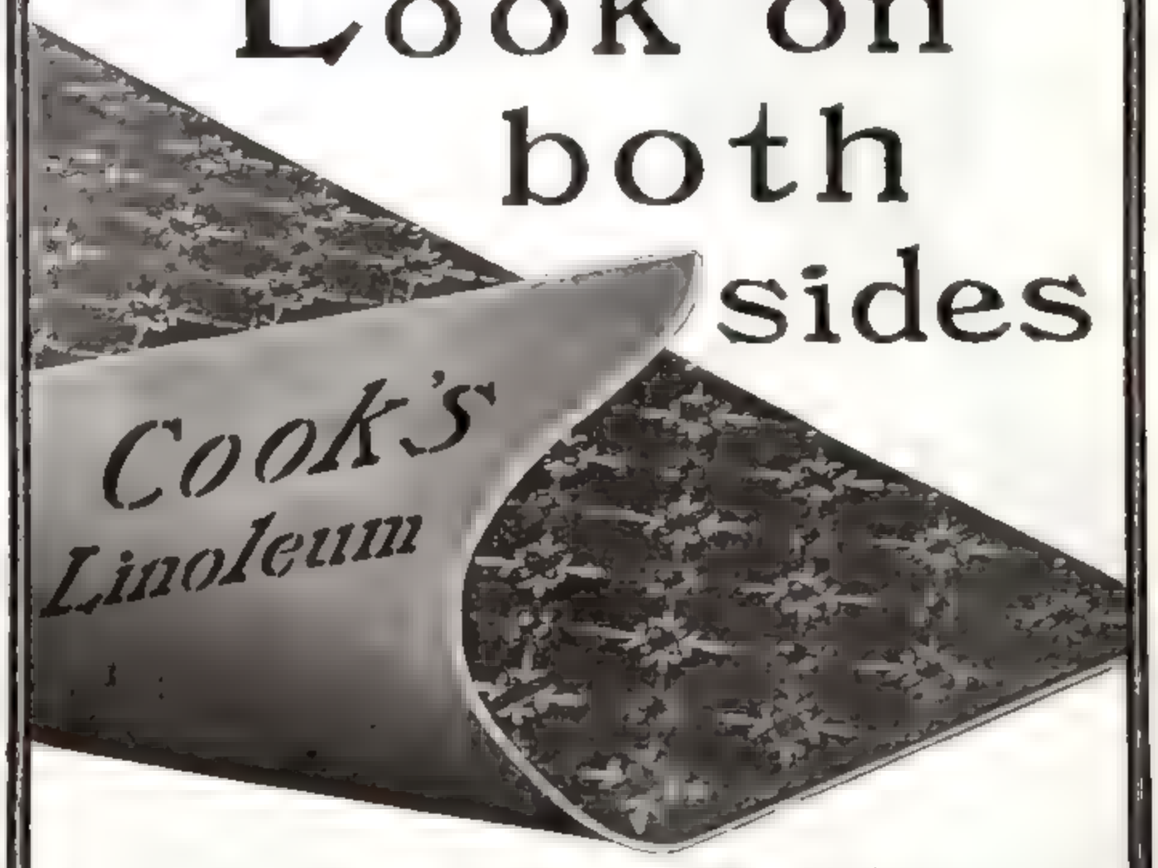
The interesting thing about this performance is, first, that it shows the way the Department works under the new laws, and second, that all its machinery was put into useful motion without public excitement. Mr. Williams knew that a sensational report about the closing of a building and loan association, even a small one, might cause a run on larger and perfectly solvent institutions. No news spreads quite so fast as bad financial news; none is more subject to absurd exaggeration. It has caused more than one senseless run, and these runs, in turn, have created general distrust and panic.

Therefore, when every step had been taken to conserve the company, the Superintendent of Banks made a brief announcement of the closing on the bulletin which he is required by law to issue every Friday, giving the news of the Department and his official acts. It is posted in his office and then sent to the press.

The official statement about this particular case, as it appeared on the bulletin, was:

> Pursuant to the provisions of Section 19 (former Section 19) of the Banking Law, the Superintendent of

Look on both sides



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Cook's Linoleum Book M, sent free on request, contains color reproductions of the newest patterns, suggestions for various rooms, and hints to help in buying.

Does your church, lodge room, school or public hall need a new floor-covering? If so, ask to see **Cook's Cork Carpet.** Quiet and durable.

Cook's Decora for your walls is beautiful, sanitary, economical and labor saving. The modern, cleanable, water-proof wall-cloth; which comes in rolls, is hung like wall-paper, lasts a life time, and, when soiled or dusty, is made like new again by wiping with a damp cloth. Tapestry, burlap and tile effects, floral designs, etc. Write for book, HOME DECORATION.

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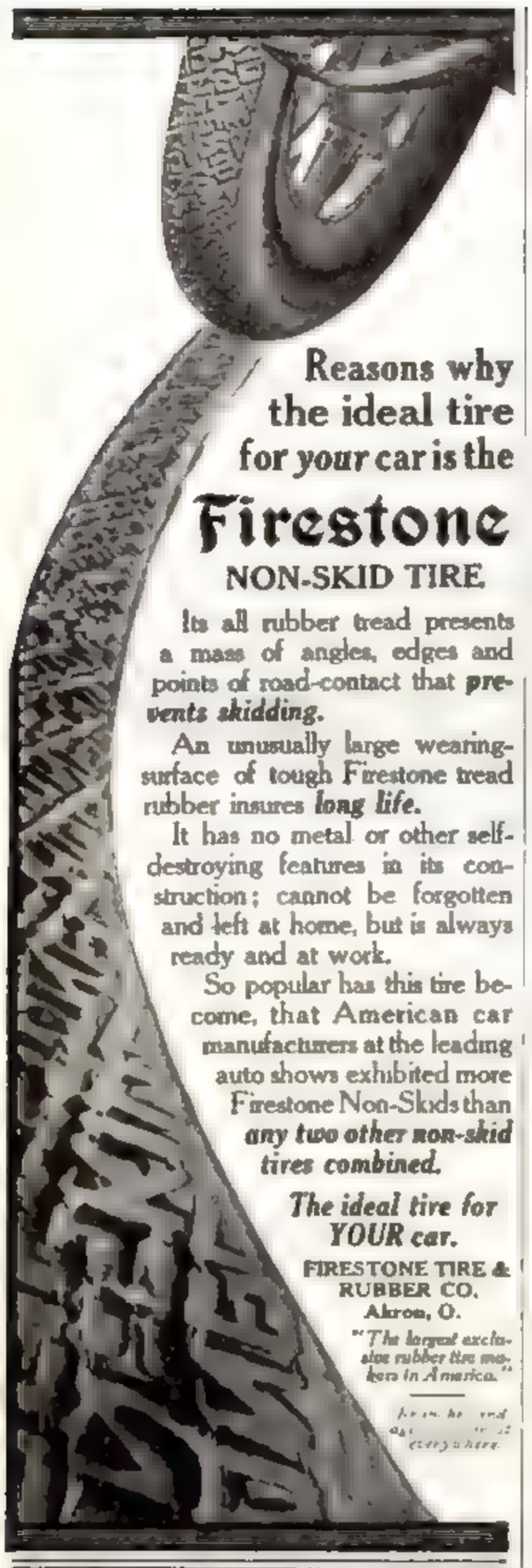
TRENTON, NEW JERSEY.



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An unusually large wearing-surface of tough Firestone tread rubber insures ***long life.***

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Strops all safety razor blades, both single and double edge. Absolutely automatic and cannot cut strop. Order through your dealer; or we will send complete outfit including strop prepaid for $3.00. Money back after 15 days trial if not satisfactory.

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Banks took possession of the Harbor and Suburban Building and Savings Association and appointed Horace J. Young, of Syracuse, New York, an examiner of the Department, special deputy superintendent as agent in liquidation. Compensation, sixteen dollars a day while employed. Knickerbocker Trust Company designated as depository for funds.

Thus the compensation of the receiver is stated at the start, so there is no possible chance for excessive charges.

Other news which is posted in this bulletin may be the appointment of a new examiner, with the amount of his salary, the hiring of a clerk or stenographer, or the application of a bank or trust company to open a branch office. In short, the bulletin is part of the publicity program of the new banking laws.

The State is fortunate in having a man of the type of Mr. Williams to be the first to carry out the banking reforms. For example, although he is permitted by law to appoint laymen, he has named his own examiners as receivers for failed institutions, establishing in this way a precedent for future superintendents. He has also established the precedent of having a trained examiner get the work of reorganization well under way, and then, when possible, intrusting its completion to a competent and honest employee of the institution. This greatly lessens the cost of receivership.

How the New Law Works

It is safe to say that no piece of constructive financial reform of the past ten years is of greater general importance or interest than the law which places the liquidation of failed State banks in the hands of the Superintendent of Banks. It puts one of the most sacred of public trusts squarely up to a public official, and not up to a private individual. If that official is remiss in his duty and unfaithful he can be brought to the bar of the Legislature for judgment.

That New York has set for the rest of the country a worthy example which will be heeded is evidenced by the fact that other States are considering the adoption of her bank-receivership law. This is not surprising, for practically every State has had its long scandal of receivership abuses. Already Wisconsin, California and Connecticut lawmakers are discussing the measure.

Superintendent Williams has been asked to talk about it at a dozen State bankers' conventions.

Significant of the influence of the measure at home is a bill which has just been introduced into the New York Legislature at Albany giving the Superintendent of Insurance the power to take possession of and liquidate insolvent insurance companies, thus putting them out of the reach of private receivers.

It provides just one more example of departmental liquidation. In urging this legislation, in a message to the Legislature, Governor Hughes said: "The serious delays and enormous waste connected with receiverships, both of banking and of insurance corporations, have directed attention to the advisability of providing suitable means for economical and speedy liquidation through the agency of their respective State departments."

There are conservative business men everywhere who see in the New York bank liquidation statute a hint as to the means of purging all kinds of receiverships of extravagance and politics. Just as the bankruptcy law gives swift and economical relief for the distressed, so could professional receivers, working for a stipulated salary, wind up business concerns without exorbitant costs.

Superintendent Williams was asked what he thought the greatest achievement of the receivership law was, and he said:

"The operation of the new liquidation law not only fixes the responsibility upon a State official accountable directly to the people, but also affords economical and businesslike management of the trust in the interest of depositors and stockholders. It means conservation as opposed to spoliation."

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Sidewalks?
Clothes Posts?
Curbs?
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A Cellar Floor?
Or other improvements?

If so, make them of concrete, and you will never need to replace them. Our free book

"Concrete Construction about the Home and on the Farm"

gives you a complete description of how this work can be done under your supervision.

Concrete is the most economical, most practical, most durable and most sanitary of all building materials for houses, farm buildings and home or farm surroundings.

But—

its success depends upon the quality of cement used in making it. It isn't enough that you get "Portland" Cement. Concrete is made with Portland Cement. The best is made with Atlas Portland Cement. It is the standard—always pure, always uniform and always sure to produce the best results. There is but one grade of Atlas—the same for everybody—for the U. S. Government which bought 4,500,000 barrels for use in building the Panama Canal; for you who may want only a barrel. The book explains. Send for it today.

Other books:
"Concrete Cottages"—sent free
"Concrete Country Residences"—delivery charges 25 cents
"Reinforced Concrete in Factory Construction"—delivery charges 10 cents

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LARGEST CAPACITY OF ANY CEMENT COMPANY IN THE WORLD—OVER 40,000 BARRELS PER DAY

NONE JUST AS GOOD

Headaches and Fevers
Come From Waste Pipes

that contain stoppage or are coated with slime, which cause noxious gases that imperil the whole household. Are you sure *your* waste pipes are clean? Do you realize *it is more important that they should be clean than any other part of your house?* You cannot be absolutely safe unless you clean your pipes once or twice a month.

Recommended by Physicians and Sanitary Experts

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The Little Giant Household Pump

is guaranteed to remove the most *obstinate* obstructions from and thoroughly clean all pipes leading from Kitchen Sinks, Wash Basins, Bath Tubs, Refrigerators, Hotel and Saloon Wash Boxes, Soda Fountains etc. Ninety per cent of trouble with plumbing is due either to partial or complete stoppage of waste pipes. Keep the LITTLE GIANT PUMP on hand, and you will never have to send for the plumber and help to make him rich.

Our patented force and lift cup does the work.

No Skill at All Required. No bucket or hose or any other tool required. No fuss, no muss. You just place pump over opening of pipe and work piston up and down as you would a bicycle pump, and pipe is free in a jiffy. All foreign matter is instantly passed on down to the sewer.

Thirty Days' Trial Offer My pump is made of polished brass, with attachments of pure rubber. It will last you a lifetime. I know it will pay for itself every time it is used. I will send it, express prepaid, on receipt of regular price of $4.00. Keep it for 30 days. Then if you are not delighted, send it back, and I will instantly refund your money. Not one pump ever returned. Send $4.00 (only in registered letter, bank draft or express or post office money order. Booklet free.

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Benzoate of Soda is a tasteless, odorless product of coal tar, medicinally used for many diseases. It is a drug, not a food.

No manufacturer who uses good, sound, fresh raw material, maintains sanitary premises and requires neatness in his work-people, needs to use Benzoate of Soda or any other artificial preservative.

Manufacturers using Benzoate of Soda state its presence upon the labels of their products, because the Law compels them to do so—but the statements are always hidden in small type as obscurely placed as possible—a fact which, in itself, is a reflection upon the use of the substance.

The use of any drug with which to embalm the food supply of the country is unnatural, unnecessary and unjustifiable.

Heinz "57 Varieties"—like the products of many other reputable and high-class establishments—are prepared without Benzoate of Soda or any other artificial preservative, and may be purchased anywhere with absolute confidence in their purity, goodness and keeping quality.

The public may choose for itself what kind of foods it will eat. If you wish to avoid prepared foods that have been drugged, read all there is printed on every food label.

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SLUSH'S MA

(Continued from Page 7)

"Of course I won't; you knew that, dear. And now hurry, dear, we're going to the Doctor's."

And Slush went.

The walk the next morning, from the Lodge past the Esplanade and the peopled windows of the Upper to recite before the Roman, was probably the most painful ten minutes of his life. The whole fourth form was there, as he knew it would be, dangling its legs over the stone balustrade, leaning hungrily out of the serried windows, lolling under the apple trees.

"Why, there's Slush!" said the first tormentor.

"You don't say so," said the second, while down the line with mock seriousness the dialogue continued.

"What? Slush Randolph?"

"The very same."

"Thought he'd gone home."

"Oh, mamma!"

"Looks different, don't he?"

"Washed and combed."

"So he is."

"Dear, dear, just as neat and clean as he can be."

"Now I wonder!"

Slush heard and made mental dates and answered with words which schoolboys do not use in fiction. He entered Memorial with the sounds of a chorus wafted to him, led by Goat Finney's mocking tenor:

"Mother, may I go out to swim?
Yes, my darling Slushie ——"

The first recitation was in Vergil under the redoubtable Roman, whose eye was never tricked. Slush recited—not simply rose and hemmed, but translated easily, with perfect confidence, while a titter circled around the room, and the Roman, dumfounded, gripped the desk and balanced on one leg of his chair. Fifteen lines of perfect translation. Slush stopped.

"Don't stop, Randolph; don't stop," said the Roman suspiciously. "This is quite a treat, quite an unusual treat."

Slush finished the advance.

"And now let's try the review, Randolph," said the Roman gently; "most extraordinary!"

Without a break the periods flowed on.

"Dear, dear! It's quite a shock, isn't it?" said the Roman, rendered more suspicious by the glee of the class. "Randolph, just bring me your copy, here—that's it."

"I don't see what right, sir ——" said Slush, inwardly delighted.

The Roman took the book, found it guiltless of interlinear aids and handed it back.

Slush returned in triumph to his seat.

"Well! Well!" said the Roman, still uncomprehending. "Quite out of the ordinary—excellent—excellently well done. Randolph, what has happened?"

The titter broke into a howl of delight, while the Triumphant Egghead in the next aisle whispered hoarsely:

"Tell him!"

Slush managed to ram one elbow, quite inadvertently, into the Egghead's eye and trod clumsily on the feet of Old Ironsides Smith as he fell into his seat.

In Greek the same triumphant progress. Then, after several vigorous explanations (no apologies accepted) he went to lunch at the Lodge. But, alas for all resolutions, in the afternoon came French and mathematics—impossible subjunctives, feminine and masculine genders, and logarithms with a touch of the binomial theorem. Slush half flunked, then flunked altogether. It was not his fault. He had not the slightest intention of entering the diplomatic service or of conducting a bank. French and mathematics were abhorrent and an economical waste of time. Discouraged, he confided his woes to his mother.

"Who teaches you French, dear?" said Mrs. Randolph thoughtfully.

"Tabby."

"Who?"

"Mr. Tapping, over in the Dickinson. He's got a grudge on all of us, cause he's going next year."

"And who's the teacher in mathematics, Robert?"

"Oh, he's Brother Baldwin. He used to be a cinch, but Hickey spoiled it all with his Political Education, and now he's a terror!"

"They're both younger masters, aren't they?"

If we don't believe in our own clothes, how can we expect *you* to have confidence in them?

There's only *one way* we can *show* that we *don't* doubt their merit, that's by putting our *label* into all

Sincerity Clothes

The label is our *signed responsibility*. You see, *we* know how *honestly* we *make* our goods.

A book about men's fashions free. It's worth a lot more. Write for it today.

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Balbriggan of course. Every man knows this satisfactory, long-wearing, non-shrinking, knitted stuff.

Listen! It is *now* made into the most comfortable undergarments you ever wore—the new style, short sleeve, knee length, coat-shirt. It fits perfectly; is ample and easy in crotch and seat.

There is a little book on

Roxford Underwear

For Men and Boys. It tells about this great improvement in masculine undergarments. Send for it before you purchase your Spring underwear. *It is well worth writing for.*

Long sleeve shirts — Ribbed and flat union suits
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Any style, any weight, for any climate. 50c., 75c., $1.00. Send your name for the Book and please yourself.

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REMINGTON, $18.75

One rebuilt machine only in new localities to secure desirable agent. Special agents' prices supplied on all makes of typewriters.

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Cards, circulars, books, newspaper, from $5. [illegible] for [illegible] Write for [illegible] of printing, type, paper, etc.

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Makes old things new like magic.

Its cost is trifling—its uses are numberless. In every home there are household articles—a chair, a picture frame, chandelier or bedstead, that would be made as good as new if refinished with SAPOLIN.

SAPOLIN will bring back the lost beauty to favorite bits of furniture or ornaments, and give second life to articles you might otherwise throw away.

SAPOLIN is handy, convenient and economical. The dealer will sell you a special SAPOLIN to suit your purpose, producing handsome effects in rich Gold, bright Aluminum, hard Enamel White, Wood Stains, Porcelain finish for bathtubs, brilliant Black for stove pipes, wire screens, etc.

At 25, 40 and 75 cents, wherever paint is sold.
Trial size 15 cents.

¶ **SPECIAL OFFER** During April and May SAPOLIN dealers (and thrifty ones first class dealers everywhere) will give free with each 25 cent purchase of SAPOLIN, a handsomely decorated Savings Bank.

FREE Write for our fascinating story "A Twentieth Century Aladdin's Lamp." It also explains SAPOLIN, its uses and economy.

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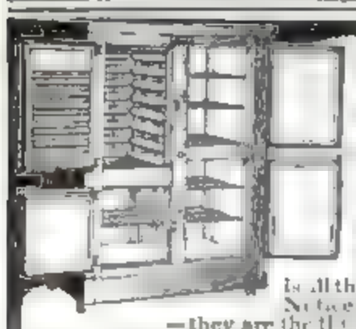

See These Refrigerators

If possible before you buy. Let us tell you who is the McCray dealer in your city that you may call on him and see that the McCray is all that we claim for it. Notice the McCray walls—they are the thickest and heaviest refrigerator walls made and are built of materials best adapted to keeping the heat out and the cold in. In the McCray the temperature is colder and

Less Ice Is Used Than In Other Refrigerators.

Your choice of sanitary linings. Opal-glass, (looks like white enamel—¼ inch thick) porcelain tile, white enameled wood or odorless white wood. No zinc is ever used. Lasting forms. Ample provision for perishable and other food. Can be arranged for icing from an outside porch if desired.

McCray Refrigerators
(Keep Things Fresh)

because the air in them is purified by constantly recurring contact with the ice used by the McCray System. This also keeps the air so that even matches or salt can be kept perfectly dry in a McCray refrigerator.

McCray Refrigerators of all regular sizes and styles are ready for immediate shipment. Special refrigerators for any purpose can be shipped three weeks after order is received. Every McCray is guaranteed to give lasting satisfaction. Upon request we will send any one of these six books, which explains why McCray Refrigerators are better than others and how different kinds are built to meet different conditions. Name the books you want. Refrigerators. A for Residences, 33 for Meat Markets, 47 for Hotels, Clubs, Institutions, etc., 51 for Florists.

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"SANITARY" ELECTRIC HOUSE PUMPS

For Residence, Factory or Farm

This cut shows the "Sanitary" Triangle Double Acting Pump driven by an electric motor. Ingenious gear reduction against which with 1½ h.p. motor will pump up to 125 lbs. with larger motor can also be driven by any other power available.

Ample Water Supply

under pressure for bath-room and kitchen, and for sprinkling lawn and garden, or any purpose.

We manufacture a full line of Single and Duplex Power Driven Pumps. Rotary Pumps, Deep Well Heads and Water Tanks.

Write today for FREE BOOKLET

THE SANITARY PUMP COMPANY
15 S Canal St., Dayton, Ohio

What? **Quality Cut-Up Picture Puzzles**

Numbers of pieces in puzzles see 25, 50, 75, 100, 150, 200 and up. Send us half as many cents as number pieces in puzzle you desire. Postage Prepaid

Globe Puzzle Co., 116 Broad St., Boston, Mass.

"Huh, yes—just out of college. They're always the worst!"

"Well, dear, you've done very well today with Latin and Greek; the rest'll come somehow. Run along now, but be back for tea at five."

The next afternoon when Slush returned, embittered by further fruitless charges against the Gallic line, he stopped in amazement outside his mother's room, whence rose a hum of strangely familiar voices. He opened the door. Tabby and Brother Baldwin were down on their knees, puffing hilariously at the flame under the teakettle which refused to go out.

The next day Slush recited on a passage in French that a beginner would have scorned. Also Brother Baldwin retained him after class and said:

"Randolph, I want to be fair in all things. Mathematics is often a constitutional weakness, I know. When I see a boy thoroughly, earnestly resolved to do his work I shall always take into allowance that constitutional weakness. You come around to my study tonight and perhaps a little personal illustration may make your task easier. That's all."

The next day, on returning to the Lodge, a new surprise greeted him in the shapes of the Egghead and Turkey Reiter busily opening bottles of ginger ale and sarsaparilla, while Doc Macnooder and the Goat hovered about the Welsh rarebit that his mother was making. Each afternoon, from that time on, the little parlor was crowded with hungry, joyous boys, blessing the Providence that had brought Slush into difficulties.

The evenings saw the Messrs. Tapping and Baldwin, enthusiastically solicitous over Slush's fight for his diploma, dropping in for half-hours of advice and encouragement.

Ten days after the arrival of Mrs. Randolph, Slush began to pass off his back examinations.

V

WHEN Commencement arrived and Slush was triumphantly awarded his diploma it was Mrs. Randolph who received the universal congratulations. Presently the crowd drifted away; the Doctor approached.

"Well, Mrs. Randolph, you've won out," he said with pretended severity; "but you corrupted half my Faculty!"

"Oh, Doctor, I'm sure you never gave Robert anything he didn't deserve," said Mrs. Randolph mischievously. "You know he did deserve it."

"Well, if he didn't, you did, Mrs. Randolph," said the Doctor. "However, Robert did—he always did. That's why I couldn't understand that temporary lapse. Well, what was the matter?"

Mrs. Randolph smiled with the consciousness of approaching triumph.

"He just started to grow, Doctor," she said softly. "Two inches in two months."

"Hem—ah, yes, to be sure," said the Doctor, opening his eyes. "May I ask what you did for it?"

"Oh, dear, yes, it's quite simple and you really ought to know for another time," said Mrs. Randolph, just a trifle maliciously. "Let him sleep and stuff him!"

HAZARDS OF THE DIAMOND TRADE

(Continued from Page 19)

"flim-flammer" managed to swindle a jeweler in Columbus, Ohio, out of several hundred dollars. The jeweler identified a picture of Reich as that of the man who had robbed him. But Reich was in Sing Sing at the time of the swindle. Could it be that his story of the wicked twin had been true, after all? The police scoffed at the suggestion, and Reich will probably remain in prison to the end of his term.

Another man who has been making a fortune out of the jewelers during the last year or two, and whom police and Pinkertons have been searching for in vain, has had a most plausible method of getting his victims into his net. He selects jewels priced at several hundred dollars and says he will have to give a check in payment. He has not brought his check-book with him. Will the jeweler kindly tear a check from his own that he may fill it in? Of course, the jeweler, who doesn't want to take a check from a man he knows nothing about, looks dubious. But the stranger smooths over the difficulty at once.

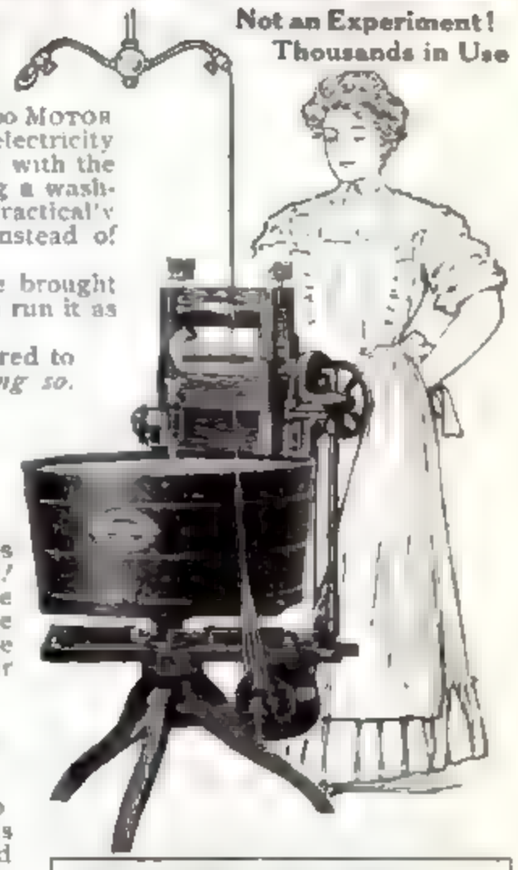
Costs But 2 Cents a Week To Have Your Washing Done by Electricity

This is no ordinary advertisement. It deals with a household invention that lifts from the shoulders of women a burden they've borne for centuries. The simple facts are so astonishing as to seem almost incredible. We bring to your attention the 1900 MOTOR WASHER. A washer that can be operated either by electricity or water power. A machine that actually *does away* with the work and worry of wash-day! Cuts the *cost* of doing a washing to the insignificant sum of *2 cents a week*. Practically *eliminates* expense! Shortens *time* to MINUTES, instead of HOURS!

And all this wonderful economy and convenience brought about by a machine so simple that a mere child can run it as well as a grown person.

These are sweeping statements, but we are prepared to prove them—*and we pay for the privilege of doing so.*

Not an Experiment! Thousands in Use



The 1900 Motor Washer
Run by Electricity

Washes in Two to Six Minutes!

We mean it. Seeing is believing. It seldom takes longer than *two* minutes. *Never* longer than *six!* And the *clock* will verify our claim. If, after you've tried the Washer free for *thirty days*, you don't care to keep it, *we will take it back.* You will not be bothered by "please-keep-it" letters. That's not our way of doing business.

Does Both the Washing and Wringing
A Fine Wringer Furnished Free

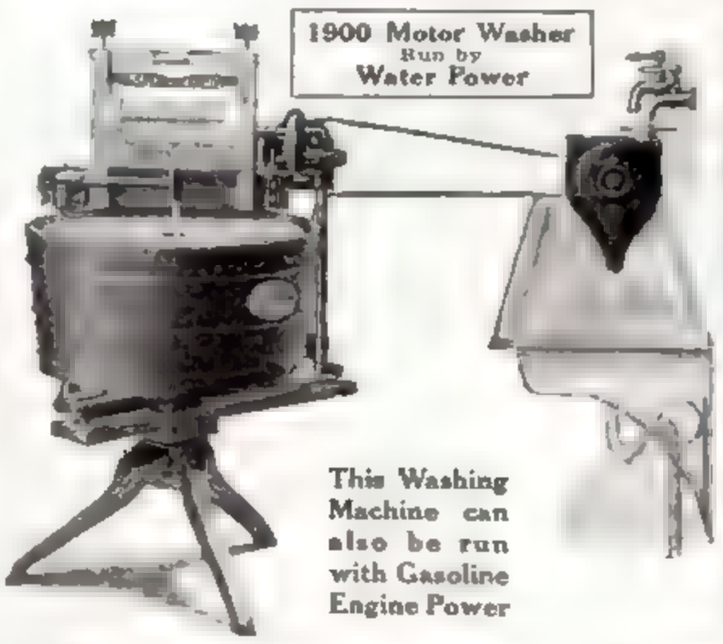
The Motor Washer operates the Wringer, too. No crank to turn—no handle. The Wringer works itself, just as the Washer does. Cog wheels cased in steel to prevent danger of soiling clothes or mashing the fingers. The Wringer comes FREE with every 1900 Motor Washer.

The 1900 Motor Washer

(Either Electric Motor or Water Power Motor)

Sent Anywhere On 30 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

To Any Responsible Reader of The Saturday Evening Post



1900 Motor Washer Run by Water Power

This Washing Machine can also be run with Gasoline Engine Power

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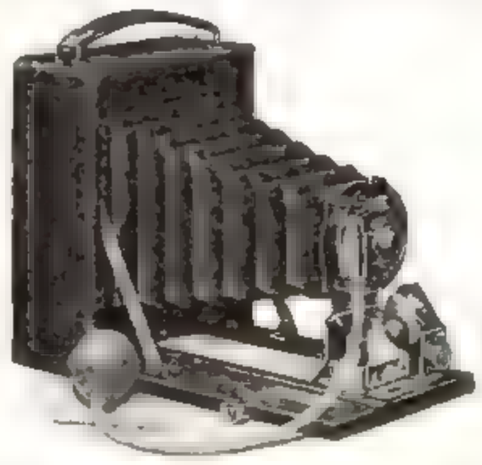

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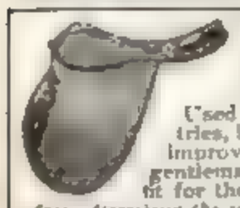

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Whitman Saddle Company, 106-E Chambers Street, New York City

"I don't intend to take the stones until you have found out that my check is good," he says. "You can send around to the bank, and I'll come back for them later in the day."

So the check is sent to the bank and the strange discovery is made that the man has no account there. Still, the jeweler has the stones. He has not been swindled. It is all very puzzling.

Just after bank-closing time the man comes back and asks for his purchase.

"But," says the jeweler, "I can't let you have those stones. The check you gave me is no good."

"What!" cries the stranger, an expression of absolute bewilderment coming over his face. "Impossible! You mean to say they told you I had no account there? I can't understand it. Let me see the check."

He glances at it and bursts into a laugh.

"Why, my dear fellow," says he, "do you know what I did? I forgot to cross out the name of your bank and write in that of my own. However, it's all right, for I have the money with me now."

He pulls out a roll of bills, pays the price, takes the jewels and goes away

But where does the swindle come in? The stranger has the jewels; the jeweler has the money. Is the money counterfeit? No, every one of the bills is as good as gold.

Ah! But where is the check? That check bears the jeweler's indorsement and the customer has forgotten to leave it.

The affair has lost its mystery now. The stranger hurries to a man he has scraped acquaintance with and who is a friend of the jeweler. It is after banking hours, remember, and when the jeweler's friend is asked to cash the check and sees the indorsement his suspicion is not aroused and he hands over the money.

According to the Pinkertons' reports dozens of jewelers in various parts of the country were robbed of from four hundred to six hundred dollars each by this ingenious swindler during 1908.

Most tempting of all the jewel thief's opportunities is that presented by the traveling diamond salesman. The diamond drummer for a first-class house seldom carries less than fifty thousand dollars' worth of stones, and sometimes the value of his goods reaches half a million. If he is traveling for a house that deals only in unset stones he carries his wares in two large leather wallets that fit into specially-made pockets running the entire length of the front of his vest.

The Loss of a Small Wallet

A notable loss was that of a salesman for a New York jewel house, in October, 1908, while he was on his way from St. Louis to Chicago. His stock of diamonds he carried in the usual way in two wallets, one smaller than the other. When he got off the train at Chicago he felt of his pockets and the smaller wallet, containing thirty-five thousand dollars' worth of stones, was missing, and he hadn't an idea of when it could have disappeared. A few days later a negro porter was arrested and confessed the crime. Through information given by the prisoner two-thirds of the stolen gems were recovered.

But the man who robs the traveling salesman is usually a criminal of a low type, often a mere brutal thug who waits his opportunity in the dark of a lonely street. It is in the jewelry stores that the real artists in crime appear. There even the burglar's work seems to possess more originality than elsewhere. On more than one occasion of recent years a jeweler has turned his eyes to his show-window just in time to see, to his amazement, the entire bottom drop out of it, carrying every jewel into the cellar. The burglars had been at work the night before carefully cutting away the flooring of the window, and then had propped it up, concealing all evidences from above of their handiwork. But, of course, they had to wait until some seemingly favorable moment during the day to remove the props, because it is only in business hours that the jewels are on show.

Almost innumerable are the tricks of the criminal classes that beset the jeweler, and, no matter how deeply he may delve into the ways of the underworld, he is pretty sure to be caught, sooner or later, in the meshes of some brand-new scheme of which he has never heard a rumor.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of papers by Mr. Bacon and Mr. Willson on precious stones, where they come from, how they are sold, and what else happens to them.

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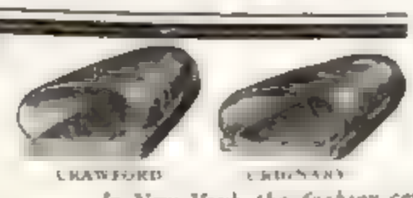

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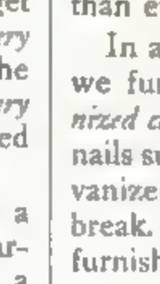

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Below are two inside views Notice how the edges of Crawford insoles are "feathered" or rounded off. Neither weight of the body nor moisture on the insole will cause the edges to curl up and irritate the foot.

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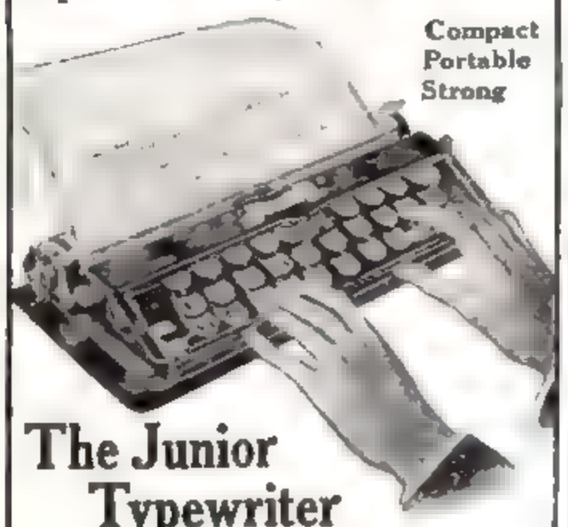

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Shibboleth Scarf in [illegible] Silk Brocade and [illegible] patterns shown in [illegible]

THE HERODS OF OUR DAY

(Continued from Page 13)

five degrees within twelve hours, the skin becomes dry and hot, the throat sore, the tongue parched, and the little patient drowsy and heavy-eyed. Within from twenty-four to forty-eight hours a bright red or pinkish rash appears, first on the neck and chest and then rapidly spreading all over the surface of the body within another twenty-four hours.

Meanwhile the throat becomes sore and swollen, ranging according to the severity of the case, from a slight reddening and swelling to a furious ulcerative inflammation, with the formation of a thick membrane-like exudate, which sometimes is so severe as to raise a suspicion of possible diphtheria. The tongue becomes red and naked, with the papillæ showing light against a red ground, so as to give rise to what has been known as "the strawberry tongue." The temperature is usually high, and the little patient when he drowses off to sleep is quite apt to become more or less delirious. In the vast majority of cases, after two to four days of this the temperature goes down almost as swiftly as it came up, the rash begins to fade, the throat gets less sore and the rebound toward recovery sets in. About this time the daily examination of the urine will begin to show traces of albumin, but this under strict rest in bed and careful diet will usually diminish and ultimately disappear. In the event of a relapse, however, or setback from any cause, the kidneys may become violently attacked, and a considerable per cent of the fatal cases die from suppression of the urine. After this crisis has occurred, however, in ninety-nine per cent of all cases it is comparatively plain sailing, the throat is still sore and troublesome, the skin itches and tickles and the eyes smart, but the little patient steadily improves day by day.

The Flakes and Scales of Scarlet Fever

Anywhere from three to five days after the break in the fever the skin begins to get rough and scaly, and gradually peels off, until in some cases the entire coating of the body is shed, having been killed, as it were, by the violence of the eruption. These *flakes and scales of the skin are exceedingly contagious*, and no case should be regarded as fit to be released from isolation until every particle has been shed and got rid of. This constitutes one of the most tiresome and annoying periods of the disease, as complete shedding is seldom finished before two weeks and sometimes may last from three to five.

However, this long period of contagiousness has been found to be really a blessing in disguise, inasmuch as we now know that even more strikingly than in the other children's diseases it is the period of *recovery* that is the period of *greatest danger* in scarlet fever. Like the Parthians of Greek history it is most dangerous when in retreat. Keeping the child at rest for the greater part of the time, in bed or on a lounge, in a well-ventilated room, or later on a porch or terrace, for five weeks from the beginning of the disease, is well worth all the trouble and inconvenience that it causes, for the sake of the almost absolute protection it gives against dangerous and even fatal complications, particularly of the kidneys, heart or lungs.

This is a fair description of what might be termed an average case of the disease. We also have the sadly familiar type described as the fulminant or literally "lightning-stroke" variety. The child goes down as if struck by an invisible hand, vomiting is one of the first symptoms; delirium follows within ten or twelve hours; the eruption becomes not merely scarlet but purplish from hemorrhage under the skin, giving the name of "black" scarlet fever to this type. The throat becomes furiously swollen, the urine is absolutely suppressed, the child goes into convulsions and dies within forty-eight hours from the beginning of the attack. Fortunately, this type is rare, but the important thing to remember is that it may develop in a child who caught the disease from one of the mildest of all possible cases! Hence every case should be treated with the strictest isolation, as if it were itself of the most malignant type.

Naturally, the mortality of scarlet fever varies according to the type. Not only may it assume a malignant form in individual

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cases, but whole epidemics may be of this character with a mortality of from twenty to thirty per cent. Generally speaking, however, the death rate is about one in twelve, ranging from as low as one in twenty-five to as high as one in five.

As in the case of diphtheria, the greatest danger or most powerful means of spread of the disease is through the mild, unrecognized cases, which are supposed to have nothing but a cold and are allowed to continue in school or play with other children. We have no anti-toxin and no bacteriologic means of positive diagnosis. But one method will stop the spread and within ten or fifteen years exterminate every one of these infections—*isolate every child* that shows symptoms of a cold, sore throat or feverishness *at once*, both for its own sake and that of the community!

Leading Clews to Measles

In measles we have to deal with a much more harmless and nearly domesticated "beast of prey," but one of a prevalence to correspond. Though probably (exact data being as yet lacking) not more than one-third of all individuals are attacked by scarlet fever, it would be safe to say that not more than one-third, and possibly not more than one-fifth, of us escape measles. Hence, though its mortality is scarcely one-fourth that of scarlet fever, it more than holds its own in the Herod class, as grimly shown by its total death roll of over twelve thousand compared with only a little over six thousand to the credit of scarlet fever.

After the preliminary disturbances of snuffles, hot throat, headache and feverishness, which it shares with all the other "little fevers," the first thing to mark off measles is usually that the itching and running at the nose and eyes become more prominent, the child begins to turn its face away from the light because it makes its eyes smart, and complains not so much of soreness as of a peppery, burning, itching sensation in its nose and throat. The tongue is coated, the stomach mildly upset; the little patient is more uncomfortable and fretful than seriously ill. This condition drags on, without apparently getting anywhere, for from two to four days, during which time it is often very difficult even for the most experienced physician to say positively what the sufferer has. But about the fourth day a rash begins to appear, typically first upon the cheeks or forehead in the shape of little widely separated dull-red blotches. These grow larger and deeper in color, rising in the middle and spreading at their edges, so that shortly the whole skin becomes puffed and swollen and of a mottled, pinkish-purple color. If the child's lower lip be pulled down little red spots will be seen scattered over the lining membrane of the mouth, showing that the eruption is not confined to the skin. Indeed, these Koplik's spots (as they are called, after their discoverer) in the mouth will often appear a day or more before the eruption upon the skin and give the first clew to the nature of the disease. These are significant, because they probably illustrate the process of eruption or, at least, irritation which is taking place, not merely upon the skin, but also upon the mucous membranes of the eyes, nose and throat, the windpipe and the bronchial tubes, and which is the cause of the burning, running and, later, occasional serious inflammatory symptoms in all these regions.

When you look at the hot, angry-looking, swollen skin of the little victim of measles, the weeping eyes and running nose, and remember that this same sort of process is either going on or is likely to occur all over his entire lining, so to speak, from lungs to bowels, you can easily grasp how important it is to keep him absolutely at rest and protected from every possible risk in the way of chill, overexertion or injudicious feeding until the whole process has completely subsided and been forgotten. Neglect of these precautions is the reason why so many cases of measles, on the least and most trifling exposure and overstrain during the two or three weeks following the disease, will blaze up into a fatal bronchitis or pneumonia.

The rash takes about two or three days to get out, then it begins to fade and the skin to peel off in tiny, branny scales, so small and thin as to be almost invisible—unlike the huge flakes of scarlet fever. At the same time all the other symptoms recede.

But, as in scarlet fever, all cases should be treated alike, by rest, sponging and

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Snider Pork & Beans

It may be curiosity the first time—after that, anticipation of the delicious, satisfying flavour that pleases the whole family.

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For a limited time we offer to ship you for $121, this graceful, substantial, ready-to-launch Motor-Boat—an ideal craft for Fishing, Hunting and Pleasure Boating. Safe for ladies and children. Steady and seaworthy. Money back if not as represented. This Launch is the result of 30 years [illegible] boat and flat bottom [illegible] 16 feet long, 42 inches beam, 9½ inches deep, [illegible] and move about without danger of [illegible] boat a graceful model to 16 miles per hour by a powerful [illegible] self-starting [illegible] reverse gear, 2½ H. P. Engine [illegible] 2½ cycle type. Controlled also [illegible] by one single lever which starts, stops, reverses etc. Develops [illegible] 2½ H. P. at 500 revs per minute 3 H. P. at 700 revs, construction [illegible] engine, no cams, springs or gears to get out of order. 40 other striking features [illegible] Send your name on a postal today [illegible] Free Boat Book, ready to be mailed by return mail. [illegible] $121.00 [illegible] Shipment Guaranteed [illegible] Motor Boat [illegible] $200.00.

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Absolutely the best money will buy
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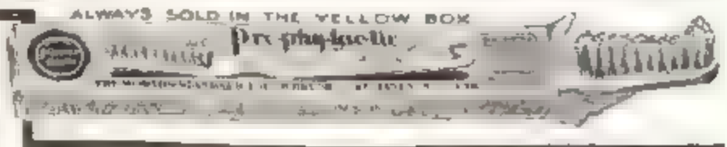

[illegible] The [illegible] bristle tufts remain firmly set in the [illegible] The sanitary [illegible] prevents contact with dust, and brush in its yellow box insures a clean brush. [illegible] *Write for our free book, "Tooth Truths."*

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are made of best quality carbon or high speed steel, by experienced workmen, and are accurate and reliable.

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comprising Twist Drills, Reamers, Cutters, Chucks, Taps, Dies, Arbors, Counterbores, Countersinks, Gauges, Mandrels, Mills, Screw Plates, Sleeves, Sockets, Taper Pins, Wrenches, also Machines and Machinists' Tools, are used generally by the largest and most experienced machine shops in the country.

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All Goldsmith Catcher's Gloves and Fielder's Mitts are made of special ... tanned flexible ... to form a Natural Deep Pocket which **holds the ball.**

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packing for the fever, light diet with plenty of milk and fruit, and confinement to the room for at least ten days after the disappearance of the fever. The very mildest and most insignificant of attacks may be followed, through carelessness or exposure, by a fatal bronchitis. Indeed, in view of the distressing frequency with which our histories of tuberculosis in children contain the words, "Came on after measles," it is highly advisable to watch carefully every child as regards abundant feeding, avoidance of overwork or overstrain, and of all unnecessary exposure to infection, wind or wet for two months after an attack of measles instead of the customary two weeks. As the disease is acutely infectious the little victim should be isolated for at least three weeks after the disappearance of the fever; but this again, as in the case of scarlet fever, is emphatically a blessing in disguise from his point of view, as well as protection to the rest of the community.

Obstinacy of Whooping-Cough

Should the "little fever" prove to be whooping-cough, it will be later still in positively declaring its definite intentions. The cold or catarrhal stage will be much milder, the fever lower, the cough a trifle more marked, but will drag on for from a week to ten days before anything definite happens. Usually the child is supposed to be suffering with a slight cold, hence the prevailing impression that colds run into whooping-cough, if neglected. Then one day the child is suddenly seized with a coughing fit, consisting of from ten to fifteen short coughs in rapid succession of increasing intensity, until all the air seems literally pumped out of the lungs of the poor little patient; then with a tremendous whoop the youngster gets his breath again and the diagnosis is made. This distressing performance may occur only four or five times a day, or it may be repeated every half-hour or so. So violent is the paroxysm that the eyes of the child protrude, it becomes literally black in the face, and runs to its mother or nurse, or clutches a chair, to keep from falling.

So serious are the disturbances of the circulation all over the body by these spasmodic suffocation-fits, that rupture of small blood-vessels may occur in the eyes, the brain, in the lungs and upon the surface of the skin. The heart becomes distended, and if originally weakened may be seriously dilated or overstrained; the lungs become congested and inflamed, and any of the numerous accidental germs which may be present will set up a bronchopneumonia, which is the commonest cause of death in this disease, as in measles.

Strangely enough, while, as we do not positively know the germ, and hence cannot state definitely either the cause or the principal seat of the trouble, it is not generally believed that the condition of the lungs or the throat has much to do with the cough.

At all events, it is perfectly idle to treat the disease with cough mixtures or expectorants. The view toward which the majority of intelligent observers are inclined is that whooping-cough is an infection, the germ or toxin of which attacks the nervous system, and particularly the great "lung-stomach" (pneumogastric) nerve. At all events, the only remedies which appear to have any effect upon the disease are, in the early stages, mild local antiseptics in the nose and throat, and later those which diminish the irritability of the nerves without upsetting the appetite or depressing the general vigor. The disease is, for all its mildness, one of the most obstinate known.

A small percentage of cases run a violent course, in spite of the most intelligent and anxious care, both medical and household; but the vast majority of such complications as occur are either caused by carelessness or become serious only if neglected. Treating all children with whooping-cough as emphatically sick children, entitled to every care and exemption from exertion, every exemption and privilege that can be given them until the last whoop has been whooped, would prevent at least two-thirds of the almost ten thousand deaths from whooping-cough that yearly disgrace the United States.

To sum up in fine: intelligent, effective isolation of all cases, the mild no less than the severe, would stamp out these Herods of the twentieth century within ten years. In the mean time, six weeks' sick-leave, with all the privileges and care appertaining thereto, will rob them of two-thirds of their terrors.

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The Aristocrats of Motordom

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BAKER Electrics are safest to drive—easiest to control—simplest in construction, and have greater speed and mileage than any other electrics. Where quality and efficiency are desired Baker Electrics are invariably the choice of discriminating men and women who want elegant appointments combined with mechanical perfection.

A request will bring to you our complete catalogue of Baker Electric Runabouts, Coupés, Roadsters, Landaulets, Broughams, etc.

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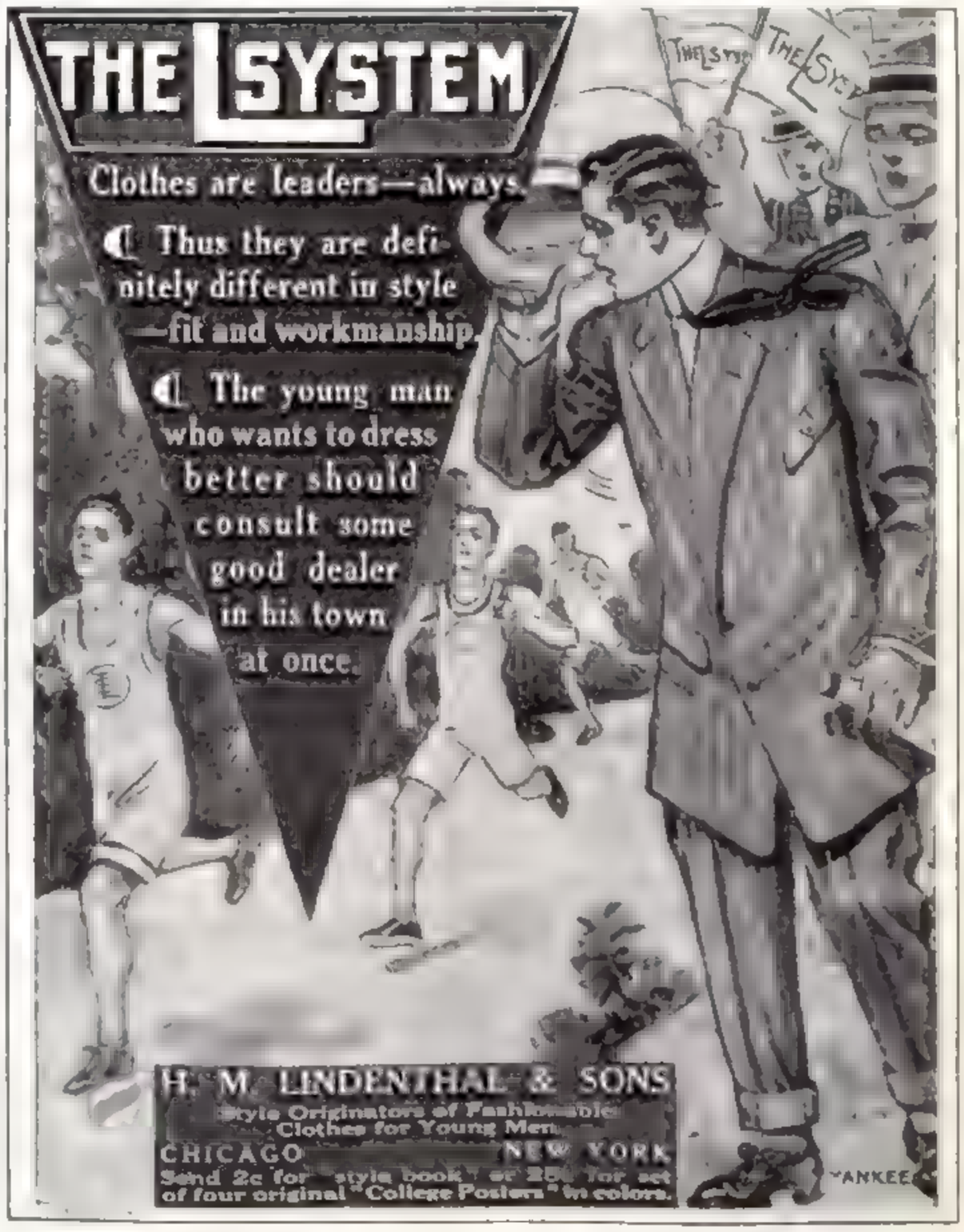
¶ Thus they are definitely different in style—fit and workmanship.

¶ The young man who wants to dress better should consult some good dealer in his town at once.



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cost less than any other guaranteed stockings you can buy, yet they outlast the guarantee. We don't charge you extra for our guarantee. Here it is: **We will give you a new pair free for every pair of Manheim Mendless Hose that needs mending within six months of purchase.**

Men's socks. Black, light and dark tan, navy blue and gray. Sizes 9½ to 11½. Sold only 6 pairs one size in box, with guarantee, $1.

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If your dealer hasn't **Manheim Mendless Hose** don't buy of him. Send $1 for six pairs or $1.50 for two dozen, stating size wanted, and we will send you the pairs prepaid.

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Attractive to wide-awake dealers in every locality. Write us for terms.

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These great artists in this publication tell you how to use your voice in singing. Every singer and student should have this book. Send 10 cents for booklet describing the book and giving the low price you can buy it.

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"I MADE $12 PER DAY Selling This 7-Piece Kitchen Set"
From sworn statement of H. S. CUNNINGHAM
AGENTS

are coining money—making from $5 to $20 per week. Send your name today and obtain OUTFIT FREE to workers.

THOMAS MFG CO
426 Home Bldg.
Dayton, Ohio

WORKING ON THE DANGER LINE

(Concluded from Page 15

The rain had destroyed insulation, and poles became conductors for leaking currents. Grasping the butt of one the Lineman got a shock that threw him on his back. He rose, laughing, and retreated a few steps; then came toward the pole on a run. From four feet away he leaped, and as he struck it, clear of the earth, clapped his spurs into the wood. He mounted quickly to the cross-arms. In darkness he wielded his tools, clinging to a slippery pole fifty feet from the ground.

After midnight he went to work on consumers' lines in the downtown districts. His neck smarted from the flaying. His body ached from too long hours; and an old break in his leg throbbed dully—a break he had got when a pole which they were raising on construction slipped from his partner's peavey pole and fell upon him. He was facing a new danger now in black alleys littered overhead with illy-strung messenger and private fire-alarm wires—"peanut lines," they called them. Climbing to his work in the blackness he could not avoid brushing against them. He wormed his way in and out among them, trusting in the luck of his calling; and the luck of his calling, which was not ready to desert him yet, stayed with him until morning came. The storm had passed. The light and power company supplied its patrons. And the Lineman went back to his regular day's work, installing transformer boxes, with the heavy copper wires, death-laden, an inch from his elbows.

The Stoker went to work at the Union Shipyards. They took a new torpedo-boat destroyer on her trial trip that morning. He was in the fire-room. Down in the engine-room below the water-line it was so hot that the sweat ran into the eyes of the officers who stood in their undershirts on the gratings.

Beneath these gratings—deep in the bowels of her—the Stoker, tossing coal into a furnace door that belched pale, hot flame out toward him, lifted his fire-flayed face and smiled his snarling smile that drew his red mustache back from his teeth.

On the gratings above them oilers sped, bent-backed, intent; and officers gave orders into men's ears or by signs. Here, in the midst of the stress, a white-faced man shouted into the chief's ear: "The water's all out of the boilers!"

The chief gave an even-toned order. Obeying it, men sprang hither and thither to the valves and turned them wide open. The hiss of escaping steam sounded and grew louder. A white cloud spread and mantled everything. It penetrated and it grew more stifling, and it became scalding hot. In a very few minutes the place had become almost like the inside of a boiler tube.

The stoke-hole crew were pulling the fires. The Stoker panted as he raked the blazing coals about his bare feet. Elbow to elbow with him, another coughed to the sear of the steam in his lungs; and, crowding him, others gasped and swore and bent their bodies toward the heat. Two more cursed, holding the nozzle of a writhing hose, keeping its stream upon the boilers.

There was no time to wonder when the crash would come. They struggled to cool the furnaces as they had struggled to heat them—madly, as though they were in a fight. While they struggled a new sound smote suddenly—a dull spat like a heavy drop of water. An oiler screamed and fell writhing on the grating. The molten lead had begun dripping from overhead. The drops came thicker; they pattered like a sluggish summer shower. The Stoker bent his back before the searing rain and raked the fires. The man at his elbow cried out, and the Stoker saw his skin smoke where the drop had struck.

The heat began to die. The drops fell no longer. The boilers cooled. A tug came alongside and towed them back to dock. They went ashore wearily, black and blistered from this their day's work.

In this manner, as fiercely and as stubbornly as they played, the three of them worked—the Coalheaver, the Lineman and the Stoker. They worked with a seriousness of purpose which amounted to dignity, which the men who saw them on the car did not see.

If You're An Extremist—

By which we mean if you are *young*—if the blood still runs red and warm in your veins—if you still delight in a horse that needs holding straps—if you want to be in the thick of it every minute—in baseball, tennis, on the running track or the gridiron, instead of on the benches.

—Then Kaufman Campus Togs will suit your fancy to a "T."

—They're designed and built especially for *Young Men.* They wouldn't suit your father or elders—but they'll suit you.

Kaufman
"Pre-Shrunk" Campus Togs

are stocked, exclusively so, by Best Exclusive Stores—at least one store in the principal cities. Ask your dealer where you can find NOW in these handy, correct togs of spring.

See at the store of a Kaufman dealer the Campus Togs. Note the [illegible] see how very good [illegible] imperfections of form which we all possess, concealed.

And then remember this:

—That every suit of the style [illegible] and elegance [illegible] as soon as you set yourself in the other garments there [illegible]

It is rendered fast and permanent by Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" Process, which is exclusively our own, and which no other manufacturer can use. All the shrink tendencies taken out of the cloth

And because our "Pre-Shrunk" process renders size and fit permanent, we are able to guarantee the Suits and Overcoats Bearing the Kaufman Campus Togs [illegible] garment bearing the Kaufman [illegible] Your home dealer has our [illegible] to make this guarantee good. Ask him about it.

Your home dealer will show you the Campus Togs [illegible] for Spring and Summer, at $15 to $25.

Our [illegible] Style Book will put you on the correct [illegible] for Spring and Summer. Ask your dealer for it—or send to us direct, if you prefer. It's *Free.* You should have it before deciding.

Chas. Kaufman & Bros., Chicago

Style and Comfort go together to the man who buys this STETSON Shoe. There's enough foot-room and toe-room for real, solid comfort, but the lines of the last also spell neatness and undeniable beauty.

THE "STYLENFIT"
is the name this style is known by

Go into any store displaying the *Red Diamond* Sign—ask to see and try on the STETSON "Stylenfit." It looks better on the foot than it looks in the advertisement, and it's as comfortable as it's good-looking.

As for wear—shoe-making skill and honest values have given STETSON Shoes first place; and the "Stylenfit" is a STETSON.

Write for our book, "The Right to Know," and learn to judge a good shoe when it's shown you. Send for this now and read it

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In no other way than through an Edison Phonograph can you hear, to equal advantage, just those you care most for, render songs or selections of your own choosing.

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Some Exclusive Features of the Edison Phonograph

GO to an Edison dealer's and compare the Phonograph with other instruments. Note particularly its sturdy construction—good for years of perfect work; its indestructible reproducing point, which never needs to be changed; its long-running, silent motor, most essential to brilliant work; its sensitive wax cylinder Records, famous for their clearness and sweetness of tone; its large, specially designed horn and its new Amberol Records, playing twice as long as the standard Edison Records and longer than any other Record.

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Edison Phonographs are sold at the same prices everywhere in the United States—$12.00 to $125.00
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Ask your dealer or write us for catalogs of Edison Phonographs and Records

Notable Contributors to the May Edison Record List

MABEL McKINLEY is a notable addition to the staff of Edison artists. She is a composer of great merit, the possessor of a delightfully sweet soprano voice and a universal favorite on the stage. Her own song, "Golden Rod," is her contribution to the May Edison Records. Press Eldridge, "Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Fun," enters the Phonograph field with a heart-to-heart talk called "A Confidential Chat," the biggest hit in his whole repertoire of monologues. Thirty-eight other Records, standard Edison and Amberol, all by artists of the highest class, are included in the May list. Hear them at your dealer's

NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH CO., 11 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N. J.

The Edison Business Phonograph saves the time of high-salaried men and increases their letter-writing capacity.

You Pay for the Sand On Roofings

When you are offered a ready roofing which is coated with sand, mica, or pebbles, you can make up your mind that you are paying *roofing prices* for the *coating*.

For such coating does not help the roof. It is merely a "talking point" to make the roof seem different from what it really is.

Such coating, in fact, is a detriment. For it washes off after a few rains, leaving a roughened surface on the roofing, and choking up gutters and drain pipes.

The reason why coated roofings are offered you is because there are 300 substitutes for the genuine Ruberoid, all looking much the same.

By adding sand to the roofing it is made to appear different—that is all. And you pay for a mere selling feature, when you ought to be getting roofing value.

The First Ready Roofing

Ruberoid roofing has never been coated with sand or similar "filler."

It is the original ready roofing by several years.

The secret of its wonderful properties lies in the Ruberoid gum which we use.

This gum is our exclusive product. No other maker can use it. It is this gum which makes Ruberoid heat proof, cold proof, snow proof, rain proof. Resistant to acids, gases and fumes.

It is this Ruberoid gum which makes Ruberoid so good a fire resistant. You can throw burning coals on a roof of Ruberoid without danger of setting fire either to the roofing, or to the timbers underneath.

It is this exclusive Ruberoid gum which makes Ruberoid flexible enough to stand the strains of twisting and bending which every roof must bear.

Seventeen Years of Service

The first Ruberoid roofs ever laid—seventeen years ago—are still flexible, still weatherproof, due to the life of this wonderful gum which is used in no roofing but Ruberoid.

Ruberoid roofing is suitable for any building—from a woodshed to a large factory or public building.

It also comes in attractive colors—Red, Green, Brown—for use on fine homes.

But before deciding on any roofing, for any purpose, send for our free book, "All About Roofings."

This book tells what we have learned in twenty years of roofing tests. It gives the advantages and the disadvantages of shingles, tin, tar, iron and ready roofings.

It is a gold mine of practical information.

To get this valuable book, simply address Department 89C, The Standard Paint Company, 100 William Street, New York.

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Be sure to look for this registered trademark which is stamped every four feet on the under side of all genuine

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GREEN LABEL

M. P. Durable Interior Varnish

is our best varnish for fine interior woodwork. It dries with a beautiful lustre and can be rubbed and polished if desired. Our reputation for quality has been built upon this varnish. Its use accentuates the beauty of natural woods, and we guarantee it to give perfect satisfaction.

Price $3.00 per gallon.
Quarts 85c each.

For Sale by Paint dealers everywhere. If not at yours, we will send by express prepaid on receipt of price.
Full descriptive price list on application.

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FOR ALL PURPOSES

Anyone can Own this Wonderful Moving Picture Show

You have seen and been spellbound at the thrilling moving picture shows in the big theatre, of course. Everyone has.

Now, you can have the same source of wonderful entertainment and enjoyment, the same flashing, throbbing life-like pictures, right in your own home.

Now, however, thanks to the most wonderful invention of the age, a real practical moving picture machine, not a toy, can be placed in any home, not only at a sum so ridiculously low that any family can afford it, but by our *wonderful offer* you can

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We mean exactly what we say. Never was such an offer made. It gives every family the opportunity to own a real moving picture machine which, like a wizard, brings the world's entertainment and amusement into your own home.

YOU RISK NOTHING. You don't pay a cent unless you want the Ikonograph. THEN YOU PAY ON YOUR OWN TERMS.

Take all the time you need. You will never notice the small payments. The money you spend in newsy gum candy and little things that don't last, will easily pay for this marvel of modern times. You can do as many have done.

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made giving moving picture shows to your friends and townspeople. Fortunes are made this way.

The Ikonograph gives you the start, but whether you want a moving picture machine to make money or to amuse yourself at home our Ikonograph is the greatest offer ever made. Anybody can run it. It is non-explosive, and we exchange films so you have new things to see all the time. Remember it costs nothing to find out all about our wonderful Ikonograph offer.

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SPRAGUE'S "All-In-1" WASH SUITS

A Suit of full Blouse and Knickerbockers

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With inner waist equipped with extenders for the garters and take up for lengthening all in one, and selling at the low price of $1.00. So easy to put on for the youngsters and fully dress and undress themselves. Made of blue chambray and checked gingham and Cadetgrey. Substantially made for hard wear, washable, fast colors.

Ask your dealer. If he hasn't it send us $1 stating size and material desired, with age of boy, and we will mail a suit to your address. If not satisfactory we will return your money. This is the biggest dollar's worth ever offered in boys' garments.

One suit of wash and play suits for boys mailed free.

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Best grade cedar canoe for $20

Best grade of Cedar Canoe for $20.00. We sell direct, saving you $20.00 on a canoe. All canoes cedar and copper fastened.

We make all sizes and styles of power canoes. Write for free catalog giving prices with reasons for our low prices. We are the largest manufacturers of canoes in the world.

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BIRD MANNA makes Canaries **SING**

The secret of the Hartz Mountain bird's song, keeps them in good song even while shedding. Mailed for 35c. Sold by druggists, grocers and bird stores. Bird Book free.

PHILA. BIRD FOOD CO., 408 N. 3d Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

AN EXECUTIVE MIND

(Continued from Page 17)

whispered to him; Stratton gave Leo a fiercely intimidating glare.

"Communicate away," said Jeff airily. "Excommunicate, if you want to. Mr. Ballinger, as a citizen, is part owner of this office. If you want to bar him you'll have to change the venue to your private residence. And then I won't come."

"Very well, sir!" Mr. Stratton rose, inflated his chest and threw back his head. His voice took on a steady roll. "Mr. Bransford, you stand under grave displeasure of the law! You are grievously suspected of being cognizant of, if not actually accessory to, the robbery of the United States Mail by John Taylor, Junior, at Escondido, on the eighteenth day of last October. You may not be aware of it, but you have an excellent chance of serving a term in the penitentiary!"

Jeff pressed his hands between his knees and leaned forward. "I'm sure I'd never be satisfied there," he said, with conviction. His white teeth flashed in an ingratiatory smile. "But why suspect young John?—why not old John?" He paused, looking at the Register attentively. "H'm—you're from Indiana, I believe, Mr. Stratton?" he said.

"The elder Taylor on the day in question is fully accounted for," said Hobart. "Young Taylor claims to have passed the night at Willow Springs, alone. But no one saw him from breakfast time the seventeenth till noon on the nineteenth."

"He rarely has any one with him when he's alone. That may account for them not seeing him at Willow," suggested Jeff. He did not look at Hobart, but regarded Stratton with an air of deep meditation.

The Register paced the floor slowly, ponderously, with an impressive pause at each turn, tapping his left hand with his eyeglass to score his points. "He had ample time to go to Escondido and return. The envelope in which Mr. Lake's copy of this office's decision in the Lake-Taylor contest was inclosed, has been examined. It bears unmistakable signs of having been tampered with." Turning to mark the effect of these tactics, he became aware of his victim's contemplative gaze. It disconcerted him. He resumed his pacing. Jeff followed him with a steady eye.

"In the same mail I sent Mr. Lake another letter. The envelope was unfortunately destroyed, Mr. Lake suspecting nothing. A map had been substituted for its contents, and they, in turn, were substituted for the decision in the registered letter, with the evident intention of depriving Mr. Lake of his prior right to file."

"By George! It sounds probable." Jeff laughed derisively. "So that's it! And here we all thought Lake let it go out of giddy generosity! My stars, but won't he get the horse-smile when the boys find out?"

Stratton controlled himself with an effort. "We have decided not to push the case against you if you will tell what you know," he began.

Jeff lifted his brows. "We? And who is we? You two? I should have thought this was a post-office lay."

"We are investigating the affair," explained Hobart.

"I see. As private individuals. Yes, yes. Does Lake pay you by the day or by the job?"

Stratton, blazing with anger, smote his palm heavily with his fist. "Young man! Young man! Your insolence is unbearable! We are trying to spare you—as you had no direct interest in the matter and doubtless concealed your guilty knowledge through a mistaken and distorted sense of honor. But you tempt us—you tempt us! You don't seem to realize the precarious situation in which you stand."

"What I don't see," said Jeff, in puzzled tones, "is why you bother to spare me at all. If you can prove this, why don't you cinch me and Felix both? Why do you want me to tell you what you already know? And if you can't prove it who cares what you suspect?"

"We will arrest you," said Stratton thickly, "just as soon as we can make out the papers!"

"Turn your wolf loose, you four-flushers. You may make me trouble, but you can't prove anything. Speaking of trouble—how about you, Mr. Stratton?" As a spring leaps, released from highest tension,

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The goodness of Uneeda Biscuit is not a matter of cost to you. It is assured by the careful selection of the best materials for Uneeda Biscuit; by the skill of experts who bake nothing but Uneeda Biscuit; by the perfect cleanliness and appliances of great bakeries built expressly to bake Uneeda Biscuit; and, finally, by the perfect protection of a package that excludes all dust and moisture.

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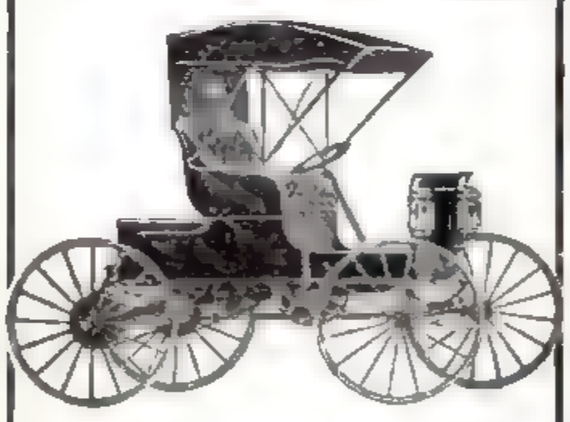

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No. 40 3 " " " 2.00 }

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face and body and voice flashed from passive indolence to sudden, startling attack. His arm lashed swiftly out as if to deliver the swordsman's stabbing thrust; the poised body followed up to push the stroke home. "You think your secret safe, don't you? It's been some time ago." Words only—yet it might have been a very sword's point past Stratton's guard.

Stratton flinched, staggered, his arrogant face grew mottled, his arm went up. He fell back a step, silent, quivering, leaning heavily on a chair. The Marshal gave him a questioning glance. Jeff kept on.

"You're prominent in politics, business, society, the church. You've a family to think of. It's up to you, Mr. Stratton. Is it worth while? Had we better drop it with a dull, sickening thud?"

Stratton collapsed into the chair, a shapeless bundle, turning a shriveled, feeble face to the Marshal in voiceless imploring.

Unhesitating, Hobart put a hand on his shoulder. "That's all right, old man! We won't give you away. Brace up!" He nodded Jeff to the door. "You win!" he said. Leo followed on tiptoe.

"Why, the poor old duck!" said Jeff remorsefully, in the passage. "Wish I hadn't come down on him so hard. I overdid it that time. Still, if I hadn't——"

At the Hondo Bridge Jeff looked back and waved a hand. "Good-by, old town! Now we go, gallopy-trot, gallopy, gallopy-trot!" He sang, and the ringing hoofs kept time and tune.

"Jeff," said the mystified Ballinger, spurring up beside him, "'what has the gray-haired Register done? Has murder stained his hands with gore?'"

Jeff raised his bridle hand.

"Gee! Leo, I don't know! I just taken a chance!"

THE WHITE MICE

(Continued from Page 23)

I don't care! I am only happy—foolishly, without reason, happy'"

In his gratitude, in his own happiness, Roddy reached out his hand. But Inez drew her own away, and, with her chin resting upon it and with her elbow on her knee, sat staring ahead of her.

"And I find this!" she whispered guiltily, like one at confession. "I find I hate to spare you for this work. Three weeks ago, when you left Curaçao, I thought a man could not risk his life in a nobler cause than the one for which you were risking yours. It seemed to me a duty—a splendid duty. But now I am afraid for you. I knew it first the night you swam from me across the harbor, and I followed you with my eyes, watching and waiting for you to sink and die. And I prayed for you then; and suddenly, as I prayed, I found it was not you for whom I was praying, but myself, my own happiness. That I wanted you to live—for me!

"Now you know," she whispered. "I had to tell you. I had to confess to you that I tried to make you care for me, hoping you would do what I wished. I did not mean to tell you that, instead, I learned to care for you. If you despise me I will understand; if you can still love me——"

"If I love you?" cried Roddy. "I love you so——"

For an instant, as though to shut out the look in his face, the eyes of the girl closed. She threw out her hands quickly to stop him.

"Then," she begged, "help me not to think of you—not to think of myself. We are young. We are children. He is old: every moment counts for him. If this is the big thing in our lives we hope it is, it will last always! But with him each moment may mean the end; a horrible end, alone, among enemies, in a prison. You must give me your word—you must promise me not to tempt me to think of you. You are very generous, very strong. Help me to do this. Promise me until he is free you will not tell me you care for me, never again, until he is free. Or else"—her tone was firm, though her voice had sunk to a whisper; she drew back, and regarded him unhappily, shaking her head—"Or else I must not see you again."

There was a moment's silence, and then Roddy gave an exclamation of protest.

"If you ask it!" he said. "I promise. How soon am I to see you again?"

Inez moved from him toward the house, but at a little distance she stopped and

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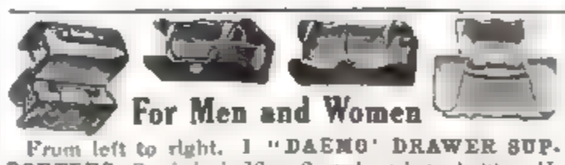

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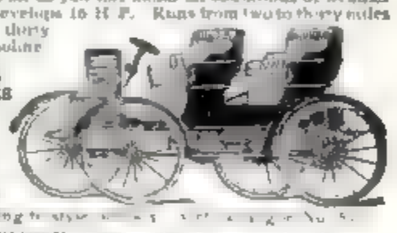

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regarded him in silence. Her eyes were wistful, reproachful.

"It was so hard to ask," she murmured, "and you've promised so easily!"

"How dare you!" cried Roddy. "How dare you! Easy!" He rushed on wildly, "When I want to cry out to the whole world that I love you, when I feel that every stranger sees it, when my heart beats, 'Inez, Inez, Inez,' so that I know the people in the street can hear it, too. If I hadn't promised you to keep silent," he cried indignantly, "because you asked it, I'd tell you now that no other woman in all the world is loved as I love you! Easy to be silent!" he demanded, "when every drop of blood calls to you, when I breathe only when you breathe——"

"Stop!" cried the girl. For an instant she covered her face with her hands. When she lowered them her eyes were shining, radiant, laughing with happiness.

"I am so sorry!" she whispered penitently. "It was wicked. But," she pleaded, "I did so want to hear you say it just once more!"

She was very near to him. Her eyes were looking into his. What she saw in them caused her to close her own. Feeling blindly with outstretched hands, she let herself sway toward him, and in an instant she was wrapped in his arms with his breathless kisses covering her lips and cheeks.

For Roddy the earth ceased revolving, he was lifted above it and heard the music of the stars. He was crowned, exalted, deified. Then the girl who had done this tore herself away and ran from him through the garden.

Neither Inez nor Roddy was in a mood to exchange polite phrases in the presence of Mrs. Broughton, and they at once separated, each in a different direction, Roddy returning to his home. There he found Sam Caldwell. He was in no better frame of mind to receive him, but Caldwell had been two hours waiting and was angry and insistent.

"At last!" he exclaimed. "I have been here since eleven. Don't tell me," he snapped, "that you've been spearing eels, because I won't believe it."

"What can I tell you," asked Roddy pleasantly, "that you will believe?"

That Caldwell had sought him out and had thought it worth his while to wait two hours for an interview seemed to Roddy to show that in the camp of his enemies matters were not moving smoothly, and that in their opinion he was of more interest than they cared to admit.

Caldwell began with an uneasy assumption of good-fellowship.

"I have come under a flag of truce," he said, grinning. "We want to have a talk and see if we can't get together."

"Who are 'we'?" asked Roddy.

"Vega, myself and Señora Rojas."

"Señora Rojas!" exclaimed Roddy gravely. "Are you not mistaken?"

"She sent me here," replied Caldwell. "These are my credentials." With a flourish and a bow of marked ceremony, he handed Roddy a letter.

It came from Miramar, and briefly requested that Mr. Forrester would do the Señora Rojas the honor to call upon her immediately.

Roddy caught up his hat. The prospect of a visit to the home of Inez enchanted him, and he was greatly puzzled as to what such a visit might bring forth.

"We will go at once!" he said.

But Caldwell hung back.

"I'd rather explain it first," he said.

Already Roddy resented the fact that Caldwell was serving as the ambassador of Madame Rojas, and there was, besides, in his manner something which showed that in that service he neither was zealous nor loyal.

"Possibly Señora Rojas can do that herself," said Roddy.

"No, she can't!" returned Caldwell sharply, "because she doesn't know, and we don't mean to tell her. But I am going to tell you."

"Better not!" warned Roddy.

"I'll take the chance," said Caldwell. His manner was conciliating, propitiatory. "I'll take the chance," he protested, "that when you learn the truth you won't round on your own father. It isn't natural, it isn't human!"

"Caldwell on the Human Emotions!" exclaimed Roddy, grinning.

But Caldwell was too truly in earnest to be interrupted.

"Your father's spending two millions to make Vega President," he went on rapidly.

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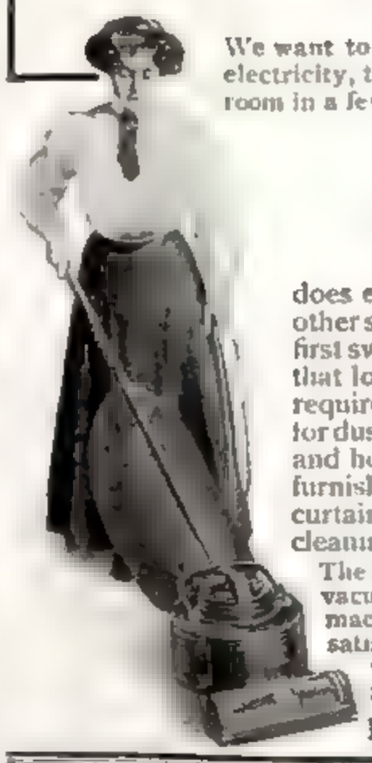

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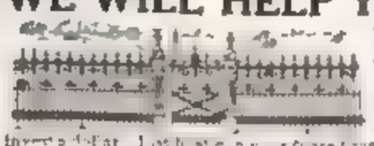

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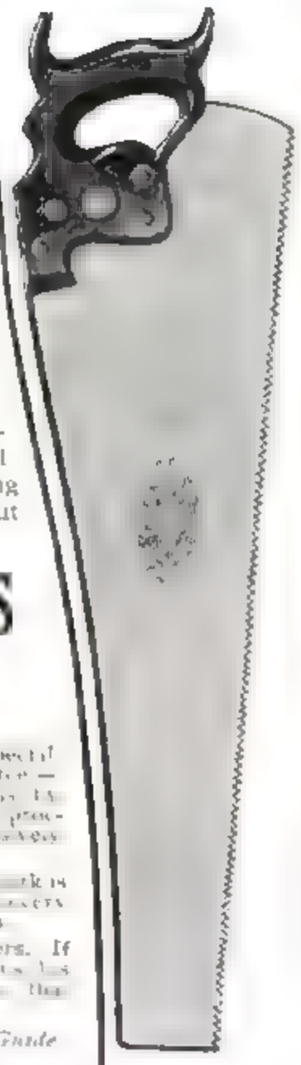

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"We've got to have him. We need him in our business. You think Rojas would make a better President. And maybe he would. But not for us. He's too old-fashioned. He's ——"

"Too honest?" suggested Roddy.

"Yes, too honest," assented Caldwell promptly. "And there's another slight objection to him. He's in jail. And you," Caldwell cried, raising his finger and shaking it in Roddy's face, "can't get him out. We can't take San Carlos, and neither can you. They have guns there that in twenty minutes could smash this town into a dust-heap. So you see, what you hope to do is impossible, absurd! Now," he urged eagerly, "why don't you give up butting your head into a stone wall, and help your father and me?"

He stopped, and in evident anxiety waited for the other to speak, but Roddy only regarded him steadily. After a pause Roddy said: "I'm not talking. You're the one that's talking. And," he added, "you're talking too much, too!"

"I'll risk it!" cried Caldwell stoutly. "I've never gone after a man of sense yet that I couldn't make him see things my way. Now, Señora Rojas," he went on, "only wants one thing—she wants to get her husband out of prison. She thinks Vega can do that, that he means to do it, that I mean to do it. Well—we don't."

Roddy's eyes half closed, the lines around his mouth grew taut, and when he spoke his voice was harsh and had sunk to a whisper.

"I tell you," he said, "you're talking too much!"

But neither in Roddy's face nor voice did Caldwell read the danger signals.

"It doesn't suit our book," he swept on, "to get him out. Until Vega is President he must stay where he is. But his wife must not know that. She believes in us. She thinks the Rojas crowd only interferes with us, and she is sending for you to ask you to urge the Rojas faction to give us a free hand."

"I see," said Roddy; "and while Vega is trying to be President, Rojas may die. Have you thought of that?"

"Can we help it?" protested Caldwell. "Did we put him in prison? We'll have trouble enough keeping ourselves out of San Carlos. Well," he demanded, "what are you going to do?"

"At present," said Roddy, "I'm going to call on Madame Rojas."

On their walk to Miramar, Caldwell found it impossible to break down Roddy's barrier of good nature. He threatened, he bullied, he held forth open bribes; but Roddy either remained silent or laughed. Caldwell began to fear that in trying to come to terms with the enemy he had made a mistake. But still, he hoped that in his obstinacy Roddy was merely stupid; he believed that in treating him as a factor in affairs they had made him vainglorious, arrogant. He was sure that if he could convince him of the utter impossibility of taking San Carlos by assault he would abandon the Rojas crowd and come over to Vega.

So he enlarged upon the difficulty of that enterprise, using it as his argument in chief. Roddy, in his turn, pretended that he believed San Carlos would fall at the first shot, and, as he intended, he persuaded Caldwell that an attack upon the prison was the fixed purpose of the Rojas faction.

Roddy, who as a sentimental burglar had so often forced his way into the grounds of Miramar, found a certain satisfaction in at last entering it by the front door, and by invitation. His coming was obviously expected, and his arrival threw the many servants into a state of considerable excitement. Escorted by the major-domo he was led to the drawing-room where Madame Rojas was waiting to receive him. As he entered, Inez and her sister, with Vega and Colonel Pulido and General Ramon, came in from the terrace, and Caldwell followed from the hall.

With the manner of one who considered himself already a member of the household Vega welcomed Roddy, but without cordiality, and with condescension. To Inez, although the sight of her caused him great embarrassment, Roddy made a formal bow, to which she replied with one just as formal. Señora Rojas, having ordered the servants to close the doors and the windows to the terrace, asked Roddy to be seated, and then placed herself in a chair that faced his. The others grouped themselves behind her. Roddy felt as though

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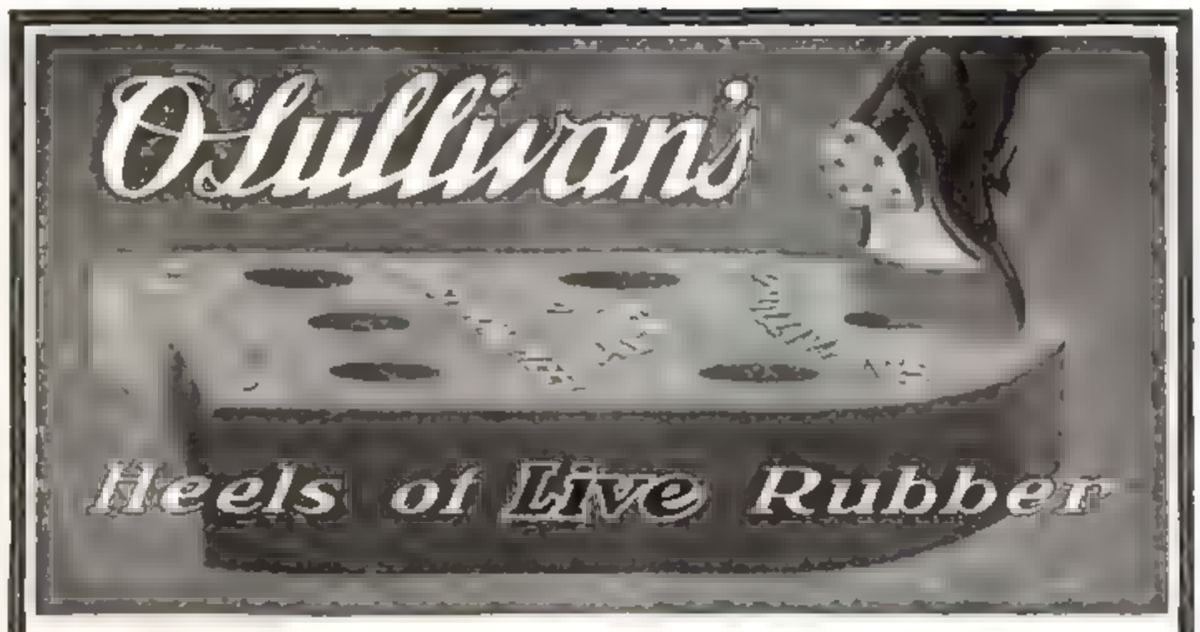
the odds were hardly fair. With the exception of Inez, who understood that any sign she might make in his favor would do him harm, all those present were opposed to him. This fact caused Roddy to gaze about him in pleasurable excitement and smile expectantly. He failed to see how the interview could lead to any definite result. Already he had learned from Caldwell more than he had suspected, and all that he needed to know, and, as he was determined on account of her blind faith in Vega to confide nothing to Señora Rojas, he saw no outcome to the visit so important as that it had so soon brought him again into the presence of Inez.

"Mr. Forrester," began Señora Rojas, "I have asked you to call on me today at the suggestion of these gentlemen. They believe that, where they might fail, an appeal from me would be effective. I am going to speak to you quite frankly and openly; but when you remember that I am pleading for the life of my husband you will not take offense. With no doubt the best of motives you have allied yourself with what is known as the Rojas faction. Its object is to overthrow the President and to place my husband at Miraflores. To me, the wife of General Rojas, such an undertaking is intolerable. All I desire, all I am sure he desires, is his freedom. There are those, powerful and well-equipped, who can secure it. They do not belong to the so-called Rojas faction. You, we understand, have much influence in its counsels. We know that to carry out its plans you have quarreled with your father, resigned from his company. If I venture to refer to your private affairs, it is only because I understand you yourself have spoken of them publicly, and because they show me that in your allegiance, in your mistaken allegiance, to my husband you are in earnest. But, in spite of your wish to serve him, I have asked you here today to beg you and your friends to relinquish your purpose. His wife and his children feel that the safety of General Rojas is in other hands, in the hands of those who have his fullest confidence, and mine." In her distress Señora Rojas leaned forward. "I beg of you," she exclaimed, "do as I ask! Leave my husband to me and to his friends. What you would do can only interfere with them. And it may lead directly to his death."

She paused, and with her eyes fixed eagerly on Roddy's face waited for his answer. The men standing in a group behind her nodded approvingly. Then they also turned to Roddy and regarded him sternly, as though challenging him to resist such an appeal. Roddy found his position one of extreme embarrassment. He now saw clearly why Señora Rojas had received him in the presence of so large an audience. It was to render a refusal to grant her request the more difficult. In the group drawn up before him he saw that each represented a certain interest, each held a distinctive value. The two daughters were intended to remind him that it was against a united family he was acting; Caldwell was to recall to him that he was opposing the wishes of his father; and Vega and the two officers naturally suggested to whom Señora Rojas referred when she said her interests were in the hands of powerful and well-equipped friends. Should he tell the truth and say that of the plans of the Rojas faction he knew little or nothing, Roddy was sure he would not be believed. He was equally certain that should he, in private, confide his own plan to Señora Rojas, and tell her that within the next forty-eight hours she might hope to see her husband, she would at once acquaint Vega and Caldwell with that fact. And, after the confidence made him by Caldwell, what he and Vega might not do to keep Rojas off the boards, he did not care to think. He certainly did not deem it safe to test their loyalty. He, therefore, determined that as it was impossible to tell his opponents the truth, he had better let them continue to believe he was a leader in the Rojas party, and that, with it, his only purpose was an open attack upon the fortress.

"I need not say," protested Roddy gravely, "that I am greatly flattered by your confidence. It makes me very sorry that I cannot be equally frank. But I am only a very unimportant member of the great organization that has for its leader General Rojas ——"

"And I," interrupted Señora Rojas, "am the wife of that leader. Are my wishes of no weight?"



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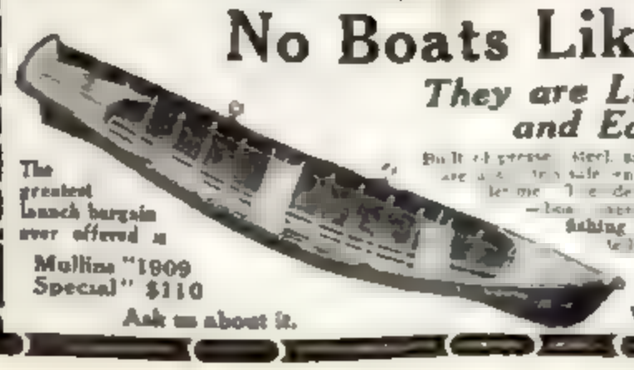

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"I fear, Madame," begged Roddy, in polite and deprecatory tones, "that to millions of Venezuelans General Rojas is considered less as the husband than as the only man who can free this country from the hands of a tyrant."

At this further sign of what seemed his fatuous obstinacy, Señora Rojas lost patience.

"A tyrant!" she exclaimed quickly. "I must protest, Mr. Forrester, that the word comes strangely from one who has denounced my husband as a traitor."

The attack confused Roddy, and to add to his discomfort it was greeted by the men in the rear of Señora Rojas with a chorus of approving exclamations. Roddy raised his eyes and regarded them gravely. In a tone of stern rebuke Señora Rojas continued:

"We have been frank and honest," she said, "but when we cannot tell whether the one with whom we treat runs with the hare or the hounds, it is difficult."

Again from the men came the murmur of approval, and Roddy, still regarding them, to prevent himself from speaking, pressed his lips tightly together.

Knowing how near Señora Rojas might be to attaining the one thing she most desired, his regret at her distress was genuine, and that, in her ignorance, she should find him a most objectionable young man he could well understand. The fact aroused in him no resentment. But to his secret amusement he found that the thought uppermost in his mind was one of congratulation that Inez Rojas was more the child of her Venezuelan father than of her American mother. Even while he deeply sympathized with Señora Rojas, viewed as a future mother-in-law, she filled him with trepidation. But from any point he could see no health in continuing the scene, and he rose and bowed.

"I am sorry," he said, "but I cannot find that any good can come of this. I assure you, you are mistaken in thinking I am of any importance, or that I carry any weight with the Rojas party. Believe me, I do not. I am doing nothing," he protested gently, "that can bring harm to your husband. No one outside of your own family can wish more sincerely for his safety."

The chorus of men interrupted him with an incredulous laugh and murmurs of disbelief.

Roddy turned upon them sharply.

"We can dispense with the claque," he said. "My interview is with Madame Rojas. If you gentlemen have anything to discuss with me later you will come out of it much better if that lady is not present. If you don't know what I mean," he added significantly, "Caldwell can tell you."

Señora Rojas had no interest in any annoyance Roddy might feel toward her guests. She recognized only that he was leaving her. She made a final appeal. Rising to her feet, she exclaimed indignantly:

"I refuse to believe that against the wishes of myself and my family you will persist in this. It is incredible! I can no longer be content only to ask you not to interfere—I forbid it."

She advanced toward him, her eyes flashing with angry tears. Roddy, in his sympathy with her distress, would have been glad, with a word, to end it, but he felt he could not trust to her discretion. Her next speech showed him that his instinct was correct. Accepting his silence as a refusal, she turned with an exclamation to Pino Vega.

"If you will not listen to a woman," she protested, "you may listen to a man." With a gesture she signified Vega. He stepped eagerly forward.

"I am at your service," he said.

"Speak to him," Señora Rojas commanded. "Tell him! Forbid him to continue."

Roddy received the introduction of Vega into the scene with mixed feelings. To the best of his ability he was trying to avoid a quarrel, and in his fuller knowledge of the situation he knew that for Señora Rojas it would be best if she had followed his wishes, and had brought the interview to an end. That Vega, who was planning treachery to Rojas, should confront him as the champion of Rojas, stirred all the combativeness in Roddy that he was endeavoring to subdue. When Vega turned to him he welcomed that gentleman with a frown.

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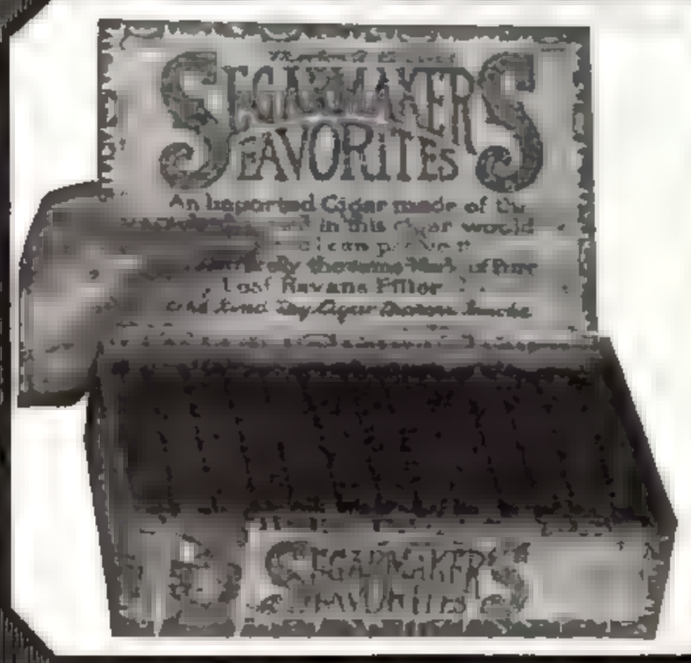

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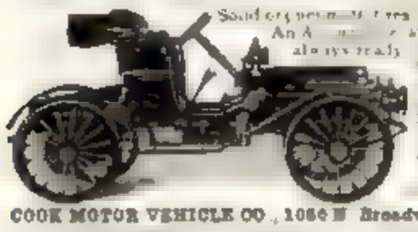

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his absence, of General Rojas, I forbid you to meddle further in this affair."

The demand was unfortunately worded. A smile came to Roddy's eyes, and the color in his cheeks deepened. He turned inquiringly to Señora Rojas.

"The son of this house," he repeated. "The gentleman expresses himself awkwardly. What does he mean?"

Since Inez had entered the room Roddy had not once permitted himself to look toward her. Now he heard from where she stood a quick movement and an exclamation.

For an instant a chill of doubt held him silent. Within the very hour she had told him that to keep him loyal to her father she had traded on his interest in her. Had she, for the same purpose and in the same way, encouraged Vega? To Roddy she had confessed what she had done, and that she loved him. With that he was grandly content. But was she still hoping by her promise of marriage to Vega to hold him in allegiance, not to herself, but to her father? Was her exclamation one of warning? Had he, by his question, precipitated some explanation that Inez wished to avoid? He cast toward her a glance of anxious inquiry. To his relief Inez reassured him with a nod and a smile of perfect trust and understanding.

The exchange of glances was lost neither upon Vega nor upon Señora Rojas. In turn they looked at each other, their eyes filled with angry suspicion.

What she had witnessed caused Señora Rojas to speak with added asperity.

"Colonel Vega has my authority for what he says," she exclaimed. "He is the son of this house. He is the future husband of my daughter Inez."

The exclamation that now came from Inez was one of such surprise and protest that every one turned toward her.

The girl pushed from her the chair on which she had been leaning and walked toward her mother. Her eyes were flashing, but her manner was courteous and contained.

"Why do you say that?" she asked quietly. "Has Colonel Vega told you that, as he has told others? Because it is not true!"

Señora Rojas, amazed and indignant, stared at her daughter as though she doubted she had heard her.

"Inez!" she exclaimed.

"It must be set right," said the girl. "Colonel Vega presumes too far on the services he has shown my father. I am not going to marry him. I have told him so repeatedly. He is deceiving you in this, as he is deceiving you in matters more important. He is neither the son of this house nor the friend of this house. And it is time that he understands that we know it!"

In her distress Señora Rojas turned instinctively to Vega.

"Pino!" she exclaimed. "You told me! You told me it was her secret, that she wished to keep it even from her mother, but that you thought it your duty to tell me. Why?" she demanded—"Why?"

Vega, his eyes flaming, in a rage of mortification and wounded vanity threw out his arms.

"My dear lady!" he cried, "it was because I hoped! I still hope," he protested. "Inez has been poisoned by this man!" He pointed with a shaking finger at Roddy. "He has filled her mind with tales against me." He turned to Inez. "Is it not true?" he challenged.

Inez regarded him coldly and disdainfully.

"No, it is not true," she said. "It is the last thing he would do; because, until this moment, Mr. Forrester thought that what you told him was a fact." She raised her voice. "And he is incapable of speaking ill of a man ——" she hesitated, and then, smiling slightly as though in enjoyment of the mischief she was making, added, "whom he knew was his unsuccessful rival."

Furious, with a triumphant exclamation, Vega turned to Señora Rojas.

"You hear!" he cried. "My rival!"

Inez moved quickly toward Roddy. Placing herself at his side she faced the others.

Her eyes were wide with excitement, with fear at what she was about to do. As though begging permission, she raised them to Roddy and, timidly, stretched out her hand and touched his arm. "Mother," she said, "I am going to marry Mr. Forrester!"

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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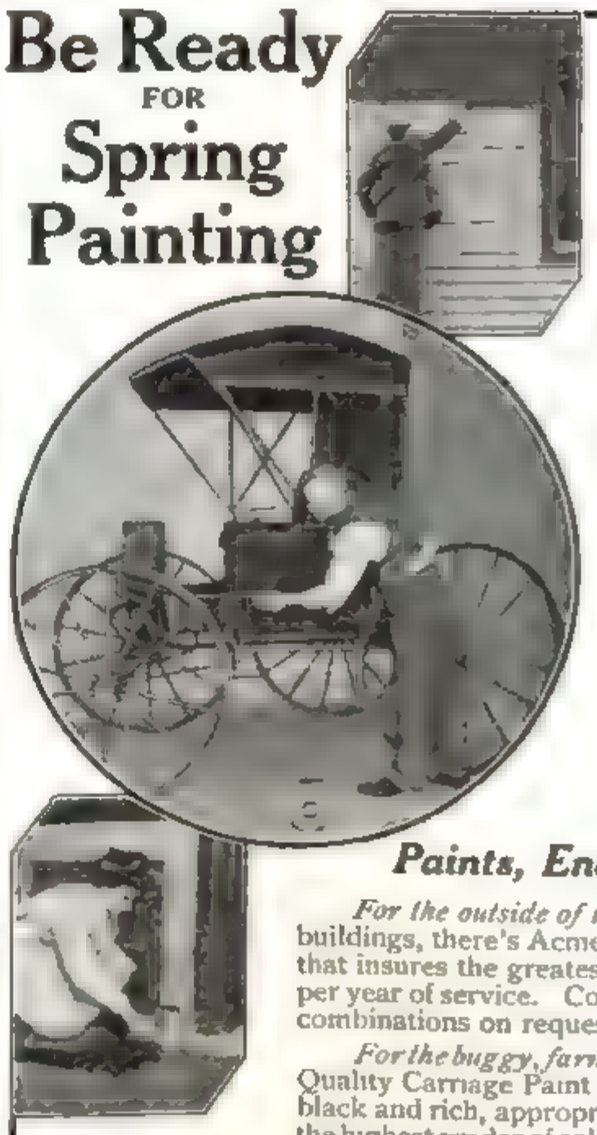

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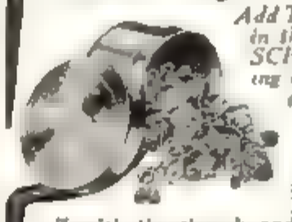

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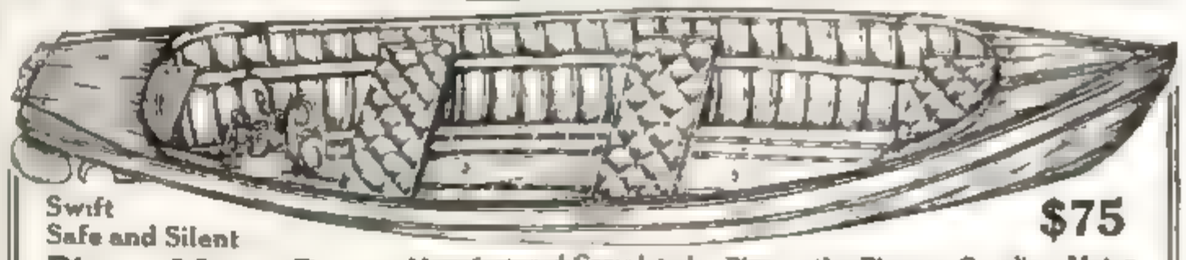

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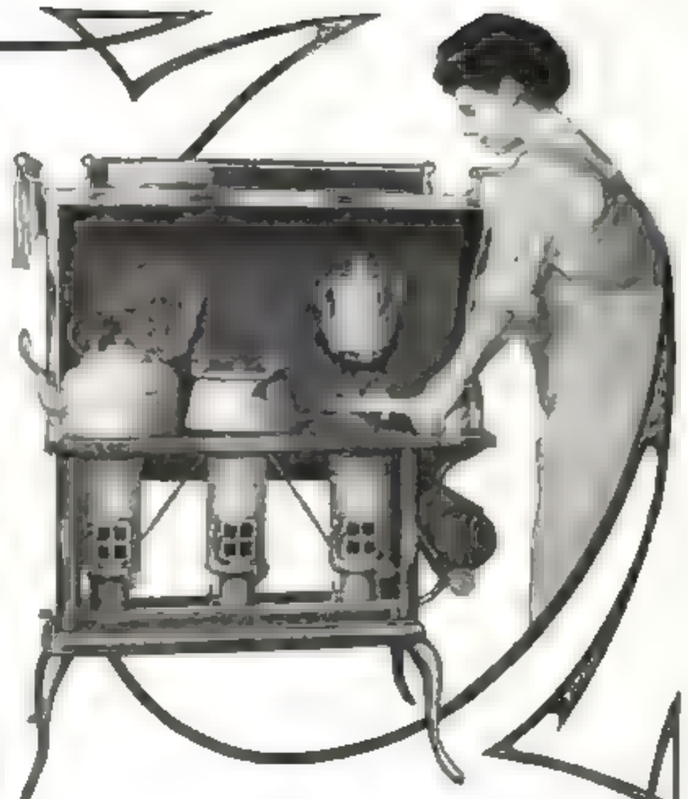

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CANADA AND RECIPROCITY

(Concluded from Page 20)

and pulp free, as it already admits pulpwood, and I do not think Canadian industry would suffer.

If pulp were put on the United States free list the price of paper would be conditioned by the cost of manufacture nearest the supply of raw material. The pulpwood of the United States is being used up much faster than it grows, or can grow under wise conditions of forestry. The approach to exhaustion is, therefore, rapid, and unless a new, permanent supply can be secured the paper makers of the United States will either put prices up to figures which will create an effective rebellion of all the newspapers in the country, or they will keep prices within reasonable bounds by making the best of the opportunities of manufacture nearest the supply in Canada.

It would seem to me to be as illogical for the American paper people to kick against the overwhelming advantage of Canada as regards pulp-wood, as it would be for us to chafe at the predominance of Pennsylvania coal in Ontario. In view of the facts I have cited, which are being increasingly recognized, it seems probable that the consumer will not be taxed for an indefinite time for coal which he cannot mine in his own province.

The Canadian tariff induced American manufacturers to establish branches in Canada to supply the Canadian market. Free entry to pulp plus the possibility of a Canadian export duty would encourage—that is a better word than "compel"—the conversion of pulp-logs into pulp on Canadian rivers by the aid of water-power, in which equipment Canada is the richest country in the world.

Canada and the Empire

Here is a national resource which will transform the present wilds of Quebec into homing-places of industry, and will always be a tremendous factor in the location of paper-making industries. The tariff is, at best, an expedient. As its crude necessities are outgrown and the distribution of Nature's favors is better understood, the courses of trade will find their natural channels, and Canada, handicapped at the beginning by the wider range of business possible to her southern neighbor, will come into her own.

By that time will the Canadian-United States tariffs be obsolete? And if so, will there be only one flag on this continent? I have heard too many prophets to wish to join their company. But I think tariffs for revenue will continue; and, though the tariff for industrial expansion may diminish in importance, it will remain. And as to political union, we are well satisfied where we are.

Sometimes I am asked whether Canada is loyal to England. I answer that Canada, like England, is loyal to the Empire. There are still a few people on this continent, I believe, who imagine that Canada pays tribute to the King of England. The Empire is more than England. There is reason to suppose it is bigger than the United States.

It is a free confederation of really independent States, each of which has as much liberty to do as it pleases as has any State of the Union. In that free confederation Canada has a place that grows more important every year. She has a unique identity in the world which, if she became four or five or six States in the Union, she could not enjoy.

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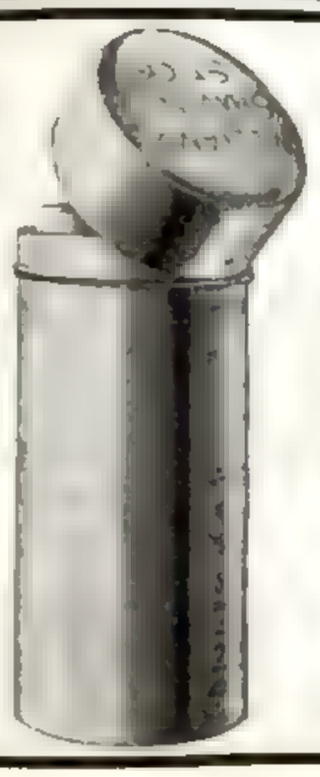

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THE NET AND THE QUARRY

(Continued from Page 11)

lawsuits as yours is? Is there anything which will scare investors as badly as patent litigation? And your patent is your chief property. Mark me! Pritchard will buy in for himself and Mrs. Harwich. They will get, for the price of their bonds, the entire business, plant, equipment, patents and good will. Joplin, being Pritchard's tool, will immediately drop his lawsuits and the business will go on as merrily as before. And you and the other stockholders won't even have the core—"'cause there ain't goin' ter be no core'!"

Things wavered before me a bit, like fog before gusts of wind. I had heard of doings like this before, and I had laughed at them as being yarns—vague, improbable yarns. Now I was smashed square between the eyes. And the ruin ahead was as complete as it was sudden. A failure—assignment, or even bankruptcy—might carry some hope of adjustment without total loss, but this scheme left no such hope. I knew that Barker was right—that no man would throw more money into such a mess.

But we could fight! I roused up and hissed that at Barker. But he shook his head very firmly.

"How can you get at them?" he asked.

"We can start on Joplin. We can surely haul him over the coals for dragging us into litigation over a patent which has not one iota of similarity to ours. His suit has not the slightest excuse for existence."

"It doesn't have to have an excuse," declared Barker. "Any man may enter suit against another without the slightest foundation for it. He may have to pay the defendant's costs in the end, but if the defendant goes broke in the mean time those costs won't do *him* any good. They'll only help out in his bankruptcy fees."

"Then we'll indite the whole crowd for conspiracy; Joplin, and that fellow Henkle, and Pritchard!"

"How about proofs?" grinned Barker.

"Proofs!" I growled. "Haven't we got 'em? Doesn't the whole plot show for itself?"

"You haven't got a proof!" ejaculated Barker. "Not one! In the first place, it would have to be shown that Pritchard has put up the job in order to freeze out the stockholders, and you've got to let him do the freeze-out act before you can prove that he has done it—see?

"And then," he continued as I sat dazed, "the mischief is done; your stock is wiped out.

"After that," he still went on, "you can prove that Henkle and Joplin have talked together—about fish, they may say—and then you're at the end of the rope. You can build no hopes on that, Jack. It would take a fortune to fight Pritchard through the courts, and if you had one to spend that way you'd probably lose every dollar. You'll have to try other tactics."

"What other?"

"Sell your stock! Take whatever you can get before the plot develops further—and stand from under."

I'd known Barker a long time and liked him well. I knew that he had made his money in promotions and stock speculating and similar matters; and he made no bones, as he said, of playing the game as others played it. But I had not supposed he was as bad as this.

"As I live, Barker," I said slowly, "I'd as lief gild bricks and start out with them as to start to sell my stock, knowing, as I now do, that it is absolutely worthless. I do not believe you'd do it yourself."

He laughed awkwardly, and I saw that he sympathized with me. Dropping his chin on his hands he stared at me and groaned. He seemed to feel worse than I did about the affair. Presently he said:

"If only you had taken bonds when Pritchard wanted you to! You see, he meant to save you, only you wouldn't be saved."

"He'd have gone ahead with his scheme just the same, wouldn't he?" I demanded. "And would have done it without either my consent or knowledge."

"I guess he would," grinned Barker. "If I know him he certainly would have done so."

"So that I would have been led into participation in this atrocious robbery like

"Sampeck" Clothes for YOUNG MEN

THEY are the supreme expression of the tailor's technique. The *ability* of most gifted designers in America joined to the *stability* of the best fabrics and *better-than-custom* workmanship give "SAMPECK" Clothes their "air aristocratic."

If *you* are sensitive to the niceties of style; if you value the graceful ease and cosmopolitan "air" of the well-dressed NEW YORKER, wear "SAMPECK" Clothes for Young Men. They are tailored with *metropolitan* distinction in many models for every figure and fancy.

Demand the brand "SAMPECK" of your clothes-shop. Our label is in *every* garment. The fascinating "College Almanac" "A" of Dress and Sports, sent *free* for a postal.

SAMUEL W. PECK & CO.
NEW YORK

TOWN PROMOTION CONFERENCES make commercial clubs busy and create positions for secretaries. Let me explain. **ELMER S. BATTERSON,** Com'l Club Specialist, Dry Goods Reporter Bldg., Chicago.

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Let Me LEND You this new style EDISON Phonograph Without Charge

AMBEROL records included

F. K. BABSON
Edison Phonograph Distributer

Thomas A. Edison

Mr. Edison says: "I want to see a Phonograph in every American Home."

For the Phonograph, as you may know, is the wizard's hobby and pet. He has worked and studied over it constantly until today it is a perfect musical instrument.

FREE LOAN! This Latest Style Edison Phonograph,

the perfected model from the great Edison factory, on an absolutely **free loan.** I want you to see for yourself the wonderful performances of which the splendid new style Edison is capable—with its **Amberol** records!

REMEMBER: I do not ask you to pay us one cent. I want to **lend** you this superb new Edison phonograph absolutely **free,** and I only ask that you will invite a few of your friends to share with you a free concert of the finest music. Read my great free loan offer:

My Offer: I will send you a genuine Edison Standard Phonograph, with our **Parlor Grand** Equipment added, and I will allow this phonograph to remain in your home while you and your friends enjoy all its varied entertainment—**without charging you one cent.** You may then return the outfit at **my expense** without having incurred any obligations whatsoever.

F. K. BABSON.

My Purpose: I know when your friends once hear a genuine New Style Edison with its perfect tone reproduction, they will want one. If they do not buy at once—they will send at some future time.

We cannot allow one cent discount from our **rock-bottom** price on the Edison. But I would like you to tell your friends of our surprising offer, either for cash in full or for only $2 to $3.50 a month, without interest on deferred payments.

Lots of Fun With an EDISON PHONOGRAPH Fun for the children, fun for the young folks, fun for the old folks, lots of fun and entertainment for every member of your family.

When you hear the stirring music of the world's greatest military bands, the popular "rag-time" stunts, the monologist's hits, the side-splitting minstrel jokes, the old love songs and the best sacred music, you are impressed and delighted!

Think what an influence for good is good music! Think what an opportunity it is to be able to hear the world's greatest singers in grand opera roles! Think what an ever ready resource of entertainment and pleasure for your friends and guests is this instrument which talks and sings and plays right in your own home!

You ought to allow your own family this pleasure, especially when you can do so without one cent of expense. I not only **offer** but consider it a **privilege to lend** you such a source of enjoyment. The latest style Edison Standard Phonograph with our **Parlor Grand** Equipment added which I offer to lend you free is so different from the squeaking, scratching, rasping talking machines you have heard before that I want to familiarize everyone with its charm, its simplicity, its perfect mechanism, and its tone quality.

Free Loan: And there is no better way to familiarize everyone with this perfect outfit than to lend it to the readers of this magazine. All I ask in return for the loan is that you invite some of your friends to hear the Genuine Edison Phonograph.

Send for a Catalog You can enjoy an Edison Phonograph in your own home free. And you can ship it back at my expense. **Send for a free catalog. Sign the coupon or write us now. Don't wait.**

F. K. BABSON, Edison Phonograph Distributer
Edison Block, Suite 4014, Chicago, Ill.

Edison Catalog FREE Now I want to send you at once our **FREE** Edison catalog and list of 1,500 Edison Gold-Moulded Records, so you can pick out just the machine and records which you would like to borrow on my free loan plan. Sign the coupon in the corner. Send letter or postal if you wish, but coupon will do. Write now.

Sign the Coupon now.

CUT OR TEAR OFF ON THIS LINE

F. K. BABSON, Edison Phonograph Distributer
Edison Block, Suite 4014, CHICAGO, ILL.

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Name _____

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umbrella waits for you

There is no mis-taking it. Your name and address are worked right in the fabric—positively identifying it. You may lend it, or forget it, but back it will always come. Your NAME-ON umbrella is loss-proof.

We've been 81 years in umbrella manufacturing, and we make the NAME-ON as good as we know how. Moreover, we give with every NAME-ON umbrella this guarantee: *If the fabric cracks or splits, or the ribs break, come loose, or rust, within a year we will receive or repair your Name-on umbrella free.*

Fabric of high lustre, water-proof gloria silk; Beehler steel frame, rubber enameled so it can't rust; a patent slide for raising or lowering that can't jam or pinch the fingers.

Close rolling; smart looking; light weight; strong and lasting.

The NAME-ON is made for men and women in 26 size, **$2.00**; for men in 28 size, **$2.50**; express prepaid anywhere in the U. S. and your money back if you're not satisfied. Any name and address worked in with any color silk without charge. Orders filled same day received. Order now while it's fresh on your mind. Write for book, showing 165 beautiful handles, and samples of silks. *The oldest umbrella house in America.*

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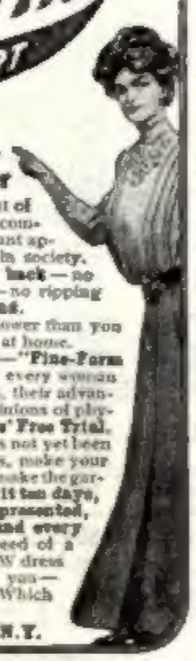

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Made in several styles, and at prices lower than you can buy the material and have them made at home.

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A practical book by Francis Cooper, telling how money is secured for enterprises. Capitalization, prospectus writing, methods of presenting, etc., discussed fully. The only successful work on promotion. Endorsed by best business men. 540 pages. Buckram binding, prepaid $4. Send for pamphlet and list of business books.

The Ronald Press, Rooms 29-31, 229 Broadway, N.Y.

a lamb gamboling after a turnip into a slaughter-pen. Fine!"

"But your family?" he muttered, looking into my eyes. "This will clean you out, won't it?"

"Of every dollar," I replied, "excepting the house I live in. That is clear."

"What will you do?" he again muttered.

"I have my trade," I answered, more defiantly than cheerfully. "I haven't forgotten how to saw off a board or drive a nail, spike, clout or shingle."

He shrugged his shoulders and said mournfully:

"Well, I'd advise you to get out among the other stockholders at once. Perhaps when they see what they're up against they'll invent some way to circumvent Mr. Pritchard, but I doubt it."

I followed his advice with absolutely no success. Men were furious at the trap, but could see no way to escape. The small investors could not throw any more money in for prosecution, and the two or three big fellows would not. The latter, in fact, seemed to be scared to death of libel suits, if they made the charge against Pritchard in the absence of clear and actual proof. The man upon whom I had counted the most for coöperation told me I was unnecessarily scared.

"You really have no ground for supposing that Mr. Pritchard is thinking of smashing the company," he asserted. "Personally, I do not believe he will."

So we had to wait for developments, or, as Barker had declared, we had to let Pritchard complete his scoundrelly work before we could prove that he intended to do it. And the waiting was not for long.

A week before the annual report was made up Pritchard went to Colorado to settle, as he said, some mining interests he held. Two days after the report was filed his lawyers entered suit for foreclosure. We could not reach the old scoundrel excepting by mail, and that, of course, would be useless. All who knew Pritchard well knew that when his talons once fastened into anything they held. And they were fast now in the Unit Bookcase Company.

The end of his devious turnings and schemings had come—the end for which he had been planning since the day he forced me to consent to a stock company and so contrived to secure a trifling interest in it. Now he had it all and I was cleaned out.

My wife was good over it—so good that it put new life and heart into me.

"What are you going to do now?" she asked, as cheerily as though it was about a picnic for the following day.

For answer I picked up a scrap of paper and wrote:

JOHN MARVIN
Carpenter and Builder
Jobbing Promptly and Carefully Executed

She slipped her arm around my shoulder and said:

"That's brave of you, Jack! We'll sell this house and take a smaller one. That'll give you a little capital."

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of four stories by Mr. Stratton under the general title of The Net and the Quarry, relating the business experiences of John Marvin. The concluding story will be printed in an early issue.

Pigeons on His Trail

JOHN E. WILKIE, Chief of the Secret Service, gets many letters from men and boys who desire to become sleuths and who have no hesitancy in stating their qualifications.

"Most of them," said Wilkie, "remind me of the two men who were talking about their occupation. One said he was a detective.

"'A detective?' said the other. 'Ha! I will give you a problem. A cottage in a lonely wood. A miser in it counting his gold. A man comes along, goes in, hits the miser over the head with a club, kills him and gets the gold. Then he goes through the wood to a clearing, takes his automobile and gets away. How would you catch him?'

"'That's easy,' said the other. 'I would follow his tracks to the clearing and put my bloodhounds on his trail.'

"'But,' said the other, 'listen: Same miser, same wood, same man, same gold. He kills him and goes through the wood to the clearing. There he takes his airship. How would you catch him? Ha!'

"'It's simpler than the other,' replied the detective. 'I would follow his tracks to the clearing. Then I would put my blood-pigeons on his trail. Yes!'"

ZODENTA

A PRESERVATIVE FOR THE TEETH

I want you to let me prove the superiority of my tooth paste to you at my expense. It is whiter, smoother, and I believe it possesses greater cleansing and preserving properties for the teeth—stopping their decalcification and consequent decay and discoloration—is more refreshing to the mouth and gums and is more strongly antiseptic—preventing the acid-forming micro-organisms—than any other dentifrice.

It is better and it is different from all others.

In form Zodenta is not a powder to be wasted and spilt over everything—to be an annoyance to the clean housewife.

It is a paste or cream—economical and clean—without any defects.

For Zodenta is not dirty or dark in color, but is brilliantly white.

Zodenta does not petrify in its tube but remains moist and pliable.

Zodenta does not disintegrate into a number of separate ingredients, such as water, chalk, wintergreen, oil, etc., but always remains the same, an inseparable definite entity.

Zodenta does not scratch the teeth because of some cellulose or woody ingredient, for there are none such in Zodenta.

Zodenta is made as no other tooth cream or paste is made.

The ingredients of Zodenta are ground or milled until they can easily sift through silk.

I mix these ingredients together, then form the true inseparable combination in retorts under a temperature of from 350 to 400 degrees Fahrenheit.

Its texture is fairly like satin.

Whether under the burning sun of the Sahara or in the cold of Siberia—the soft, moist, pliable texture of Zodenta will remain always the same.

Let Me Prove My Statements

This is my fair and square offer—

If your druggist does not keep Zodenta send me 25 cents for large 2½ oz. tube, which I will mail you promptly, and include free an Aluminum Tooth Brush Holder.

Try Zodenta, if it does not bear out all my claims tell me so and I will return you your money. Write today.

FREDERICK F. INGRAM, 55 Tenth Street, DETROIT, MICH.
President of The F. F. Ingram Co., Manufacturers of Milkweed Cream.

Get in the well dressed circle—Wear Schwab Clothes

YOUNG men with a desire for smart clothes should avoid the over-smart. The two extremes meet. You can feel certain of Schwab Styles for young men. They are designed to meet the taste of youths who can discern the sublime from the ridiculous.

The "set-price" label on the sleeve is your guide to better ready-for-service clothes at $10, $15, $20 and $25

The Schwabs of St. Louis

Originators and exclusive makers of "set-price," ready-for-service clothes for men and young men.

Write for Fashion Book, Vol. 8—It's Free. Schwab Clothing Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Every woman whose home is electric-lighted should own a Hot Point Electric Iron

A BROAD STATEMENT. We purposely make it broad and say that in a house wired for electricity, **all** the ironing should be done with a Hot Point Iron. If you live in such a house you should read our statement word by word, whether you do your own ironing or pay others for doing it.

No appliance of recent years has advanced household economics so much as the Hot Point Electric Iron.

There is not a single valid objection to its use. It is absolutely safe under all conditions; no risk to either user or property. Economy, convenience and comfort all demand its use.

There are two models of the Hot Point Electric Iron—The Standard Model and the Automatic Model.

Every word in this announcement regarding economy, handiness, efficiency, cleanliness applies equally to both models. They are precisely alike except that the Automatic Hot Point Iron has a device attached which automatically controls the temperature and cuts off the electric current before the iron becomes hot enough to cause a fire risk.

Insurance Companies have objected to Electric Irons because occasionally some one forgets to pull out the plug. This leaves the current on the iron and it gets hotter and hotter and finally is liable to start a fire. This has been true of the Hot Point Iron up to this year. It is true of every other iron on the market today, including our Standard Model.

This means that today with every other Electric Iron, except our **Automatic Model**, it is necessary for some one to think to disconnect the iron when it is not in service, or it becomes a fire risk.

The Automatic Hot Point Iron wipes out this objection. It is a perfect Electric Iron and the only perfect one. If through carelessness a servant leaves the plug in the iron, the automatic device takes care of that. The plug is automatically thrown out of its receptacle before the danger point is reached.

The automatic control is located on the inside of the iron. So long as the iron is used in the regular way the automatic device is not in evidence. The iron is used just exactly like our Standard Iron.

But, should the bottom of the iron become dangerously hot, the automatic device works instantly. It is positive and certain, and so constructed that it cannot fail to operate.

The additional cost of the Automatic Model is very slight. When you consider that it insures you against any possible fire loss from the iron, it is a mere bagatelle.

However, should you not see the necessity of this fire protection, remember the Standard Hot Point Iron is absolutely the best Electric Iron in America excepting our Automatic Model.

HOW EASY IT IS TO IRON WITH A

Hot Point Electric Iron

And safe—and comfortable—and economical, too

Why you should own a Hot Point ELECTRIC IRON

One Model or the other of the Hot Point Irons should be used exclusively in your home for all your ironing

Because it is economical—

—You use no current until ready to iron. You put the plug into the rear of the iron to form the connection. In three or four minutes you begin to iron. Shortly, when the iron is heated up, you pull out the plug and continue to iron with the stored-up heat. On light work you use the current only about half the time. At the ordinary lighting rate, light ironing costs about three cents per hour; on heavy goods it is about twice as much.

Because it saves time—

—No waiting for the fire or for the iron to heat up. No time lost in changing irons or in running from stove to board. Simply put in the plug and iron continuously with the same iron until you have finished.

Because it is so handy—

—Use it wherever there is a light socket—in bedroom or bathroom or out on the porch. Stand is attached and you simply tip the iron up on to the back end.

Because it is so efficient—

—Because of the hot point you can do better ironing and more ironing than with any other iron, no matter how heated. The point of the Hot Point Iron is always hot, even after coming in contact with the damp, cool goods. This gives you an even temperature over the whole face of the iron and the point is hot enough to iron up into the gathers and tucks.

Because it is clean and cool—

—No heat in the room: Iron all day and the Hot Point Iron will not raise the temperature two degrees. No smoke or soot or dust; nothing to soil the ironing. The Hot Point Iron is fully nickel-plated and will not stick or smirch the goods. The handle is of rubberoid and is shaped to exactly fit the hand. It never gets hot.

Because it is simple and strong—

—Any one can use the Hot Point Iron with absolute safety. It is impossible to receive a shock from it, or to cause damage of any kind. With the Standard Model there is just one thing to remember—pull out the plug when the iron is not in service. With the Automatic Model even this is not necessary.

These irons are fully guaranteed against defects in material or workmanship or electrical trouble of any kind.

All of which summed up means that a Hot Point Electric Iron in your home will save strength—save patience—save backaches and tired feet—it means that the ironing can be done in perfect comfort and that the biggest source of kitchen discomfort has been banished.

PACIFIC ELECTRIC HEATING COMPANY

Main Office and Factory, Ontario, California

Eastern Office and Factory, 63-65 West Washington Street, Chicago, Ill.

Lighting Companies and Dealers

We are carrying on an extensive advertising campaign. This is going to create a demand for Hot Point Irons.

We want the Lighting Companies and Dealers to supply this demand.

We are not advertising to build up a mail-order business, but to increase the demand in your locality, to be supplied by you.

We want to be able to turn orders to you. But you must have samples.

Order Your Samples

If you have not already ordered samples of the Hot Point Iron, do so today.

We furnish them at wholesale, subject to 30 days' approval. Give voltage. State probable number of irons you can use and we will quote quantity price.

Hundreds of Dealers and Lighting Companies all over the country are handling Hot Point Electric Irons.

Order a sample now.

HOW TO GET A

Hot Point Electric Iron

Lighting Companies in many cities distribute Hot Point Electric Irons to their customers. Inquire first of your Lighting Company. But do not be satisfied with some other make. There is just one iron that possesses all the advantages we have described in this announcement—just one, and that is the Hot Point Electric Iron. We have taken the trouble to explain why this iron is better and safer and more economical than any other. We want you to profit by it.

If the Lighting Company cannot supply you, the leading Electric Supply Dealer or Hardware House probably can.

Or if you prefer, order direct and we will have the iron delivered prepaid without further trouble on your part.

Now, if the arguments in favor of an Automatic Iron which gives absolute fire protection appeal to you, just remember that there is only one Automatic Electric Iron on the market.

The Automatic Iron is made in 6 lb. size and larger sizes for laundries. The Standard Iron is made in 4 lb., 5 lb., and 6 lb. sizes.

We always recommend the 6 lb. size for domestic use. It is none too heavy and will do all kinds of domestic work.

Every Iron is numbered and a record kept of it at the factory. We guarantee it to the Lighting Company or Dealer and they guarantee it to you. This guarantee covers all forms of electrical trouble.

We will deliver to you, all charges prepaid, anywhere in the United States, a 4, 5, or 6 lb. Standard Iron for $5.00, or a 6 lb. Automatic Iron for $6.00.

Hot Point Electric Irons are fully endorsed by the

National Board of Fire Underwriters

PACIFIC ELECTRIC HEATING CO.

Ontario, Calif. **Chicago, Ill.**

Send Order to Nearest Address

GENTLEMEN:—

We have read your advertisement in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and would like you to send us further particulars about the Hot Point Electric Irons.

Please send us, charges prepaid:

One Standard Hot Point Iron, price $5.00;

One Automatic Hot Point Iron, price $6.00.

(Draw pencil through the one not wanted. Give Voltage.)

We enclose check in payment of same.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... *State* .....

Our lights furnished by .....

.....

PLACE YOUR TRUST IN FAIRBANK'S SOAPS

Gold Dust

Gold Dust will enable you to do your work without becoming muscle-bound from your effort. It is a good, honest, vegetable-oil soap, ground fine and blended with other purifying materials; it vigorously and thoroughly cleanses without taxing your strength, and with injury to nothing but dirt.

Don't use Soap, Naphtha, Borax, Soda, Ammonia, or Kerosene. The Gold Dust Twins need no outside help.

For washing dishes, scrubbing floors, cleaning woodwork, oil cloth, silverware and tinware, polishing brasswork, cleaning bath room pipes, refrigerators, etc., softening hard water, washing clothes, and making the finest soft soap.

"Let the Gold Dust Twins do your work"

Fairy Soap

People with common sense pay but five common cents for a soap with no common scents. Fairy Soap (the floating, oval cake) is white and pure, with no scents or dyes to disguise adulterations; it costs but 5c.

Fairy Soap is the only white soap that stays white—no matter how long you keep it; the reason is that Fairy Soap is made from edible fats and oils.

Fairy Soap was granted highest possible awards at both St. Louis and Portland Expositions.

"Have you a Little 'Fairy' in your home?"

Sunny Monday Laundry Soap

We have discovered the ideal laundry soap, after years of costly experiments. It is a pure, white soap, possessing almost magical dirt-starting qualities. It will save rubbing, wear and tear on clothes, and the regulation Monday back-ache.

Sunny Monday Soap *(N. R.) will wash your finest fabrics, particularly woolens, without shrinking; it will brighten goods rather than fade them; it can be used with equal success in any kind of water.

Sunny Monday Soap *(N. R.) is kind to hands as well as to clothes, and its use means less labor, less expense and better results.

*(N. R.) means "no rosin." Sunny Monday Laundry Soap contains no rosin. Rosin cheapens soap, but injures clothes.

"Sunny Monday Bubbles will wash away your troubles"

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Makers, Chicago